BRITANNIA and EVE

1/-

JULY
1938

LADY DRUMMOND HAY
ANTHONY GIBBS
WILLIAM TEELING
C. PATRICK THOMPSON
F. MATANIA, R.I.

FOR
FACE
AND
HANDS

THESE days of open air and sunshine demand that extra safeguarding of the skin which only Larola gives so delightfully The cleansing, softening and cooling properties of Larola build up and maintain a beautiful, smooth, unblemished skin, adequately protecting the hands, arms and complexion against the ravages of sun and wind. Generations of lovely women have captured the charm of immaculate, dainty beauty with the aid of Larola. It is so pure—so refreshing and reliable—and does not clog the pores.

A sun-tanning hint! Larola enables you to tan evenly and comfortably without blistering, redness or peeling. Apply before and after sun bathing and sea bathing.

1/6 & 2/6 per bottle

Larola

From Chemists and Stores, or post free in U.K. direct from

M. Beetham & Son, Cheltenham, England

Write for a copy of the Larola booklet, "The Cult of Beauty," post free.

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12 0 × 10 0	14	14	0	**9**	**15**	**6**
12 0 × 12 0	16	16	0	**11**	**3**	**6**
13 6 × 10 6	16	12	6	**10**	**19**	**6**
13 6 × 12 0	18	18	0	**12**	**10**	**6**
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"Now the 'skin-vitamin' is in Pond's Creams they're even more remarkable! I've never seen my skin so healthy, clear and fresh. Lines have smoothed out and little blemishes have been kept away completely."

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(Grand-daughter of the Countess of Oxford and Asquith)

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★

● Microscopic cross-section of skin. Without the "skin-vitamin" the skin had become scaly, harsh, old-looking. But when the "skin-vitamin" was applied in Pond's Cream, glands became normal, flattened cells and tissues filled out.

ONLY A FEW MONTHS AGO, the first announcement was made that all Pond's Creams now contain the active "skin-vitamin."

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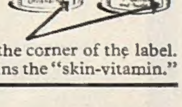

Look for a small "SV" on the corner of the label. This means the cream contains the "skin-vitamin."

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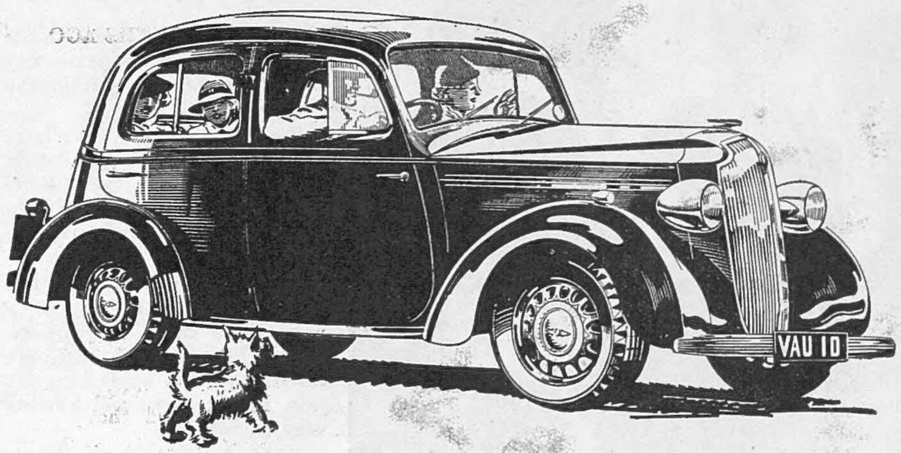

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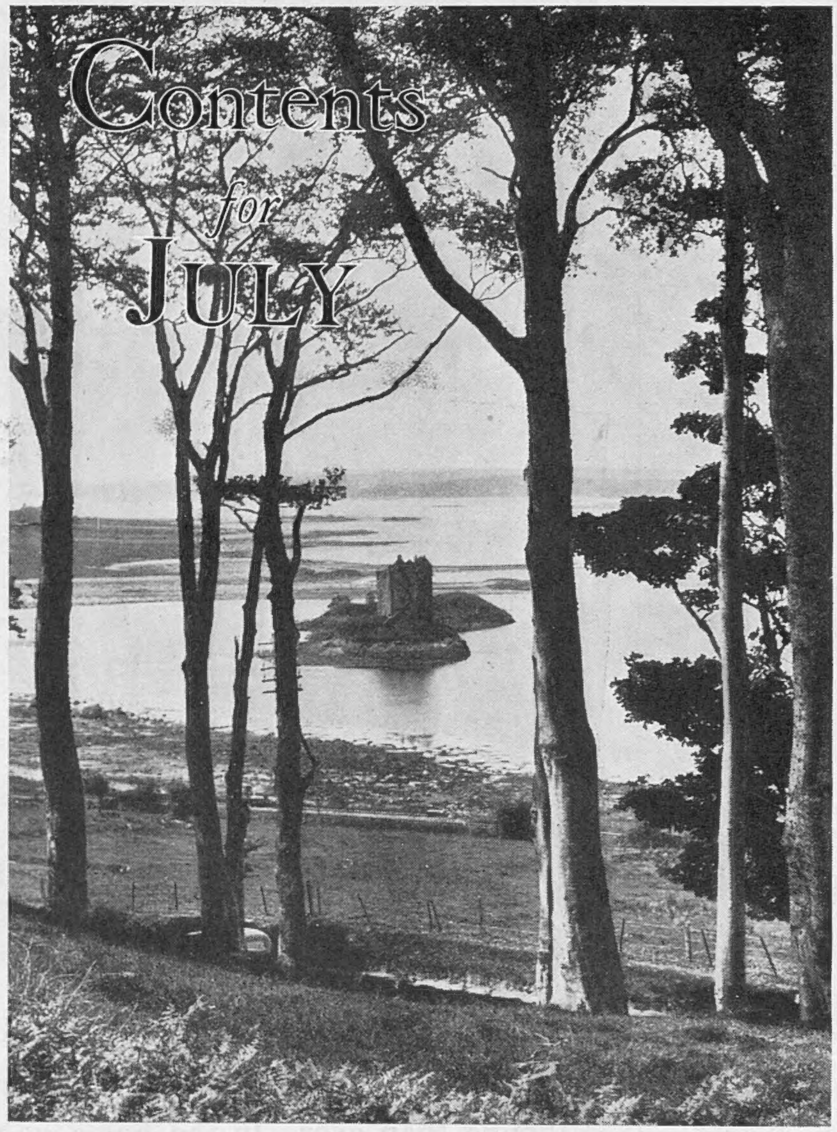
BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 17, No. 1. JULY, 1938



Cover Design

by *Carl Shreve*

Articles

If Your Son Were a German: by *William Teeling* 10, 11 and 92

Woman of the East: by *Lady Drummond Hay* Illustrated by *J. Nicolson* 12, 13 and 94

Television Has Come To Stay: by *Margaret Chute* 24, 25 and 132

Where Are They Now?—The Old-Time Stars of the Stage: by *M. Willson Disher* 26, 27 and 98

Men to Man John Bull's New Air Fleet: by *C. Patrick Thompson* 38, 39 and 120

N.A.A.F.I.: by *Harry J. Greenwall* 43 and 126

Old Tales Re-told: Anne Bonney: The Buccaneer Written and Illustrated by *F. Matania, R.I.* 44–49

Home Section

From Friday to Monday: by *Mary Byron* 32, 33

The Gardener Looks Ahead: by *Eleanour Sinclair Rohde* 50, 51

Pelmets: 52

Beds are Beautiful Again: 53 and 82

Stories

"Dawn": by *Anthony Gibbs* Illustrated by *Albert Bailey* 14–17 and 112

Celebration Party: by *Brian Edsall* Illustrated by *Edward Osmond* 20–23 and 88

David and Mahaut: by *Maurice Collis* Illustrated by *Steven Spurrier, R.O.I* 28–31 and 115

The Inventor's Wife: by *Olga Rosmanith* Illustrated by *Jack Faulks* 34–37 and 102

The Abominable Miss Bloggs: by *W. Cooper-Willson* Illustrated by *Tony Weare* 40, 41 and 84

Home Section

Be Different: by *Winifred Lewis* 54, 55

Health and Beauty: by *Chrysis*
- Summer Troubles 56
- The Woman of Forty 57 and 82

Fashions: by *Jean Burnup* 58–63

Personally Speaking: by *Jean Burnup* 64

Before You Go Away: by *Elizabeth Hughes Hallett* 65

Holiday-On-Her-Own: by *Joan Woollcombe* 66, 67 and 90

Mothers, Not Martyrs: by *Louisa Kay* 68 and 82

I'll Tell You All I Know: by *Mary Young* 69

Better Cooking: by *A. H. Adair* Recipes from France and Italy 70, 71 and 130

Knitting Page: 72

Confidently Recommended 75

Good Buys of the Month 138

General

A Little Play for July 9

Scenes from "Operette": Noel Coward's Musical Play: 18, 19

Books: by *Alan Seymour* 42 and 106

Motoring Section: Conducted by *The Earl of Cardigan* 77, 79, 81, 82

To Norway by Luxury Liner: 110

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 136. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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OTHER REGULAR FEATURES INCLUDE:

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING"—an entertaining article dealing with the sport of the angler.

A weekly TENNIS article by Miss Helen Jacobs, THE CINEMA by Michael Orme—caricatures by Sheriff.

"TALES WITH A STING"—a weekly short story.

"The Sketch" DIARY OF FASHION, edited by Olive Caley-Smith.

"MOTLEY NOTES": humorous comment on the foibles of the day, by Alan Kemp.

"Following Through"—a page on GOLF.

"FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE": good advice to prospective investors.

"MOTOR DICTA" by H. E. Symons—dealing with every phase of motoring.

"THE FOOD OF LOVE"—a weekly musical article by Francis Toye.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER by L. P. Hartley.

The Sketch
MOTOR
FROM START TO FINISH.
PLAYS OF THE MOMENT. I.—"NINE SHARP" AT THE LITTLE
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"The SKETCH" Competition for Amateur Photographers
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The Sketch

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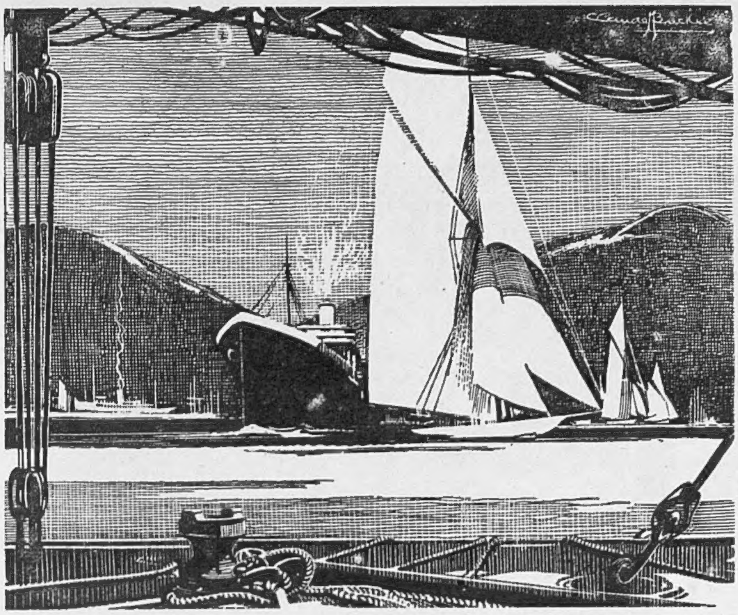

The Clyde Coast

THE tourist to the Clyde is twice blessed. Sea-trips on sheltered waters are his portion, and sea-scapes with none of the monotony of the normal coast resort. For the great hills throng round him as he cruises. Green forests fringe the waterside; above them, heather-slope and craggy precipice hang in the sky. He may enjoy their loveliness from the steamer's rail, or land and roam it at leisure. For Romance, Beauty and Variety, this Viking holiday is something you'll never forget.

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In many parts of Scotland you can get " Weekly Holiday Season Tickets." Their price is from 8/-, and with them you are free to travel by any train in a wide area for a week.

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L M S " SCOTTISH APARTMENTS GUIDE " 3d.
L·N·E·R " THE HOLIDAY HANDBOOK " 6d.

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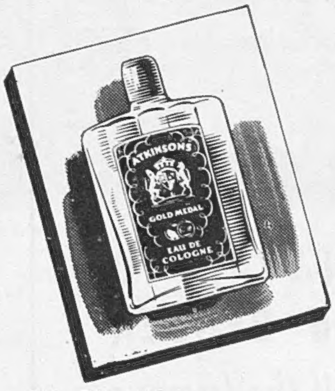

1/6, 2/6, 4/6 and upwards
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And now the handy Freshette-pad is given to you when you buy Atkinsons Eau de Cologne. Sprinkle a few drops on the pad and twenty-four hours later their fragrance and freshness, their wonderful reviving powers, will still be strong enough to coax back your gaiety and sparkle. Take your Freshette-pad with you everywhere—you'll find it worth more than its weight in high spirits!

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GOLD MEDAL
Eau de Cologne

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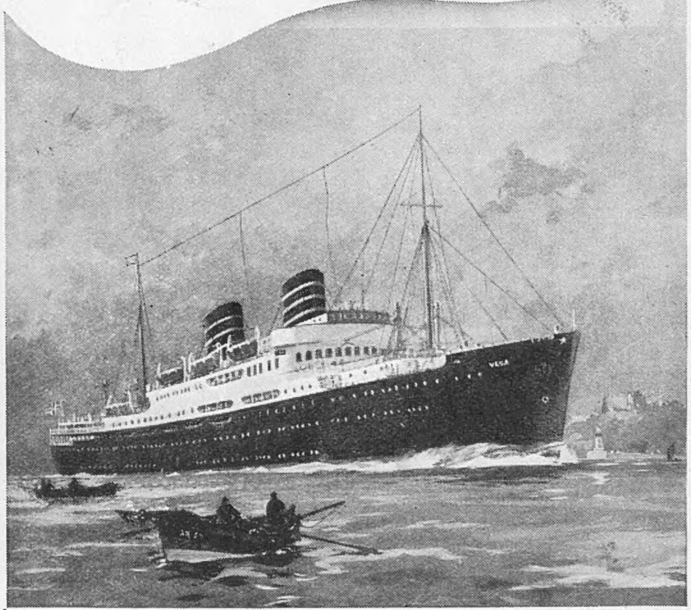

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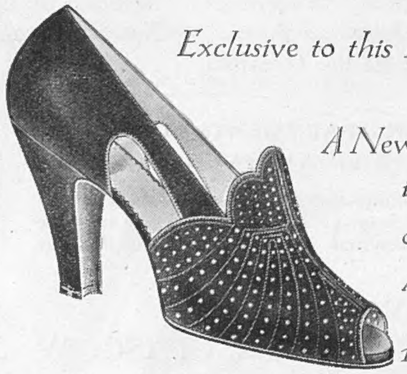

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in Blue, Black
or Tan Suede.
AAA to C Widths

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(The Pioneer of Foot Comfort)

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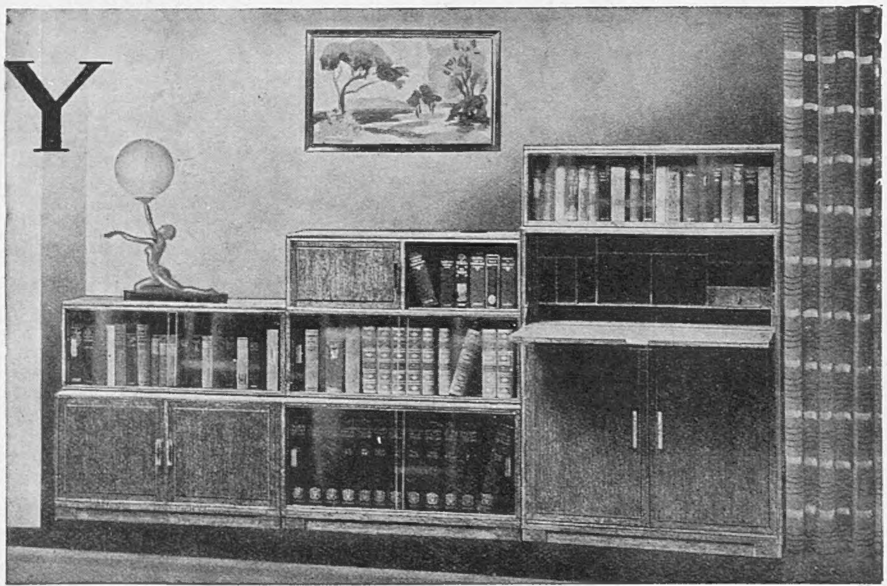

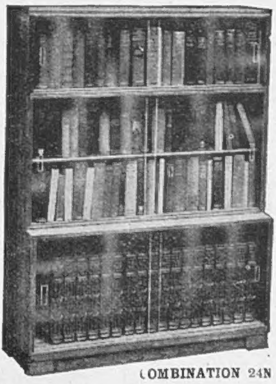

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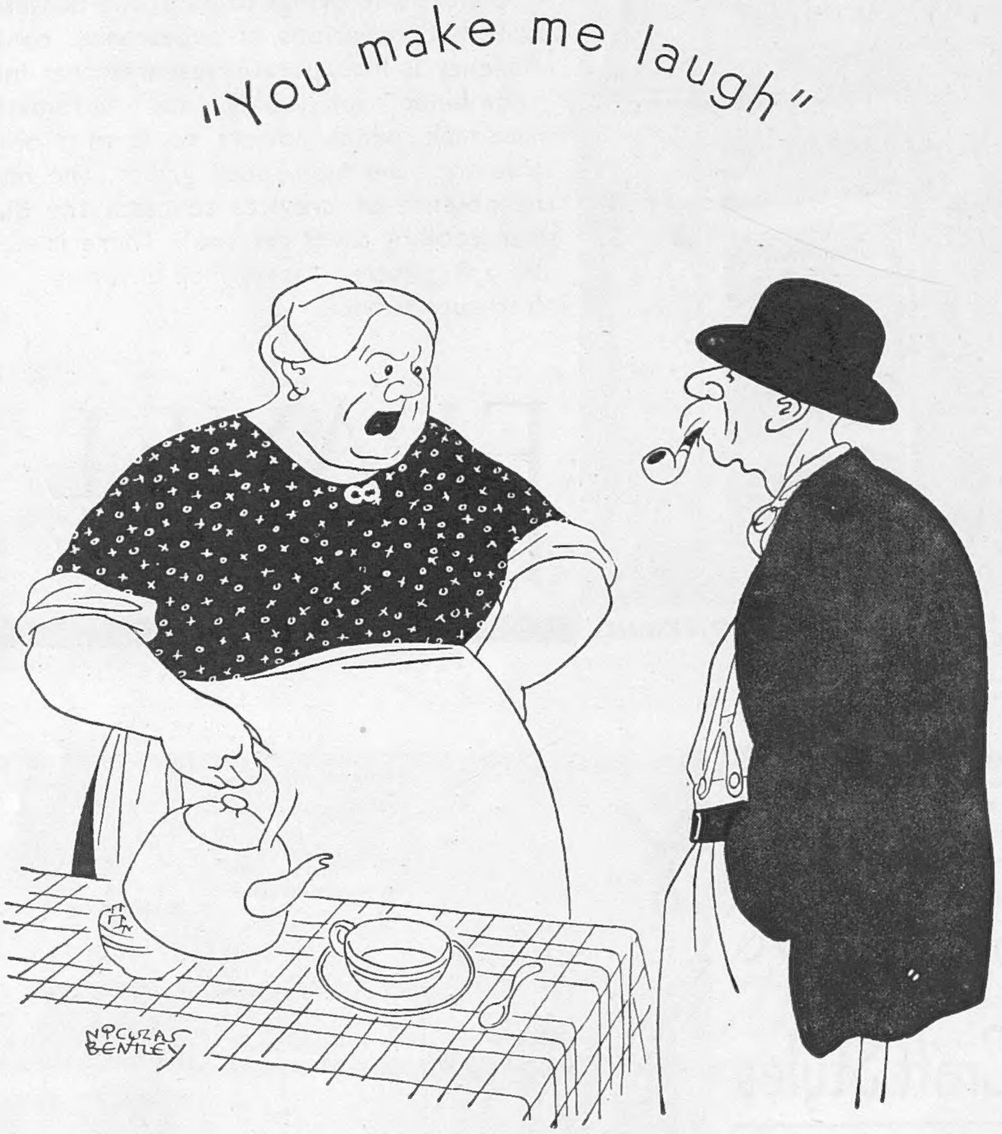
Some phrases seldom ring true


"You make me laugh"
NICOLAS BENTLEY

but

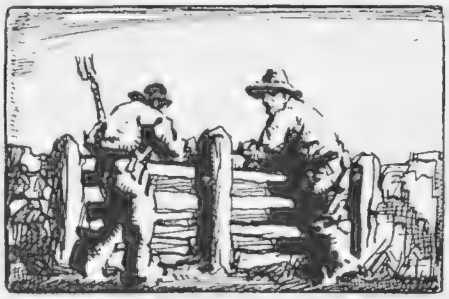
YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

A LITTLE PLAY FOR JULY

July 25th, 1909

SCENE ONE

A field of scrub, into which sand has drifted. A pale finger of light in the eastern sky heralds the dawn; the time is 3 o'clock on the morning of July 25th, 1909. Two peasants are leaning against a fence talking slowly in French.



"He goes this morning you say?"

"So one hears."

"He is a fool. I myself saw the other picked out of the water like a fish only last week off Sangatte."

"To fly is certainly foolish. The world can do without it. Listen—hear comes the auto."

"He rises early this Bleriot one understands He has been up an hour already."

They turned as a car passes and draws up by the gate. A small and moustached man descends from the high driving seat. He holds both hands up in the air.

"The wind is down," he says to his companion. "We ought to know in an hour. We must let the captain of the *Escopette* know in good time. He must be in mid-Channel before I start. Come."

The two peasants turn to each other and shrug their shoulders.

"You wait to see this bird-man jump?"

"Me? Not at all. I to the nets."

SCENE TWO

A group of men around a slender and fragile box of linen and wooden struts. In the centre of the box, it is coffin-shaped, sits the aviator Bleriot. It is now quite light, but the northern horizon towards England is still dark.

There is a spluttering roar from the 25-horse-power engine attached to the box as it makes contact. It goes put-put-put-putta-put-pt-pt-pt-putta-put-put-put. Presently Bleriot raises his hand and the two mechanics step back.

"Bonne chance!"

"Heureux voyage!"

"Bon atterrissage!"

Bleriot waves as the little airplane rocks across the field.

"Au revoir!" he cries. "A bientot!"

But his words are lost in the noise from the little engine that now threatens to shake itself out of its shell.

SCENE THREE

The bridge of the French destroyer *Escopette*. Two officers are leaning against the rail scanning the southern sky.

"There he is!" cries one, and leaning over, signals to the engine room.

"We will follow directly behind. Is the boat crew warned? Yes, I see. And the lifebuoys, are they all ready? Good!"

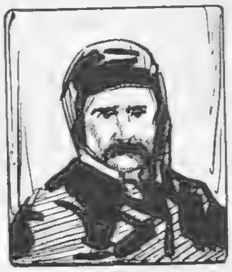
They continue to scan the sky.

"He travels fast," says one officer.

"Too fast for us," replies the other.

Presently the little airplane drifts to a speck in the sky and disappears.

SCENE FOUR



A vast space that is sea and sky. The foreground is occupied by Bleriot in his little monoplane. He has neither compass nor clock. It is rather misty. He has lost sight of the French destroyer. He is desperately afraid that he is going round in a circle.

It is thirty minutes since he left the French coast at Baraques. He should be over England now. He is still over the sea. Then he leans forward as if to look at space more intently.

"Good!" he mutters. "Good!"

In five minutes he is near land and banks the machine left, for here are no cliffs and the place where he must perform the delicate task of landing his machine is near Dover. He guesses that he has drifted towards Deal.

A few more minutes pass.

This is the spot. Slowly now; down slowly. No, it is not the field. Where then? Up then! Come, up! To the right.

BANG! Whrooooooooop!!

SCENE FIVE

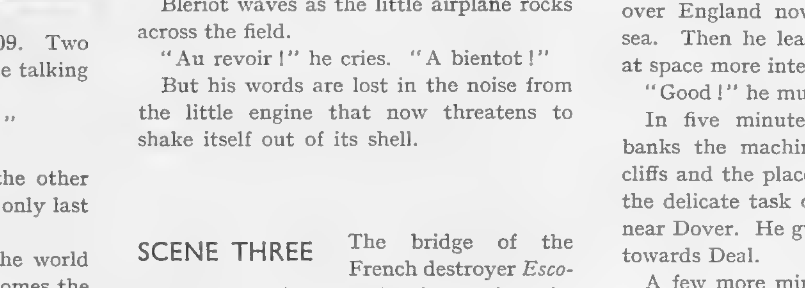
A country policeman on his night rounds hears the crash. He runs across the field. One of these automobiles at it again. As he scrambles across a hedge he sees the little airplane. Its propeller is broken and it looks even more likely to come to pieces at any moment. A man is standing by the side of it mopping his brow.

"'Ullo!" says the policeman. "Where've you come from?"

"Je traverse la manche! Je suis Bleriot!"

"Bleriot? Blerryot? BLIMEY!"

CURTAIN



IF YOUR SON WERE

HOW many millions of Europeans must to-day be repeating that phrase, "If my son were a German?" Some repeat it with hope, others with anxiety; but in every country around Germany most people repeat it with a belief that it may possibly be a fact in the not far distant future.

The British hardly look at it that way; and yet they forget their history. There was the period after the French Revolution. Many English mothers thought alarmingly then of Napoleon's armies and his ambitions. Just as in the French Revolution there were ideas finding an echo in the hearts of many people in this country, ideas some of which at least, were carried out in Great Britain in the nineteenth century; so to-day there are ideas in Germany which may yet spread to England in the distant future. It is therefore not beside the point for the English or Scottish mother to think for a moment, "If my son, too, were a German, what would be his fate?"

To begin with, he would cease to be first and foremost his mother's son; he would belong to the State.

Only the other day a friend of mine came back from Berlin. There he met a saddened man of forty. This man used to once a week to entertain half a dozen friends, and they discussed politics. These meetings were in themselves illegal, for you must not entertain so many people regularly in your home in Germany. Moreover, they, like so many other Germans, grumbled rather harmlessly about things, and so got their discontent out of their systems. One morning the host had a visit from the secret police warning him that everything said at these meetings was known. The host could trust his friends and wondered how the police had got to hear. He repeated his amazement at breakfast next morning when his son, aged fourteen, commented, "You needn't suspect anyone. I told the police. When I joined the Hitler Youth I swore an oath to the Führer. I am loyal to him first; and you are not. I will always tell the police."

I know of another case where the parents are deeply religious people. The anti-Christian teaching will never affect them, but their son, when he comes home from school comes out with some horrifying remarks to his parents. They dare not contradict him, for he would tell his schoolmates and his master that his parents told him otherwise, and the father would lose his government job.

ONE elderly enthusiastic Nazi once commented to me that people of his own age could never become real Nazis, they had been abroad; they had met democrats and even spoken to Jews; they had rubbed with the world, they were in a sense impure. But the Nazi Youth, these would be the perfect specimens. They would never hear anything against the teachings of National Socialism and they would know no democratic countries. Such briefly is the worst side, from an English point of view, of the new German system. Your son will belong first to the State and he will have no mind of his own and know no two sides to any vital argument; that is if the State can succeed in completely cutting him off from intellectual and other outside contacts. What, if any, will be the advantages? Since 75,000,000 people seem at the moment to condone and even to be enthusiastic about the system there must be some advantages.

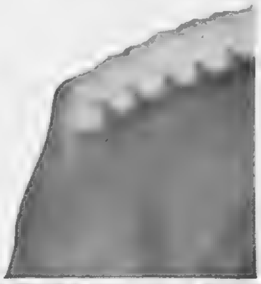
Mothers who have four children receive the title of Mothers of Germany. Poor people can borrow to marry, and as each child arrives a quarter is taken off their debt, which is liquidated by the arrival of the fourth child.

The children are left more or less under their parents influence until the age of ten. Then they are compelled to join the Hitler Youth. Many mothers who dislike the theories of the regime have told me, at first to my surprise, how glad they are the Hitler Youth organisation has been made compulsory. Their argument seems sound. As long as it was not compulsory these mothers felt in conscience bound to keep their children out of it or to help run other youth organisations such as the Catholic Youth Movement. Their children, laughed at at school or in the street, were beginning to develop an inferiority complex, or if they stayed at home looked longingly at what they considered the luckier boys in the Hitler Youth. Now that it is compulsory, some people feel that the influence on the children will not be so great. Yet the boy leaders of every group are especially chosen, and it is not easy for a boy of ten or twelve to stand out against the scoffing of his thirteen-year-old leader at any non-Nazi ideas he may possess.

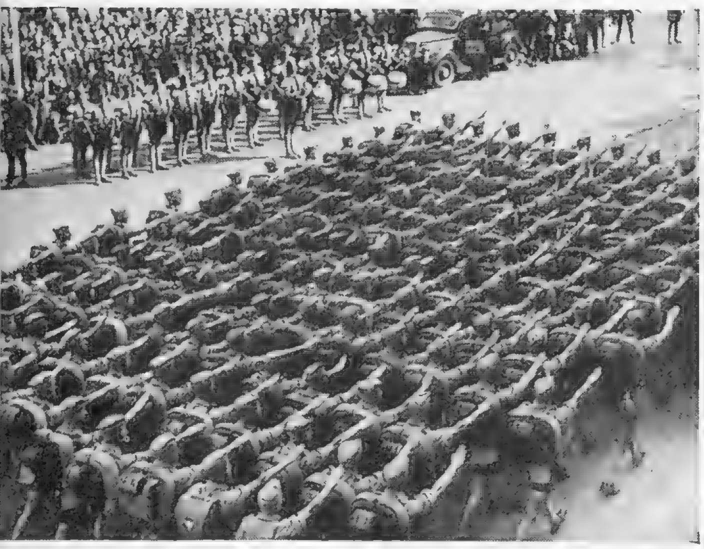
AS the child grows up he spends his regular hours in school, where he has a very few hours of religion a week, and many hours of history in which he is taught how evil have been the influences of religion on the past of Germany.

The teachers have often told me how tired are the children when they come to do their book work. They often have to parade in the evenings until midnight in torchlight processions, and the immense amount of organised sport and gymnastic training I have watched myself are enough to make any child mentally exhausted.

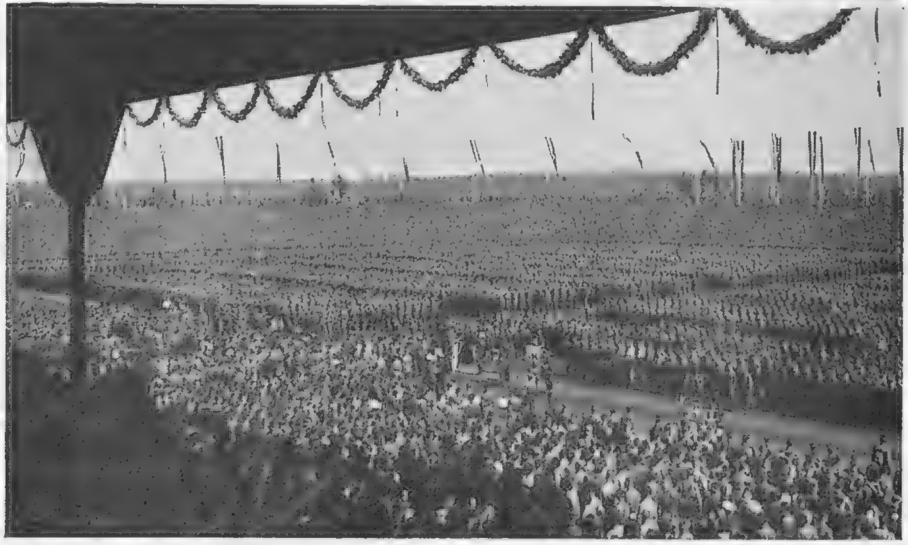
From the very start every parent knows that if the child is to have a successful career he must be physically fit and a good Nazi; book-learning takes a secondary place, and since it might lead to independent thought which would be disastrous, it is just as well to discourage it. If possible then the child should get into one of the special Hitler schools. There are at least three of these in every Gau or department in Germany (something like the counties in England). In addition there are sixteen still better schools more or less like our



Right· Germany's Number One Boy



German youth give the Nazi salute in the parade at Nuremberg



Hitler speaks to 60,000 boys, members of the Hitler Youth Association

A GERMAN

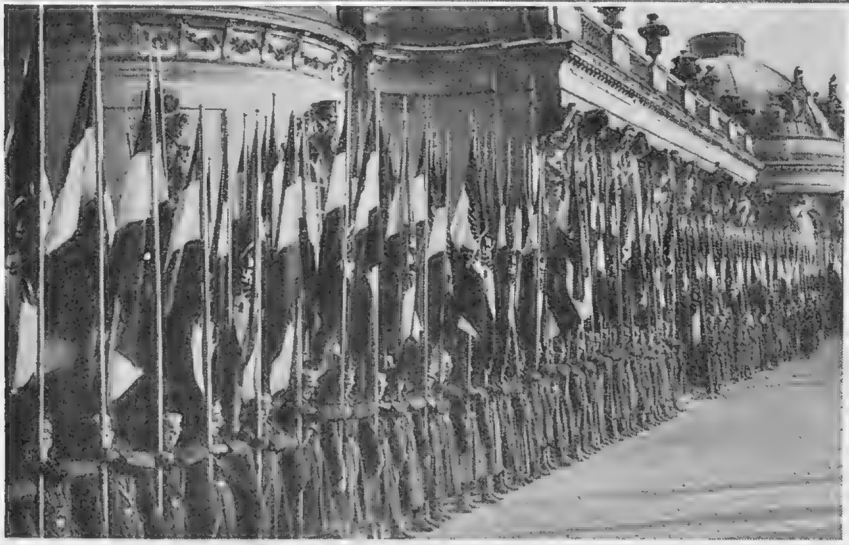
A Frank and Unbiased Account of the Teaching and Training of the Youth of Present Day Germany

By William Teeling

Winchester and Harrow, scattered over Germany. To get into these needs complete Aryan descent, a perfect physique and good Nazi surroundings. The richer boys pay more than the minimum fee so as to make up for the inability of the poorer boys. The schooling goes on from ten to eighteen. The boys spend the first few years in a school in the town in rooms decorated with pictures of old mythical German heroes, and their dormitories are named after the German gods. From fourteen to sixteen they are transferred to a school in the country where they learn about land problems, and in their holidays they are required to work in factories and mines, so taking the places of workmen who need a holiday. In these schools the rooms and the classes are named after the heroes of German history, Blücher, Bismarck and the like. In the last two years they are back in the town school again, this time in classes named after the heroes of the Nazi revolution. They have lectures every evening given them by Nazis distinguished in various walks of life, and once a week they have a "reading" of newspapers. Only three newspapers are however permitted, all of them well censored, one very anti-Catholic and anti-Protestant and all bitterly anti-Jew.

In fairness it must be added that the German mother feels one thing about her son in such a school. He is well fed and well clothed, no matter how poor he is. He is given a good general and not specialised education; by "good" is meant that he learns all the things that will be useful to him and necessary for a successful career in his own country, and that is as much as most mothers worry about. Furthermore he is being turned out a magnificent physical specimen and all strange doctrines and forms of immorality are being kept completely away from him. The same to a lesser degree can be said of the education in all the other schools of the country which are gradually coming under the State control.

At eighteen the boy enters the Labour Camps for six months and after that goes into the army for two years. The less well-off parents are therefore relieved of the burden of either keeping their sons until they (*Continued on page* 92)



Hitler Youth at Potsdam where 432 flags of the different sections were hallowed

A pair of buglers of Young Germany at a Hitler Youth Camp

WOMAN OF

Madame Chiang Kai-Shek getting into her aeroplane

IN Hong Kong they call her the "Woman of the East." An almond-eyed Cleopatra. Not in the soiled term of sex-appeal, but in patriotic fire, of flexible yet steely tenacity of purpose, of adroitness in Oriental statecraft, in determination and will-power, inspiring and influencing—not a Julius Cæsar or Mark Anthony, but a devoted and admiring husband, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek, the most powerful man in China.

Grown in dignity, much more sure of herself than when I talked with her in the now devastated and ravaged Chinese capital, Nanking, Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, the "Woman of the East," greeted me pleasantly. Her ease of manner, real or studied, contrasted with her former immature shyness, which could have been mistaken for sulkiness or resentment in the presence of newspaper correspondents. Not of aristocratic antecedents, as schooled eyes can quickly sense and observe, but arisen from lowly missionary ranks to inspire China's resistance to the invasion of the "Emperor of the East," and to try to save her country from becoming the "Abyssinia" or "Austria" of Japan.

This little woman, so small and dainty, speaking perfect English, is said to have the audacity and courage to demand that "heads shall roll"—heads of traitors and war-profiteers who betray China in her hour of agony and need, weakening her resistance—and to attempt to clean out the ancient Augean stables of Chinese corruption, so old, that they smell to heaven above all other smells in China.

The "Power behind the Power" is another term applied to her. The other "power" being her husband, the Generalissimo, whom many call the "Marshal."

NO shadow queen of Hollywood's empire of illusion, acting and speaking the creative thoughts of others, has been more publicised in recent months than Soong Mei-ling, playing the lead as "Woman of the East" in the great tragic drama entitled "China." And Madame Chiang Kai-Shek will tell you, like Greta Garbo, how distasteful to her is all that personal publicity. In that I know she is sincere from my own experiences with her, and that by accepting to be the objective of world-wide publicity in connexion with the war, she is making not the least of her sacrifices. War correspondents, sentimental and emotional writers, have vied with one another to tell about her what they know, and much that they have imagined. Some of the pictures thus drawn are rather highly coloured.

One of my main purposes in coming to China was to see her again. Upon arrival in Hong Kong, I wrote to her brother, Mr. T. V. Soong, one of the leading and most dynamic members of the now famous "Soong Dynasty" of China, as the family is called. This family, clan, or self-created Republican "dynasty" consists of four men and three women—Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek, Premier and Finance Minister Dr. H. H. Kung, Mr. T. V. Soong, China's "Dr. Schacht," who like the latter, can make an empty sack stand up. and his brother, Mr. T. L. Soong, who has kept himself out of the public spotlight. The women are the "Sisters Three"—Mei-ling, Ching-ling and Ai-ling, otherwise Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, Madame H. H. Kung and Madame Sun Yat-sen, widow of the "Father and Founder of the Chinese Republic."

This mystic seven have between themselves been conducting the national political and financial affairs of China for years. They started life very poor indeed. To-day they are reputed to be the wealthiest family group in all China. A leading foreign

THE EAST

The dramatic story of Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, wife and Political Assistant of the Commander-in-Chief of China's Army

By Lady Drummond Hay

banker in Shanghai estimated their joint riches at £60,000,000, or in U.S. dollars 300,000,000. This seems a heavy estimate to me, and certainly they do not exhibit any signs of such wealth, but rich Chinese never do advertise their possessions, they live as quietly as possible, especially these days.

Another foreigner, whom I do not wish to name, but who for years has held and still holds high office in Chinese Government service, placed the figure still higher.

Mr. Soong did not answer my letter, which called for a reply. His reputation for financial efficiency has always been somewhat greater than one for good manners. Dynamic men often affect a contempt for ordinary civility. Others who pose as being dynamic veil a lack of that drive and energy with crudeness or rudeness. In each case, it is supposed to enhance reputation.

It was Mr. W. H. Donald, genial and gentlemanly Australian, well-known "adviser" to Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, who sent me word that madame would see me. I had not yet met Mr. Donald then. "TV," as Mr. Soong is called, does not like the Australian, nor the "advice" he gives, I was told in quarters that should know. Nor does "TV" very much love his brother-in-law, the Generalissimo, the "power" in China. He cannot be said to be much fonder of the other brother-in-law, Dr. H. H. Kung, because Chiang Kai-Shek seems to prefer the latter as Minister of Finance to "TV," though if the judgment of foreign bankers in China is any criterion, Dr. Kung does not compare in financial brains.

Dr. Kung is very proud of being a lineal descendant of the great Chinese sage, Confucius.

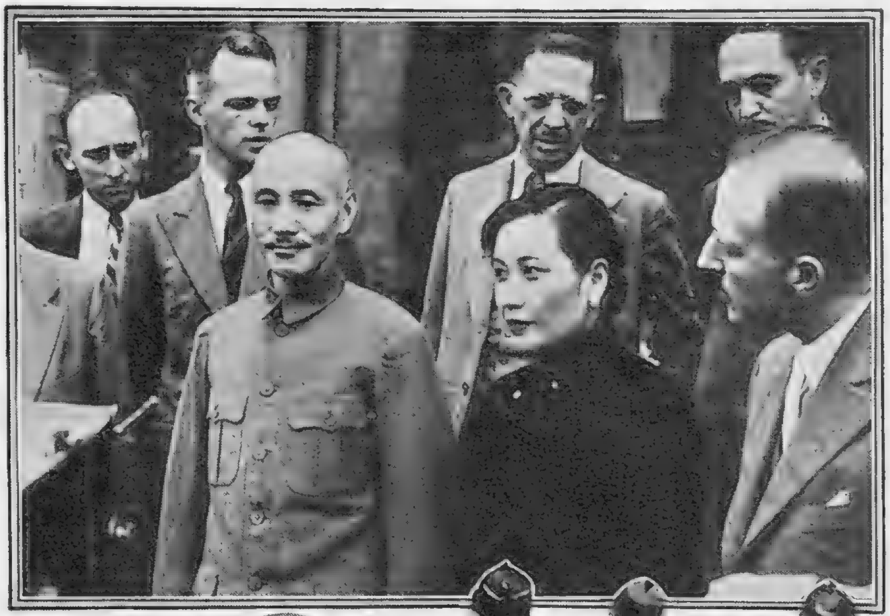
It is, in fact, one of his weak points and vanities. But all this is inside the family, and only a tiny glimpse of the extraordinary interplay of personal ambitions and frictions within that Chinese Christian clan, playing such an amazing rôle in China's resistance to Buddhist and Shinto Japan.

It is worth recalling, however, that with all the parade of Christianity by the Chinese National Government in Hankow, there is only one professed Christian to every two hundred or two hundred and fifty Chinese, and many of these may be "rice Christians," so-called because some hungry Chinese have discovered that by becoming "Christians" they are given rice at the missions.

There is as much intrigue in and around the Hankow headquarters as ever there was at the Imperial Court of "Old Buddha," the Empress Dowager. It reminds me of court circles in Egypt under the late King Fuad. I lived in Egypt for some years, was on the inside of things, and often thought I was witnessing a living Phillips Oppenheim novel. But Hankow and Hong Kong surpass even that.

Madame Chiang Kai-Shek was staying with her sister, Madame Kung, at the latter's home perched on the side of a hill overlooking an aspect of the almost incomparably beautiful Hong Kong waters. My request at the front door to see Madame Chiang Kai-Shek caused a mild stampede. I could see that the servant had it on the tip of his tongue to deny that she was there, as has been, and is being done innumerable times when a foreigner or stranger calls. One of the leading Shanghai journalists told me that when he was in Hong Kong he knew for a fact that Madame Chiang Kai-Shek had arrived at the Kung house, but he had to have official confirmation before mentioning it. Very ruefully he described to me his vigil "on the door-step," punctuated by servants' denials, until after many hours, and after midnight, he was told that she was there, just to make him go away. In my case, even after I had explained that I had an appointment with madame, I had to wait outside the house until my announcement was confirmed, and then I was admitted with all ceremony and honour.

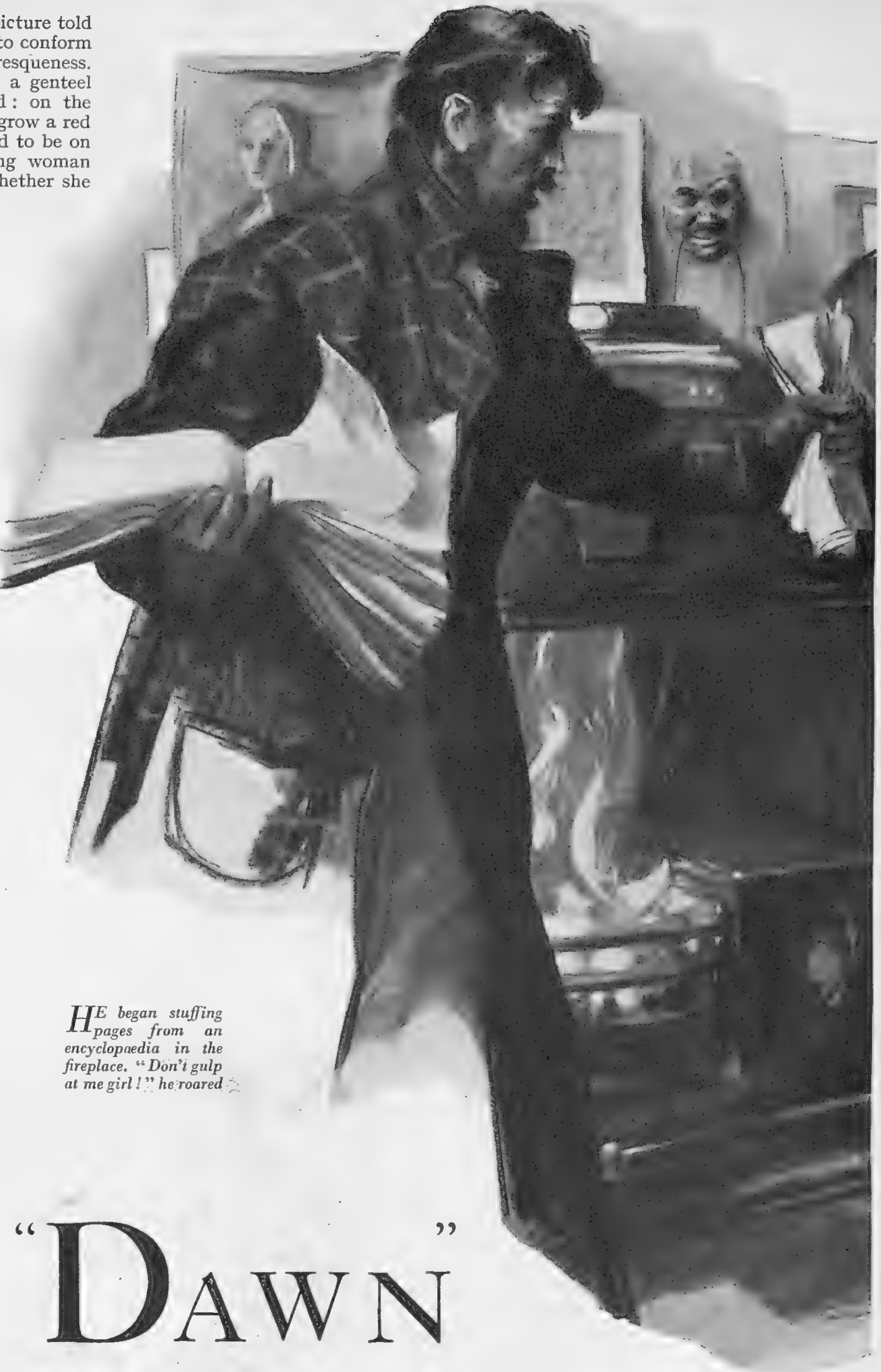
MADAME KUNG received me with gracious dignity and charming manners, conducting me into the dining-room where a cheery fire was burning in the fireplace. Much more "Chinese" than her American-educated sister, Madame Kung apologised for the medley of furnishings, which, she said, were not expressions of her own taste, and explained that the Premier had hastily rented the house just as it stood, when the National Government of China had to flee from Nanking before its capture by the Japanese after an ill-fated and (*Continued on page* 94)



Woman of the East, Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, photographed with her husband General Chiang Kai-Shek, Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese forces, and some newspaper correspondents

"DAWN"

In *the* first flush *of* Youth, Art claimed *her* for *its* own—but *this* was Tragedy's *mocking* Prelude



HE began stuffing pages from an encyclopaedia in the fireplace. "Don't gulp at me girl!" he roared

IN the happy days when every picture told a story an artist was expected to conform to a certain standard of picturesqueness. It is true that in his paintings a genteel romanticism was generally demanded: on the other hand, if he cared or was able to grow a red beard, to wear unexpected clothes, and to be on such terms of intimacy with a young woman that nobody could be quite certain whether she was his wife or his mistress, the most respectable person could not possibly raise any objection to that.

I am thinking particularly of Sir Earnest Tollmeyer Reginald, the President of the Royal Society of British Painters in Oils.

If you saw Sir Earnest walking slowly up what is left of Ennismore Gardens, wearing a silk scarf and a fur collar, and trailed by a floppy retriever, you would never have guessed that he was an artist, unless you knew him by sight. Many people did know Sir Earnest by sight, for he was something of a local figure. For twenty years he had lived in Ennismore Gardens, and every morning for twenty years, unless a holiday on the Riviera or a visit to America prevented it, he had emerged from the front door of No. 143, thrust his hands into the pockets of his coat, walked down the four steps, left the door to be closed by a man when the dog had issued, and started up the incline towards the park. The crossing sweeper stood upright from his leaves and gave him "Good morning." The policeman at the corner saluted, said: "Good morning, Sir Earnest," and stepped into the road with his arms out as a signal to traffic. Sir Earnest accepted these tributes with scarcely a word. He had one boy at Oxford and another at Harrow, and an extremely pretty daughter who was engaged to be married to the son of his old friend, Admiral Sir Claude Cordwallader, C.M.G., K.C.V.O., retired. All this because he had once painted a picture called "Dawn."

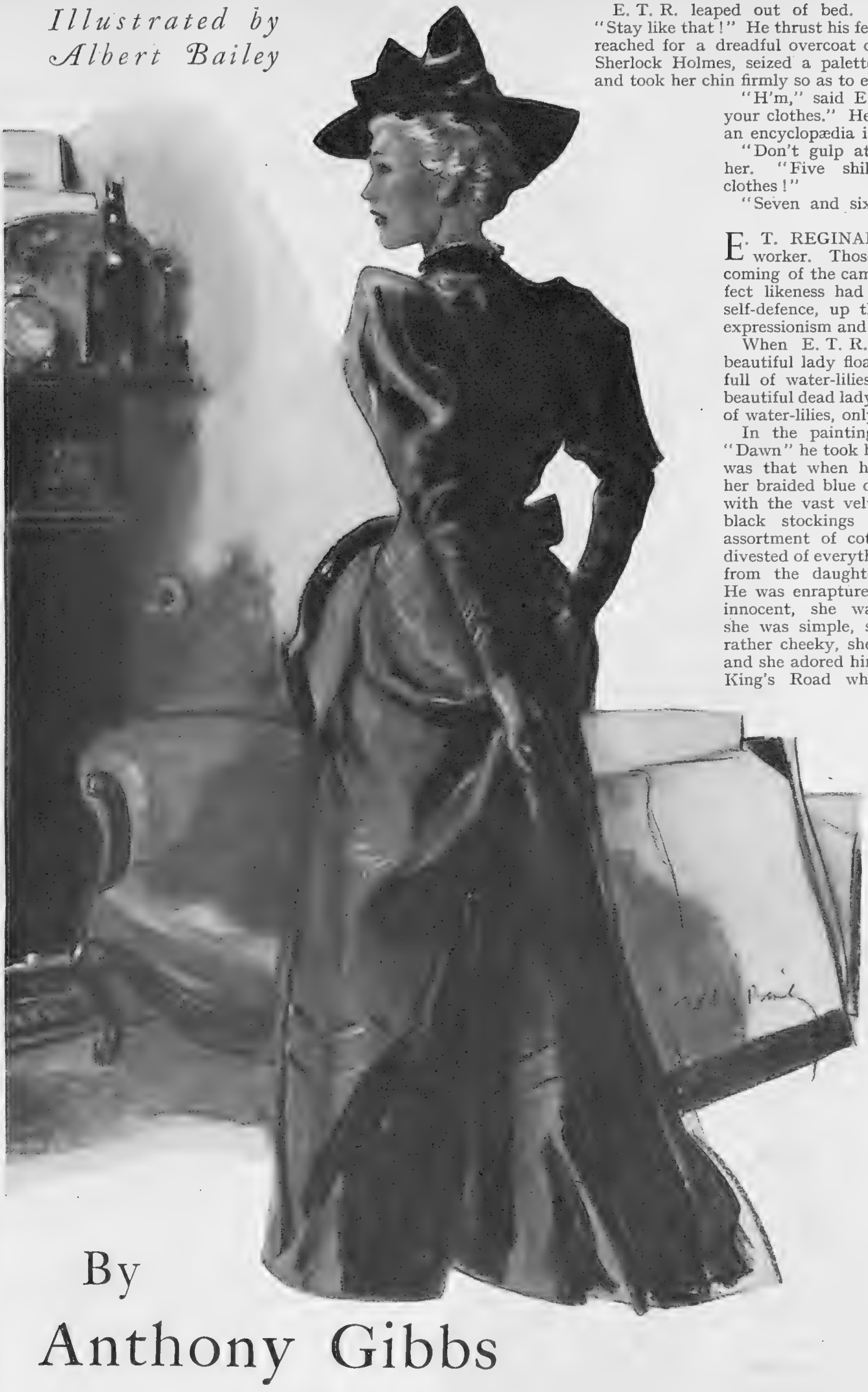
If you are over forty or have lived your life in the less fashionable ambits you may know something of "Dawn." A young girl with no clothes on, ankle deep in a pool, looking up over her shoulder, almost as though startled, at the risen sun.

Dawn. If ever a picture told a story that one did, but not the story the artist intended. Her name was Winnie Spencer and she was the daughter of a calm angular lady who "did" for young E. T. R. in Rosetti Studios, Battersea Park. In those days young Reginald had a shock of brown hair, a thin red beard, a brown tweed jacket with leather inserts, and long delicate hands that imparted a cold look to their possessor. His eyes also were very fierce, so that Mrs. Spencer gained the impression that he spent much time doing without nourishment in front of an empty grate, subsisting entirely on inner fires. This was the impression intended to be created, and it had the additional merit of being exactly true.

Now, Mrs. Spencer had much dignity in her tall, Cockney way, but she was mortal. She became ill one day—it was a bitterly cold February that year—and that was the reason why Earnest Reginald, asleep under a patchwork quilt at nine o'clock in the morning, was awakened by a curious shyness about the pulling of his curtains. Mrs. Spencer always walked with measured tread into the room and pulled first one curtain and then the other. Earnest Reginald was so used to this that he slept on undisturbed. On that morning, however, the measured tread was missing, one of the curtains moved in a series of delicate jerks or twitches, the other, after a surprisingly long pause, scarcely moved at all.

E. T. R. thrust his beard over the bed, frowned terrifyingly, saw a frightened young girl gazing at him with just the same expression as that with which she greeted, later, the risen sun.

Illustrated by
Albert Bailey



By

Anthony Gibbs

"Who are you?" demanded Earnest Reginald, sitting up in bed.

The girl swallowed twice in a gulping way.

"Is it Astarte who has come to visit me?" asked E. T. R., remembering to talk like a nineteenth-century artist—"Or Leda or the spirit of the dawn?"

The spirit of the dawn spoke. "Please, sir," she said, "mother's got gastric."

E. T. R. leaped out of bed. "Don't move!" he said. "Stay like that!" He thrust his feet into red Turkish slippers, reached for a dreadful overcoat of the pattern favoured by Sherlock Holmes, seized a palette and brush and went up and took her chin firmly so as to examine her face.

"H'm," said E. T. R. quietly. "Take off your clothes." He began stuffing pages from an encyclopædia in the fireplace.

"Don't gulp at me, girl!" he roared at her. "Five shillings to take off your clothes!"

"Seven and six," said Winifred Spencer.

E. T. REGINALD was always a careful worker. Those were the days when the coming of the camera with its inevitably perfect likeness had not yet driven artists, in self-defence, up the tortuous paths of self-expressionism and the abstract idea.

When E. T. R. painted a picture of a beautiful lady floating, dead, down a stream full of water-lilies, it looked exactly like a beautiful dead lady floating down a stream full of water-lilies, only, if possible, more so.

In the painting of that famous picture "Dawn" he took his time. The curious thing was that when he had divested Winnie of her braided blue dress and her big black hat with the vast velvet bow, and her wrinkled black stockings and her rather pathetic assortment of cotton and tapes, she stood divested of everything that separated E. T. R. from the daughter of the lady who did. He was enraptured. She was young, she was innocent, she was budding with beauty, she was simple, she was complex, she was rather cheeky, she might have been cleaner, and she adored him. In the basements of the King's Road where artists made the air pungent for hours with their tobacco and observations for the price of one muddy cup of coffee young Reginald drooped on the mantelpiece with a tremendous meerschaum falling across his chest and expatiated seriously upon her charms. He likened her to all the Greek goddesses he could think of. She would have been the inspiration of Rosetti; Hunt could have painted her, she was good enough for Watts. As for Alma Tadema. . . .

They insisted upon seeing her. With a queer pride he gave a party, and coached her first.

"These men are artists and my friends," he said. "But I'm not just going to exhibit you. You're going to act as hostess."

"Coo," she exclaimed. "Do I keep my clothes on?"

"You do," he said, "but not those clothes. As each of them comes you say: 'Oh, how do you do. So sweet of you to come. Let me see, would you rather have a chair or just sit on the floor? You'll find the beer over in that corner.' D'you think you can manage to do that?"

"What do *you* think, E. T. R.?" she asked.

He laughed the delighted, Homeric laugh of the manly artist. "Ho, ho!" roared E. T. R. "I'm sure of it. Go and look behind that screen."

She went, and found a Venetian shawl wrapped in brown paper, gave one delighted "Crikey!" and burst into tears.

"What's this? What's this? What's this?" he demanded.

"Astarte in tears? The dawn of innocence reduced to weeping?"

"You're too good to me," she sobbed, flinging her arms round him, burying her face on his chest.

"My dear *child*!" he said in some astonishment . . .

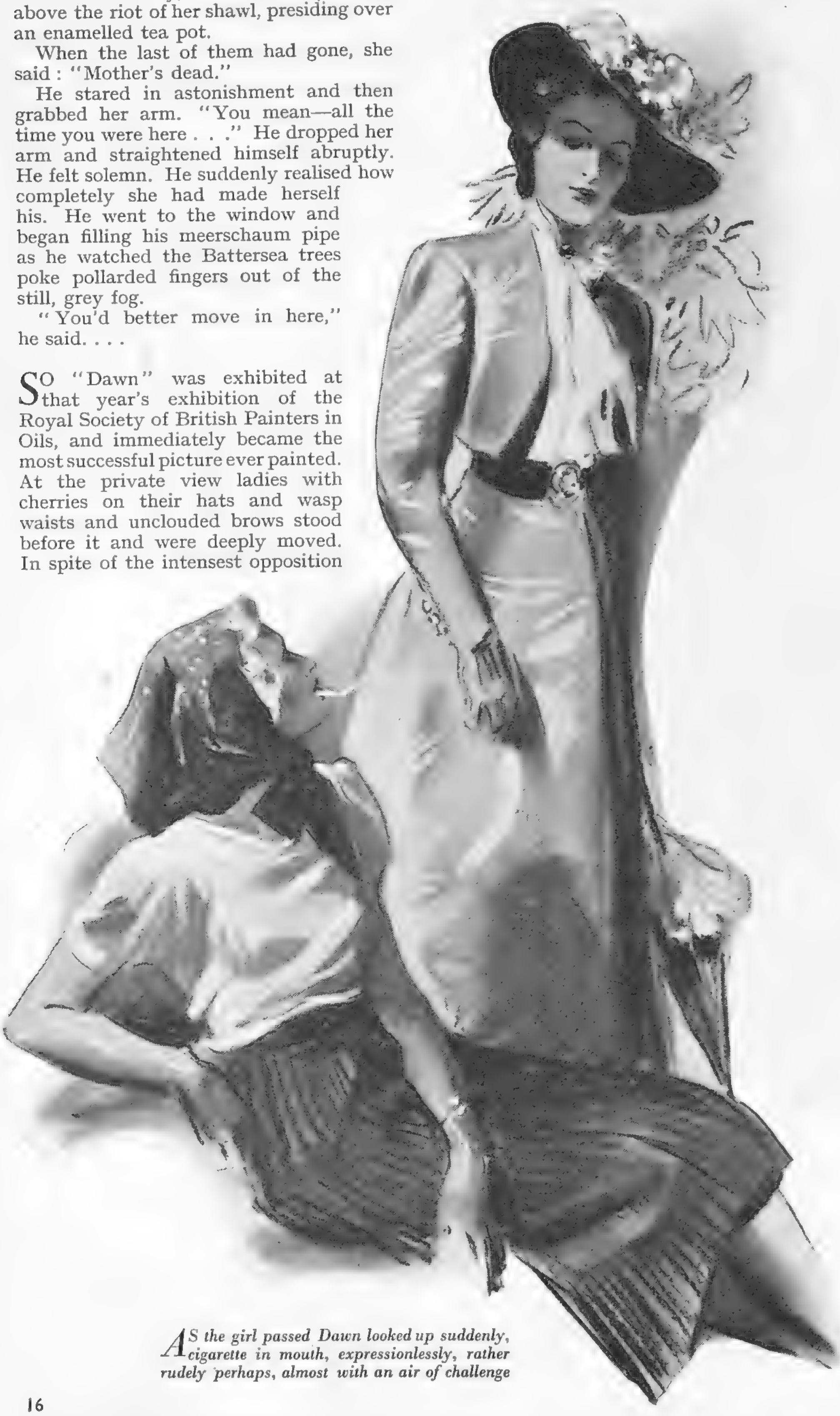
She danced home after that, skipping along the wet Battersea pavements, and when she returned it was to be dutiful and pale, like a servant maid in her first post. The artists of the King's Road were delighted with her and treated her gravely and with studiously good manners, for they took it for granted that she was his mistress and accorded her the respect due to such a position. In years to come Reginald had a vision of her as she was that day, white-faced and prim above the riot of her shawl, presiding over an enamelled tea pot.

When the last of them had gone, she said: "Mother's dead."

He stared in astonishment and then grabbed her arm. "You mean—all the time you were here . . ." He dropped her arm and straightened himself abruptly. He felt solemn. He suddenly realised how completely she had made herself his. He went to the window and began filling his meerschaum pipe as he watched the Battersea trees poke pollarded fingers out of the still, grey fog.

"You'd better move in here," he said. . . .

So "Dawn" was exhibited at that year's exhibition of the Royal Society of British Painters in Oils, and immediately became the most successful picture ever painted. At the private view ladies with cherries on their hats and wasp waists and unclouded brows stood before it and were deeply moved. In spite of the intensest opposition from the owners of newspapers and the makers of soap flakes, who desired to possess it, it was purchased by the Gallery for five hundred pounds, and given over to the processes of reproduction. A weekly newspaper which made a practice of giving away double-page supplements with its Christmas number gave away "Dawn," and gave it away in millions. In every one of the new artistic homes with copper tulips on its sideboards and heart-shaped holes in its chairs, "Dawn" was given the place of honour in the dining-room. In every up-to-date seaside resort, in the new suburbs of Streatham and Norbury and Tooting, "Dawn" came to typify not only the dawn of womanhood but the dawn of beauty. It swept England like a revelation. Gone were the mists of the Victorian era, the Gothic ghastliness, the coal-smoke and Conservativism, the tartan, the table cloth, the presents from Margate. There was something about "Dawn" which personified the turn of the century, which brought new hopes to vast numbers of people, which seemed almost a vision of another world suddenly and deliciously attainable. In a twinkling Earnest Reginald found that the letters E. T. R. in the corner of a picture spelled the password to success. He, too, made his personification and worshipped at the shrine. He carried her off with his five hundred pounds to a hill-top village in Provence where he put her on sunny parapets against unimaginable distances and painted her. The French say there is always one who kisses and the other who presents the cheek. He allowed her to be very much in love.



As the girl passed Dawn looked up suddenly, cigarette in mouth, expressionlessly, rather rudely perhaps, almost with an air of challenge

Now Mr. Earnest Reginald, the famous artist, was not the only Reginald. There was a Mr. Frank Reginald, a solicitor, of Gray's Inn Square, and a Mrs. Reginald of "Parkside," Wimbledon. One of them was Earnest's father and the other his mother. The Reginalds were nice people. She was a quiet lady with the auburn hair of the period and he a tall top-hatted figure with beetling brows and a passion for long walks. Their son, in company with a young lady in grey and a staggering assortment of large trunks, hold-alls, Gladstones, boot boxes, alternative hats and sticks, umbrellas and parasols rolled up in rugs, arrived at Victoria Station in two four-wheeled cabs and entered a first-class carriage to Dover. At Dover, with the assistance of three bearded porters, a ship's steward and the purser, they embarked for Calais. One hour later, pale but still full of quiet dignity and determination, they trod the shore of France, and with five blue-smocked porters and no less than three vociferous interpreters at their disposal, made their way through the sunshine and tottered, he dabbing himself with a yellow bandanna and she in a haze of eau-de-Cologne into a *couchette*. Twenty-four hours later an open carriage drawn by a horse with a lady's straw hat between its ears, toiled and creaked up the dusty hill-side.

A little urchin with flapping rags and brown bare feet danced towards them.

"Tell me, my little man," said Mr. Reginald, stopping the carriage and stabbing the floor of it with his umbrella, "is this the way to the 'Mas des Oranges'?"

The urchin giggled with a finger to his mouth, and Mr. Reginald turned laboriously to scowl after him, and the *cocher* to hurl a string of genealogical insults in a language which was neither French nor Italian.

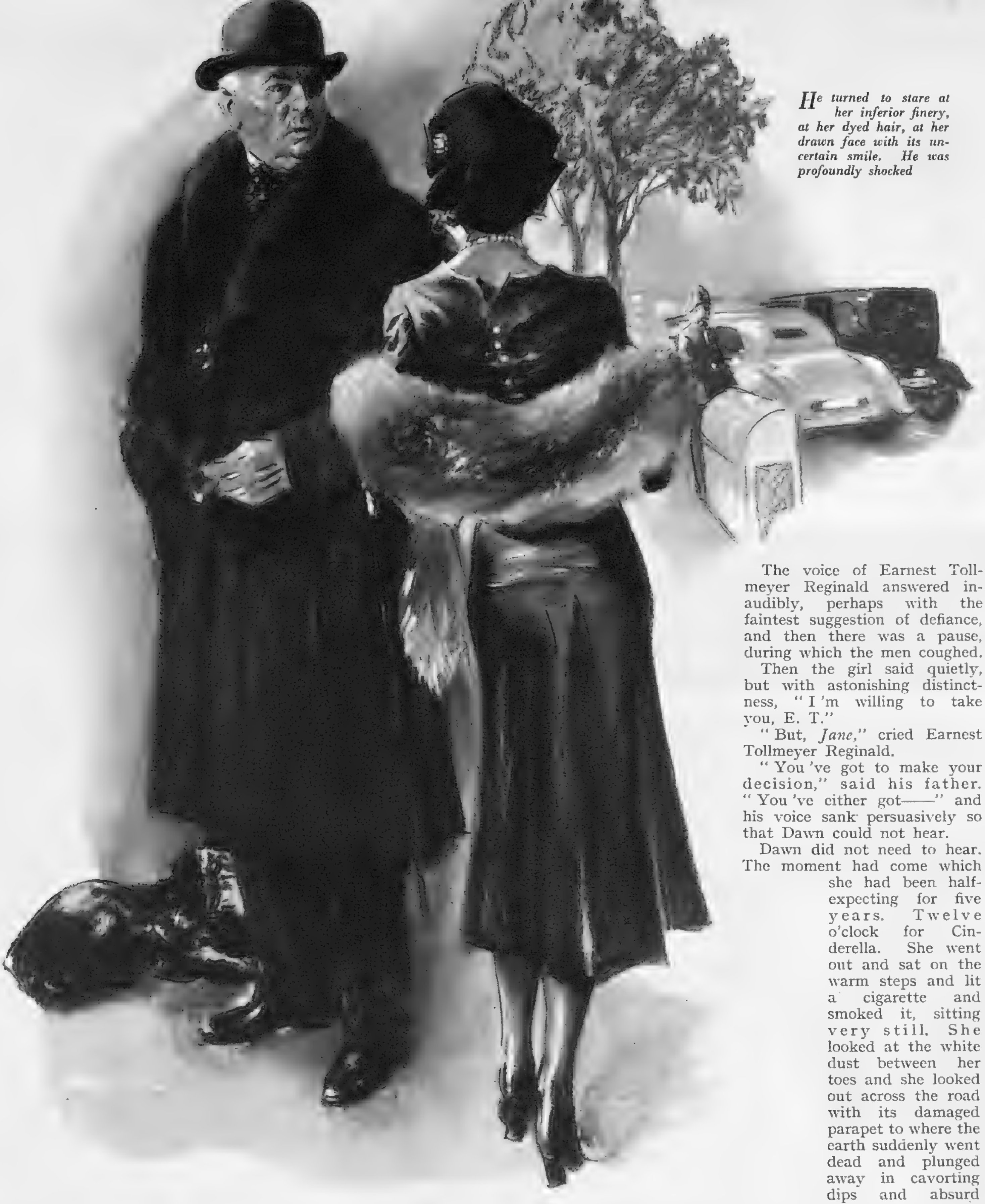
They plodded on, and after a mile or two they came upon the figure of a girl, with a coloured handkerchief about her head. She, too, was barefooted.

"Pardon me, madam," said Mr. Reginald, "but could you direct me to the 'Mas des Oranges'?"

"About half a mile up on the right," said the girl. "You'll see the foot of the steps."

"Thank you," said Mr. Reginald replacing his hat with no trace of astonishment at a *Provençale* who spoke English. "*On avong!*"

But Dawn stared after them, at the grey hat and the mauve parasol and the grey parasol which had suddenly invaded



He turned to stare at her inferior finery, at her dyed hair, at her drawn face with its uncertain smile. He was profoundly shocked

her sanctuary. She stood with her legs a-kimbo in the dry dust, and then walked after them. Her hair had been bleached more golden in the sun and she wore a barbaric gold anklet and she had achieved much serenity. Dawn Reginald was twenty-two. Winifred Spencer had been dead five years.

For half a mile she followed them and then stopped behind a little stone hovel to watch the carriage heave beneath the weight of Mr. Reginald as he dismounted and turned to lend a hand to the two ladies. They looked about them and went up the steps and she heard the old bell clang. When they had gone in she started forward swiftly on her bare feet and went up the old steps, too, and as she went a lizard slid noiselessly into a crack and the bougainvillæ was fleshy beneath its dust.

She went into cold stone shadows, crept across the hall to where the voices beckoned her with a kind of foreboding.

"I tell you, Earnest, they want to make you an associate," the tall gentleman was saying in rather an impassioned voice, and then paused and said much more affectionately: "Who *is* this girl, Earnest?"

The voice of Earnest Tollmeyer Reginald answered inaudibly, perhaps with the faintest suggestion of defiance, and then there was a pause, during which the men coughed.

Then the girl said quietly, but with astonishing distinctness, "I'm willing to take you, E. T."

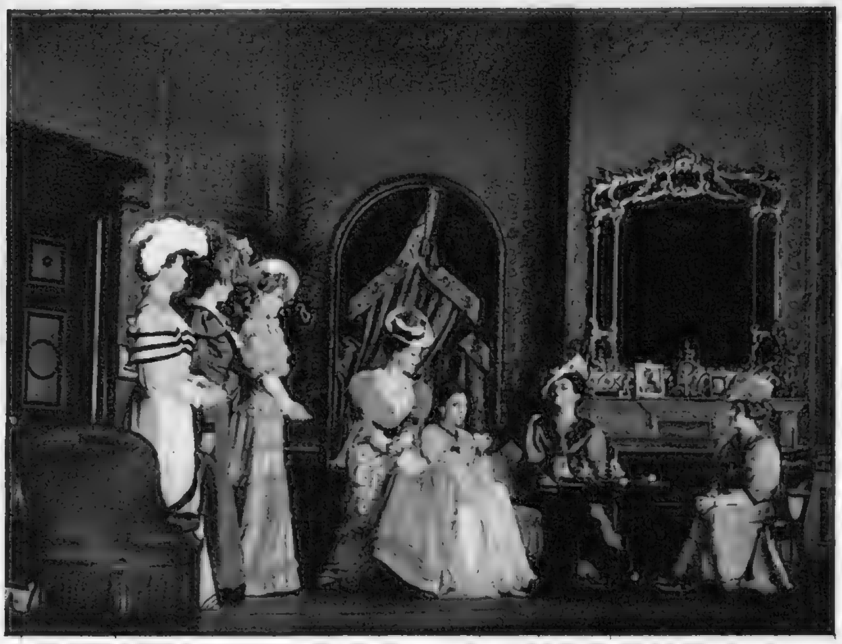
"But, *Jane,*" cried Earnest Tollmeyer Reginald.

"You've got to make your decision," said his father. "You've either got——" and his voice sank persuasively so that Dawn could not hear.

Dawn did not need to hear. The moment had come which she had been half-expecting for five years. Twelve o'clock for Cinderella. She went out and sat on the warm steps and lit a cigarette and smoked it, sitting very still. She looked at the white dust between her toes and she looked out across the road with its damaged parapet to where the earth suddenly went dead and plunged away in cavorting dips and absurd precipices and fantastic distances to the Mediterranean Sea. Encouraged by her motionlessness the lizard crept out and watched her, with well palpitating throat.

Presently the door behind her opened and the lizard was gone with a flick of his tail. She did not move. She heard a moment of hesitation, and then they stepped past her down the steps, Mrs. Reginald lifting her skirt, Mr. Reginald vaguely lifting his hat. As the girl passed, Dawn looked up suddenly, cigarette in mouth, expressionlessly, rather rudely perhaps, almost with an air of challenge. (*Contd. on p.* 112)

Rozanne Gray (Peggy Wood), a star of the Jubilee Theatre, at a party given by Liesl Haren (Fritzi Massary). At this party Rozanne Gray meets Lord Vaynham (Griffith Jones) for the first time



A tea-party given by Liesl Haren (Fritzi Massary) to members of " The Model Maid " company. In this scene Miss Gladys Calthrop has excelled herself in recapturing the spirit and colour of the dresses of the period in which the play is set

Scenes from "Operette," Noel Coward's Musical Play at His Majesty's Theatre

" Will your mother be waiting up for you ? " is the eager question of the stage-door Johnny as he drives the fair lady of the chorus home after the evening's performance. Peggy Wood and Griffith Jones in an amusing sidelight from " Operette "

Peggy Wood as Rozanne Gray and Griffith Jones as Lord Vaynham, in " Operette "

Fritzi Massary as Liesl Haren in "Operette"

NOEL COWARD once more takes us back to pre-war days in his new musical, *Operette*, and this time lays the scene in the London of 1906. The story tells of the life of a theatrical company and their friends in and outside of the Jubilee Theatre.

There are many scenes from "The Model Maid," in which the company are playing, and also of what goes on back-stage and in their private lives.

It opens in the Green Room of the theatre, where Rozanne Gray, one of the sextette, played by Peggy Wood, is learning the part of the leading lady for whom she is the understudy. She is helped in this by Liesl Haren, a famous but older Continental star, who acts as confidante and adviser to all the members of the company. This part is beautifully played by Fritzi Massary.

After the theatre, later that night, Liesl gives a party to which Nigel, Lord Vaynham, played by Griffith Jones, comes to rescue his brother, who is in love with another of the sextette. Nigel meets Rozanne and it is immediately love at first sight. They finally become engaged over supper at Romano's, and within a week, due to the star walking out of the play, Rozanne takes over the lead and becomes a great success.

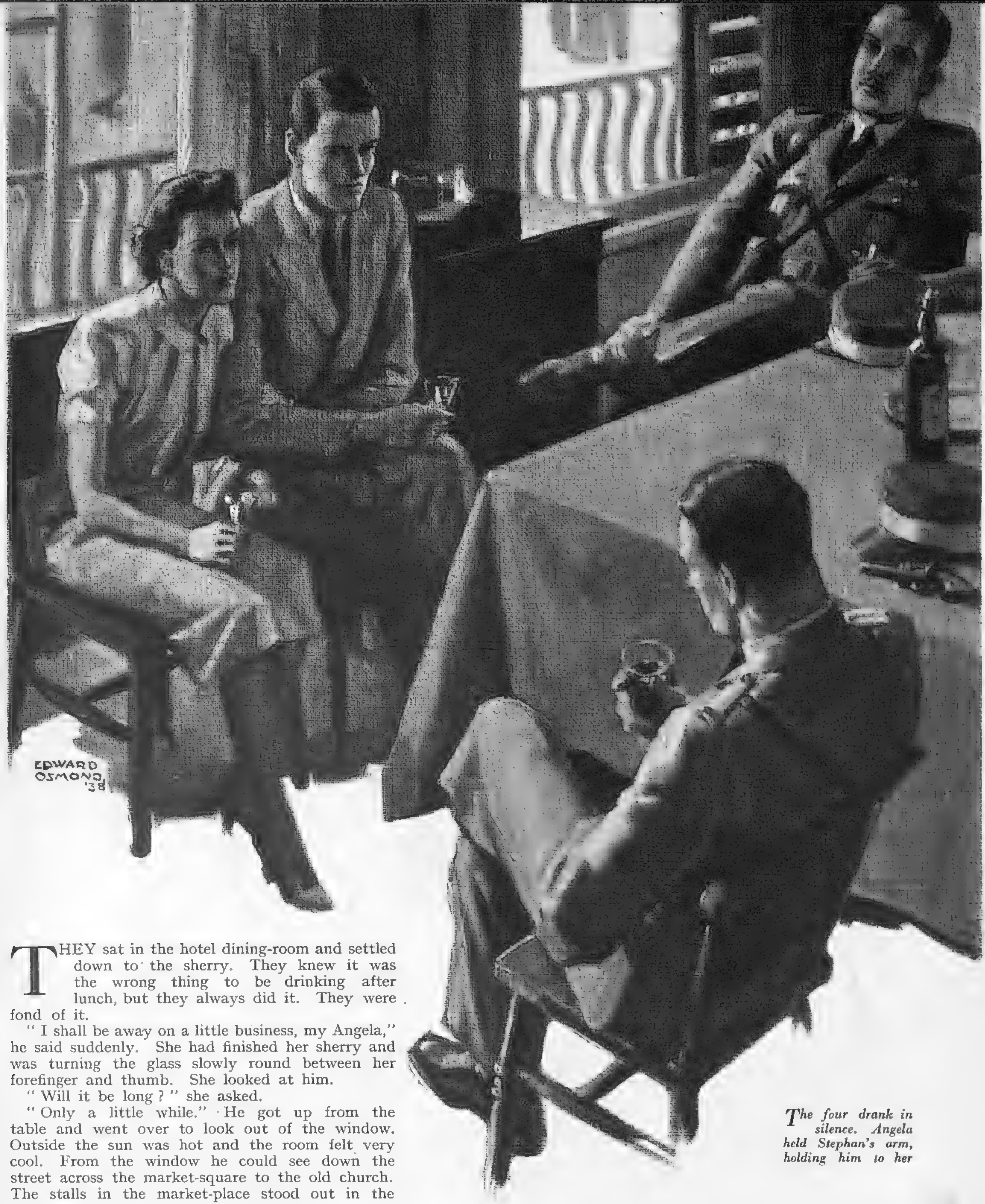
Nigel's mother, Lady Messiter (Irene Vanbrugh), realises that neither Rozanne nor Nigel would be happy married, and in a very touching scene with Rozanne tells her so. The way the plot works out should not be told here, but needless to say it has the usual Noel Coward twist.

The settings and costumes are designed by Gladys Calthrop and they recapture the spirit and leisureliness of a now past time. The play is presented by John C. Wilson.

Amongst many tunes, Coward has written two waltzes, "Dearest Love," and "Where are the Songs we Sung?" which Peggy Wood sings beautifully, and which are real hits.

The four "Peers" who sing a satire entitled "The Stately Homes of England." A scene from "The Model Maid"

The Countess of Messiter (Irene Vanbrugh) meets Rozanne Gray (Peggy Wood) and tells her that it is impossible for her son, Lord Vaynham, to marry her as it entails him giving up his career, and pleads with her to give him up



The four drank in silence. Angela held Stephan's arm, holding him to her

THEY sat in the hotel dining-room and settled down to the sherry. They knew it was the wrong thing to be drinking after lunch, but they always did it. They were fond of it.

"I shall be away on a little business, my Angela," he said suddenly. She had finished her sherry and was turning the glass slowly round between her forefinger and thumb. She looked at him.

"Will it be long?" she asked.

"Only a little while." He got up from the table and went over to look out of the window. Outside the sun was hot and the room felt very cool. From the window he could see down the street across the market-square to the old church. The stalls in the market-place stood out in the scorching sun and cast sharp shadows on the stones. The owners of the stalls sat in the shade and dozed, only waking occasionally to serve a solitary customer. The square was practically empty. Everything was still and quiet and the sun burned down and scorched everything.

"I wish you hadn't to go, darling," she said. She was still turning the wineglass between her forefinger and thumb.

"I should like to stay," he answered, "but I have to go. It's only for a little while." He looked out on to the square. "I shall be back soon."

"I shall feel very lonely when you are gone," Angela said. "We have been together such a long time now."

"Three weeks," he answered. "It seems like years. And yet it has gone all too quickly. Are you very happy with me, my Angela?"

She stopped twirling the glass and looked across the room to where he stood at the window.

"Yes," she answered softly. "I'm happier than I have ever been. I could live for ever like this, with you in this hotel and nothing else."

"You'd get very bored," he said.

"I should never get bored. Not with you."

"You would get very old, then. And I should get very old. If we lived for ever, I mean. Wouldn't you get bored if you were very old? I think I would."

"Not if we got old together," she said.

"There are some policemen in the square," he remarked. Angela looked out through the window, but from where she was sitting she could only see the bright glare of the sun—she could not see down the street.

Celebration Party

All's fair *in* Love *and* War *but* Angela *thought* otherwise

By Brian Edsall

"I would like another glass of sherry," Angela said.

He turned away from the window and went back to the table. He stood by her side and filled her glass and then his. When her glass was filled she took it and drank half the sherry in it.

"I don't think they are policemen," he remarked. "They seem to be soldiers. A squad of soldiers."

She drank the rest of her sherry.

"Who cares about soldiers," she answered. "I have seen enough of soldiers. Nothing but soldiers, soldiers, soldiers everywhere. What have they to do with me? Or you?"

He went back to the window again.

"Oh, nothing," he said. They were silent for a while. Angela poured herself some more sherry.

"Why do we have to think about them?" he asked "I hate them. I hate all of this. Why isn't it all over? Everything is very peaceful here just now. People are sleeping. It is very hot. Everybody is extremely drowsy. So they send some soldiers into the square just to make a noise and wake everybody up again. It is preposterous. One could be very happy and drowsy and enjoy a little sherry without these soldiers of theirs."

"Why bother about them?" she asked. "Come down and sit here and talk to me. You are going away soon."

"Only for a little while."

"But you are going away. Come and sit down here and talk to me. Not about soldiers. Tell me you love me."

"I love you." He returned to the table, kissed her briefly on the forehead and sat down. "I wish— Never mind. You are very beautiful."

"Will you think of me while you are away?" Angela asked. She took his hand in hers across the table and held it.

"All the time," he answered. He pressed her hand hard. "My Angela, you love me?"

"Yes."

"Above all things? I mean above everything else? So that nothing else in the world matters."

"More than everything," she answered.

"Well, I'm glad." He leant across the table. "I'm very glad. Nothing would matter, nothing could ever come between us?"

"Nothing," she answered.

"That makes me very happy. Because in these days anything may happen. Life is very uncertain. Do you think that one day this will be all over, and there won't be any soldiers and one will be happy again?"

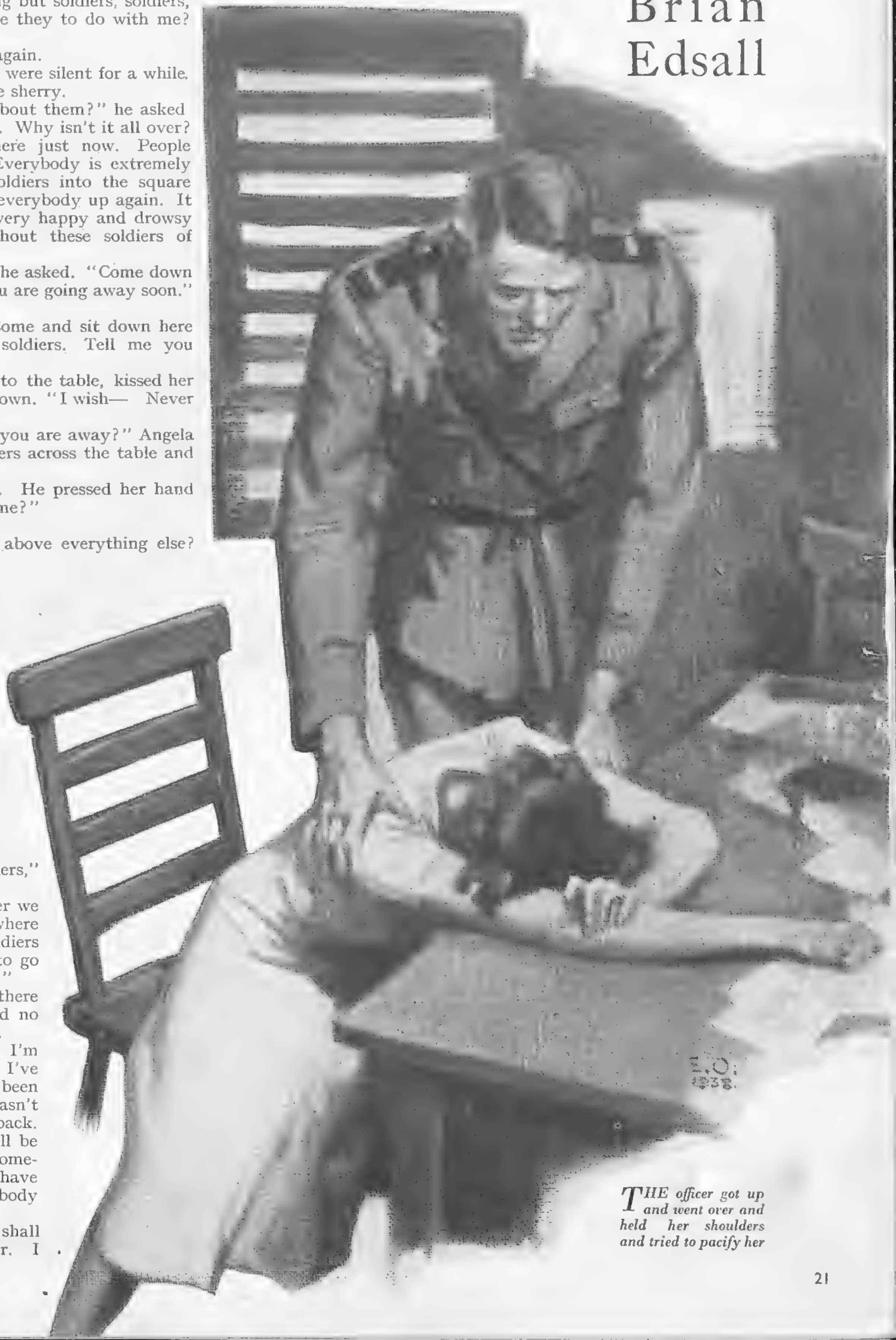
"There will always be soldiers," she said.

"Yes. But if this was all over we could go away to somewhere where there are no soldiers, or no soldiers that matter. Should you like to go away to such a place with me?"

"I should like to go where there is only you and I together and no soldiers and nobody," she said.

"That would be very nice. I'm tired of people and soldiers. I've had enough of it. We have been very happy here. I wish I wasn't going away. But I shall be back. And then very soon all this will be over and we shall go away somewhere and be together, and not have to worry about anything or anybody but ourselves."

"Yes," Angela said. "We shall do that, when this is all over. I



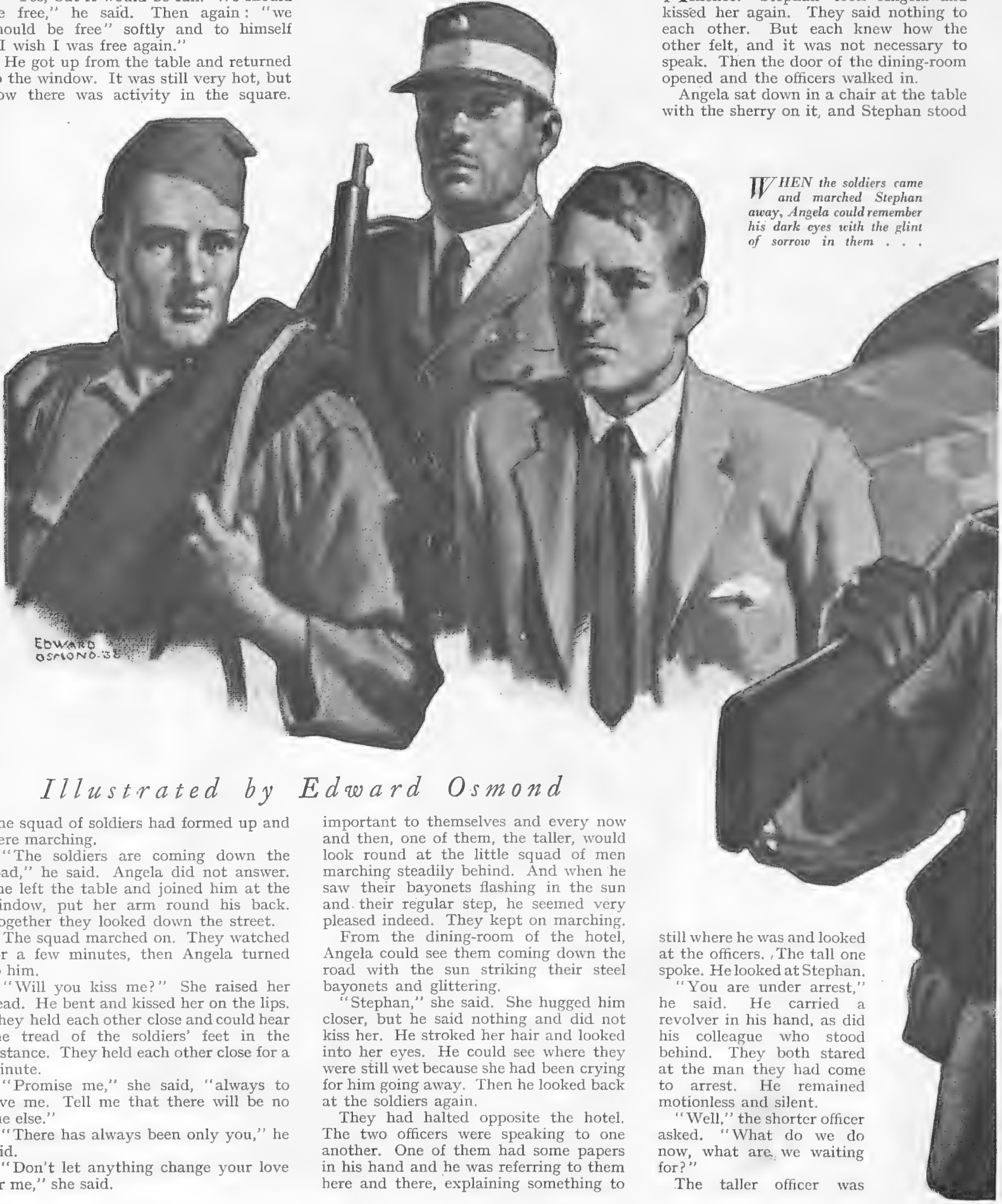
THE officer got up and went over and held her shoulders and tried to pacify her should like to go to many places with you. Switzerland, England. I should like to go to England. I should like to see London and the little villages. I should like to walk there."

"You can't walk there," he smiled. "There is a small sea to go across. But we could walk to the sea and then go on a boat across it. Or we could swim across the sea."

"You are laughing at me," she said. "But you can swim across and I'll go on the boat. If we walked to the sea we should have a long walk."

"Yes, but it would be fun. We should be free," he said. Then again: "we should be free" softly and to himself "I wish I was free again."

He got up from the table and returned to the window. It was still very hot, but now there was activity in the square. The squad of soldiers had formed up and were marching.



WHEN the soldiers came and marched Stephan away, Angela could remember his dark eyes with the glint of sorrow in them . . .

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

"The soldiers are coming down the road," he said. Angela did not answer. She left the table and joined him at the window, put her arm round his back. Together they looked down the street.

The squad marched on. They watched for a few minutes, then Angela turned to him.

"Will you kiss me?" She raised her head. He bent and kissed her on the lips. They held each other close and could hear the tread of the soldiers' feet in the distance. They held each other close for a minute.

"Promise me," she said, "always to love me. Tell me that there will be no one else."

"There has always been only you," he said.

"Don't let anything change your love for me," she said.

"I won't," he answered. He kissed her again. "Why do you cry?" he asked.

"It is only a little," she answered. "Because you are going away."

The soldiers were quite close. Even though the windows were closed, the sound of their steady marching was clear in the room. Now they could see them in detail. Their tanned faces, their worn looks. They marched automatically, like well-oiled machinery.

Marching a little ahead of the squad were two officers, neither of them over thirty. They seemed to be feeling very important to themselves and every now and then, one of them, the taller, would look round at the little squad of men marching steadily behind. And when he saw their bayonets flashing in the sun and their regular step, he seemed very pleased indeed. They kept on marching.

From the dining-room of the hotel, Angela could see them coming down the road with the sun striking their steel bayonets and glittering.

"Stephan," she said. She hugged him closer, but he said nothing and did not kiss her. He stroked her hair and looked into her eyes. He could see where they were still wet because she had been crying for him going away. Then he looked back at the soldiers again.

They had halted opposite the hotel. The two officers were speaking to one another. One of them had some papers in his hand and he was referring to them here and there, explaining something to the other. Then the officers moved the squad over across the road close to the hotel. Angela and Stephan moved away from the window.

They heard the officers march into the hallway outside and call for the proprietor. They called three or four times before he appeared. When at last he came, a low but excited conversation followed. They could only hear the muffled voices, but they could imagine the proprietor. He also hated soldiers.

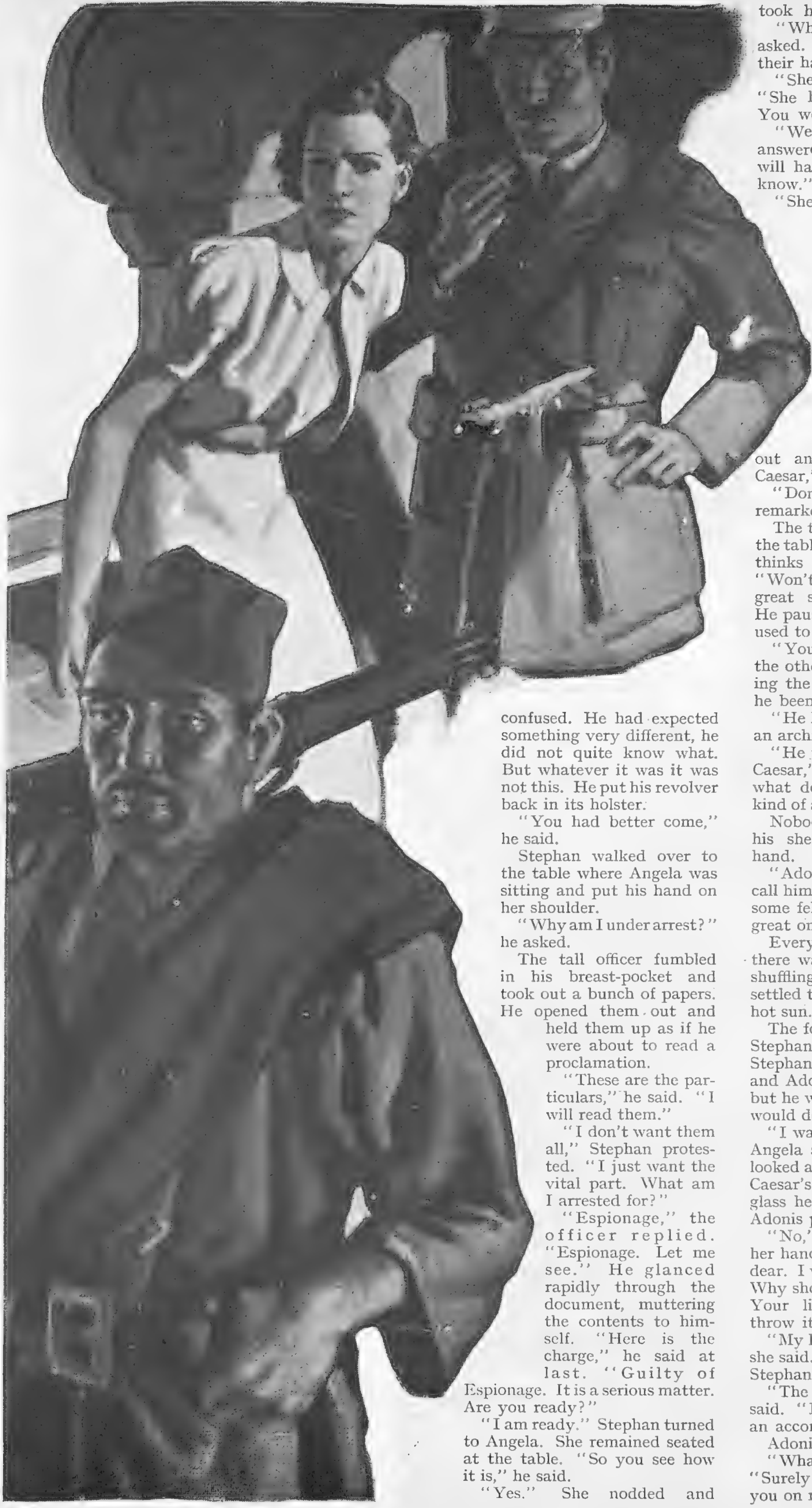
AT last the talking stopped. There was silence. Stephan took Angela and kissed her again. They said nothing to each other. But each knew how the other felt, and it was not necessary to speak. Then the door of the dining-room opened and the officers walked in.

Angela sat down in a chair at the table with the sherry on it, and Stephan stood still where he was and looked at the officers. The tall one spoke. He looked at Stephan.

"You are under arrest," he said. He carried a revolver in his hand, as did his colleague who stood behind. They both stared at the man they had come to arrest. He remained motionless and silent.

"Well," the shorter officer asked. "What do we do now, what are we waiting for?"

The taller officer was



confused. He had expected something very different, he did not quite know what. But whatever it was it was not this. He put his revolver back in its holster.

"You had better come," he said.

Stephan walked over to the table where Angela was sitting and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Why am I under arrest?" he asked.

The tall officer fumbled in his breast-pocket and took out a bunch of papers. He opened them out and held them up as if he were about to read a proclamation.

"These are the particulars," he said. "I will read them."

"I don't want them all," Stephan protested. "I just want the vital part. What am I arrested for?"

"Espionage," the officer replied. "Espionage. Let me see." He glanced rapidly through the document, muttering the contents to himself. "Here is the charge," he said at last. "Guilty of Espionage. It is a serious matter. Are you ready?"

"I am ready." Stephan turned to Angela. She remained seated at the table. "So you see how it is," he said.

"Yes." She nodded and took his hand in hers and pressed it.

"Who is the lady?" the tall officer asked. The two soldiers had removed their hats and put them on the table.

"She is a friend," Stephan replied. "She has nothing to do with politics. You won't touch her, will you?"

"We shall arrest her," the short officer answered. "It is a matter of form. She will have to come along. Routine, you know."

"She has nothing to do with politics," Stephan said. "Why should you arrest her? I tell you she knows nothing of such things."

The taller officer looked at the shorter; the latter gave a slight nod.

"You won't make any trouble?" the first officer asked turning to Stephan. "Shall we behave like gentlemen?"

"Indeed yes," Stephan agreed. "I shall give you no trouble."

"In that case we can rest a little," the taller officer said. "Go out and tell the men to rest awhile, Caesar," he said to his colleague.

"Don't call me Caesar," the short officer remarked, and went out to give the order.

The tall officer grinned and sat down at the table. "We call him Caesar because he thinks he's Napoleon," he explained. "Won't you sit down? He thinks he is a great soldier—a wonderful strategist." He paused and filled a sherry glass. "He used to be an architect."

"You have been speaking about me," the other officer said, returning and joining the others at the table. "What has he been saying of me?"

"He has been explaining that you were an architect," Angela answered.

"He was telling you that they call me Caesar," the little man answered. "Well, what do you think *he* is called? What kind of a name do you think he is given?"

Nobody answered. The little man held his sherry glass in a fat and chubby hand.

"Adonis," he exclaimed finally. "We call him Adonis! He thinks he is a handsome fellow, this one. He thinks he is a great one with the ladies."

Everybody laughed, even Adonis. Then there was silence, only disturbed by the shuffling of the men's feet outside as they settled themselves in the shade out of the hot sun.

The four drank in silence. Angela held Stephan's arm, holding him to her. Stephan did not drink, but watched Caesar and Adonis. He did not look at Angela, but he was thinking of her and what they would do to her.

"I want to go with you when you go," Angela said at last. Caesar and Adonis looked at her closely and then at Stephan. Caesar's chubby hand was making the glass he was holding damp and steamy. Adonis puffed away at endless cigarettes.

"No," Stephan said firmly. He took her hand and held it. "You mustn't, my dear. I wouldn't want that, not from you. Why should you die just because I must? Your life is beginning, Angela—don't throw it away."

"My life would be ended without you," she said. "I would like to come with you, Stephan."

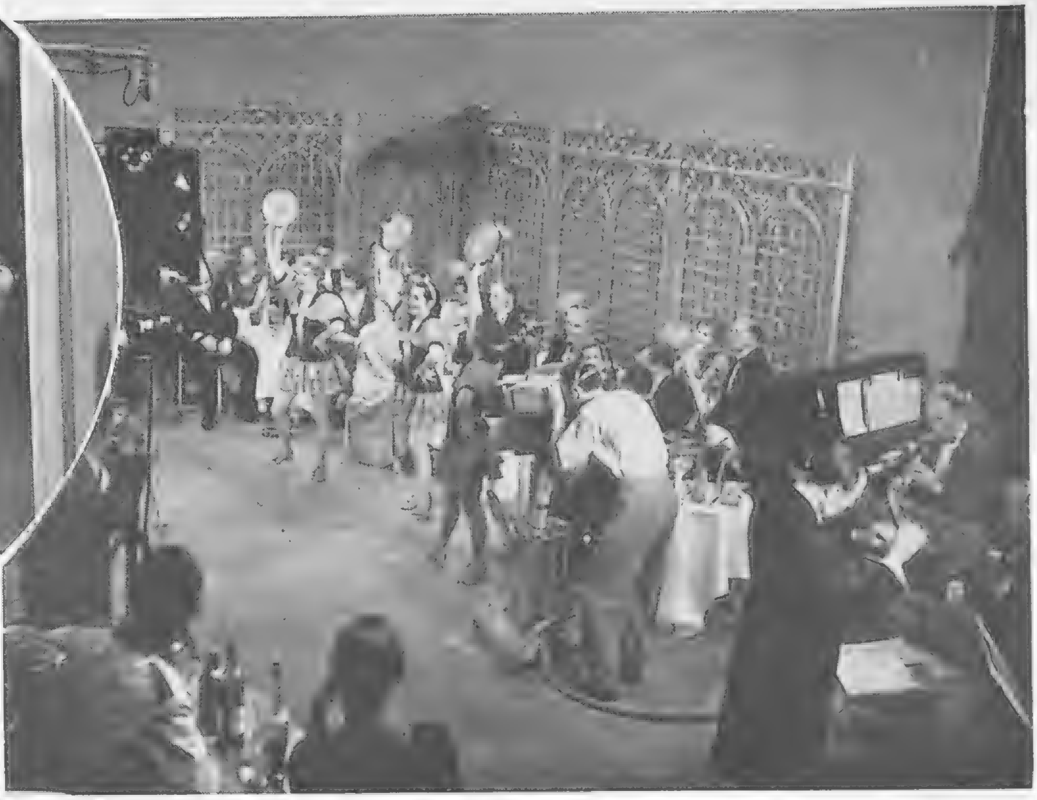
"The lady will have to come," Caesar said. "It is the regulation. She may be an accomplice. We all have our duty."

Adonis nodded his agreement.

"What is your duty?" Stephan asked. "Surely not to take life uselessly? I tell you on my word

(*Continued on page* 88)

Very special and tricky make-up is required by those who face the television cameras. Mary Allan making up Flora Robson in the make-up room at Alexandra Palace



Televising part of a cabaret show. The camera man, with earphones, is in direct communication with the control room

TELEVISION HAS

DO you view? Are you one of six thousand odd possessors of television sets in England? Have you discovered the thrill of watching in the comfort of your own drawing-room, Oxford beat Cambridge at Barnes, or Len Harvey winning against Jock McAvoy on points at Harringay? Did you see the incident at the Cenotaph last November, when viewers knew there had been a dramatic disturbance on a solemn occasion, long before the news penetrated to the general public?

Television, from the point of view of the viewing public, is still an infant. Its growth has been so rapid, its strides forward have been so remarkable during the past few months, that experts assert that we shall all be viewing and listening inside two years. Before we are very much older present-day radio sets will appear as old-fashioned as an old-crock of a car appears when confronted with the newest type of racing model on wheels to-day. Television, beyond doubt, will be the broadcast of to-morrow.

Frankly, I am a television fan. I cannot afford a television set of my own, while the price remains at its present level; but I have joined several friends who combined, club-wise, in the purchase of a good television set. That set is installed in the house of one of the club; and any of us can use it for viewing, whenever the mood takes us, and time permits.

During the first week of April, 1938, through this communal set, I watched and listened to the Boat Race, to the Harvey – McAvoy fight, and to the England – Scotland football match at Wembley. The pictures shown on the screen for this last sporting event were almost startlingly brilliant; so clear, so cleverly handled from the camera angle, that every move in the game could be followed with absolute ease. When it was over three people in the room, who had not watched any television programmes previously, all turned to their hostess and said: "If I could afford it, I would go out this minute and buy a television set!"

Ivor Novello is one of the many famous stars who have been televised; he played the piano and sang some of his own songs. He is seen with Miss Jasmine Bligh announcing his turn

(*Below*) Diana Wynyard, the famous actress, who appeared in "Picture Page," a weekly topical magazine that is put out on the television programme from Alexandra Palace

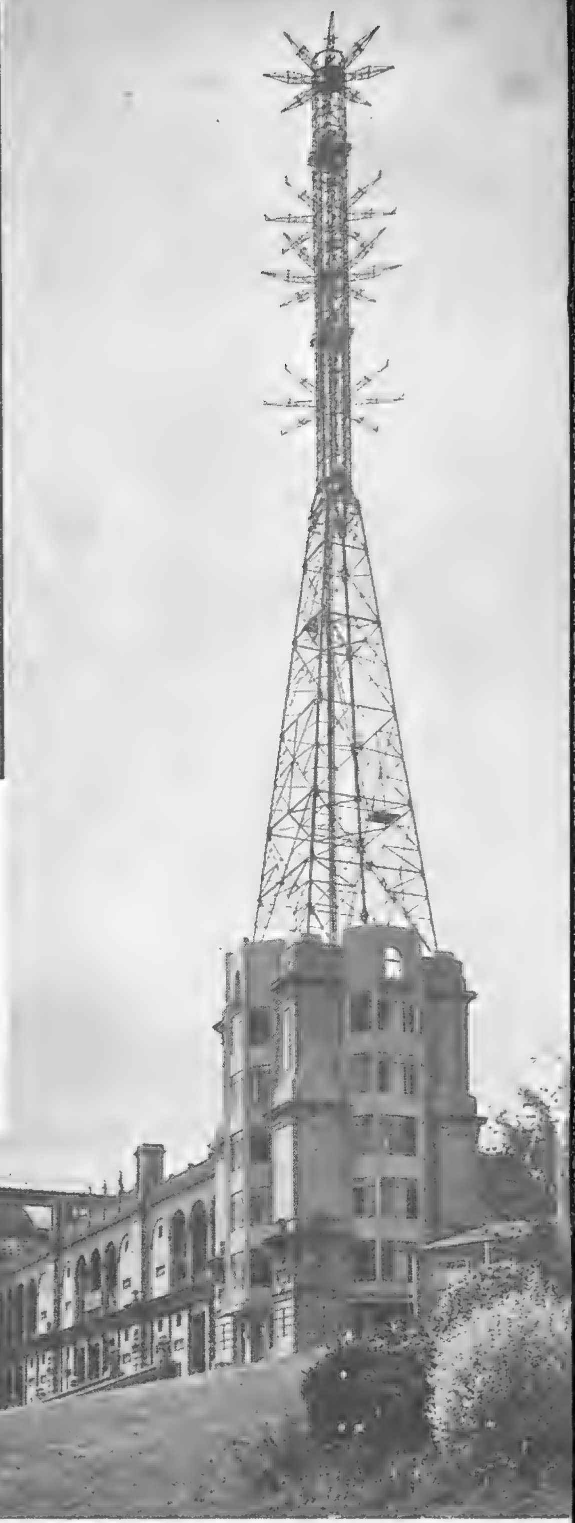
The finale of the Vic.-Wells ballet which was included in a television programme at Alexandra Palace

COME TO STAY

Behind the Scenes at Alexandra Palace

By Margaret Chute

Within a year, in all probability, most of us will be "able to afford it"; and then viewers will leap in numbers from the six thousand to the sixty thousand mark.



London's television station. The masts and transmitting aerials (vision above, sound below) at Alexandra Palace

FROM the news angle television opens up intriguing possibilities. Take that incident at the Cenotaph, for instance. Within a few minutes of its happening a member of the Press Association in Fleet Street was telephoning to Alexandra Palace, television's headquarters, to say that the Press Association had seen the whole thing on the television set in their office, and had been able to send out the news instantly, without waiting for their reporters on the spot to fight through the crowd to a telephone.

On August 26, 1936, I was one of the audience at Radiolympia, London, when the transmission of the first television programme from Alexandra Palace took place. That date will go down in history. Two programmes were transmitted, lasting one hour and thirty minutes in all. The chief item was a variety half-hour, produced by Cecil Madden and George More O'Ferrall, called "*Here's Looking at You.*"

To the eager crowd in the television theatre came the signature tune: "*Here's Looking at You, from out of the Blue*"; and then on the screen we saw The Three Admirals and Helen McKay, to whom went the honour of singing television's first signature tune for the first time in history.

Their clothes, I remember, were almost completely white, to give what is known as a "contrast picture" on the vision screen. The television orchestra, twenty-two strong, accompanied them, and appeared on the screen with them. They wore grey flannel trousers and white shirts. In the two years that have passed since that exciting afternoon television has advanced in every direction, to an extent that is incredible to the lay mind.

That colour question, just for an example, has been solved to the intense relief of a flock of announcers, actors and actresses—because the sensitivity of television cameras to-day is such that nearly every colour can be dealt with satisfactorily. This takes a load off the minds of those responsible for pioneering television programmes to success.

Last May, when the televising of the Coronation was carried through so triumphantly, it was estimated that only two thousand television sets were in use in England. By March, 1938, that number had grown to six thousand or more. By somebody who should know, I was told that not one in a hundred of viewers who have had a television set installed free of charge, for a week's try-out, ever returns the set. Such is the fascination of this new form of entertainment.

Television beat the news-reel cameras, decisively, over the Coronation procession last year. Three television cameras were installed at Hyde Park Corner; the close-up they obtained of the King and Queen as their (*Continued on page* 132)

Where Are They Now?—The

WHILE time seems to be whizzing past in these days of never-ending change, you need not be more than forty to possess memories which young people regard as historic. Talk of the days when you considered yourself a bit of a masher, when you haunted the Empire promenade, when you added to the roses round the stage-door, when you collected picture postcards of a musical-comedy idol, or when you dashed in a hansom to catch the last (steam) train, and you may feel flattered at the interest you excite until you discover you are being regarded as a very, very old man. Was that such a long time ago? Of course it wasn't. Some of those picture-postcard idols, notably Phyllis Dare, Zena Dare and Lily Elsie, have been playing heroines on the stage fairly recently, and others who are content to be first-night celebrities in the stalls still arouse our admiration, particularly the Countess of Dudley whom we used to know as Gertie Millar. Yet their hey-day has become legendary. "There's no glamour like it to-day," the young people ruefully admit. There are no roses round the stage-door. Athletic chorus girls hurry home for a good night's rest, and the stars who do sup at the Savoy Grill go there with one another. Changes so sweeping *ought* to have taken a lifetime. How sudden it all has been is clear when you begin to wonder where the stars belonging to the old firmament are shining now. There are many living contentedly in retirement whose fame is still bright.

THAT isn't so difficult to understand providing you don't take Noel Coward seriously as a historian. Whatever its merits as entertainment, *Operette* gave a cock-eyed view of Edwardian musical comedy. When the heroine told the hero that she was beginning her West End career at the age of thirty-five, I gasped. Actresses of ripe experience may be popular to-day, but in George Edwardes's time leading ladies had to gain theirs directly they left the cradle, so that they could come to him in the first flush of youth. Some joined his companies in their teens, and only those who played character parts continued with him through their thirties. At that age the main hope for the others of a future on the stage was to qualify for "legitimate"—so Marie Tempest, Constance Collier and Gladys Cooper found.

Louie Freear, whose popularity reached its peak, when playing in the *Chinese Honeymoon*. This musical play broke all records, running for two years at the Strand Theatre

Consequently, it is not surprising that so many leading lights of Edwardian musical comedy retired when they married. None of them was, like Noel Coward's heroine, wedded to her art because there was no art to be wedded to. Some were true daughters of the theatre who had been carried on to the stage almost from birth. They grew up with an ambition to be Rachels or Bernhardts, and drifted into musical comedy not because it exercised their talents but because it was an easy, graceful, enjoyable life that led naturally to happy marriages. No other theatrical career brought actresses into such constant touch with the world of rank and fashion. Consider one remarkable fact. During the whole of the period when a score of musical-comedy favourites married into titled families, no similar ties were formed between the peerage and the drama—not one.

OF all these stars who now possess private lives, I would place the Countess of Orkney first. Although she has been so long away from the stage that the golden jubilee of her retirement occurred a few years ago, her maiden name is still well known. "Who," asked a learned judge of the past, "is Connie Gilchrist?" The question has become a

Jean Aylwin, who was Minna in *The Girls of Gottenburg*

Gabrielle Ray, the "most photographed" of Edwardian musical stars

Rosie Boote, whose marriage to the fourth Marquess of Headfort caused a great stir in 1901

Ada Reeve, who recently came into the news again as the hostess of a milk bar

Old-Time Stars *of the* Stage

M. Willson Disher

relates what *the* leading *lights* of E*dwardian* Musical Comedy *are* doing *to-day*

historic joke. Yet Lady Orkney has always kept well out of "the news." During the war she taught her celebrated skipping-rope dance to Julia James at a rehearsal for a charity matinee: otherwise all that has been recorded of her twentieth-century life in the daily papers is an occasional photograph of her in the hunting field.

Echoes of her fame linger in several anecdotes. There is that one of the youth in the front seat on top of a horse bus who was giving misleading information to a pretty country cousin about the sights of London. In St. Paul's churchyard she pointed to the statue of Queen Anne and asked who *that* was. The youth hesitated. "Oh, don't give in, guv'nor," said the driver, "tell 'er it's Connie Gilchrist."

There were dozens of these chestnuts, all depending for their humour on the fact that everybody associated this name with beauty not far short of magical. How young she was at the beginning of her fame is evident when you find she retired at the age of twenty! With her sister, Marie Gilchrist, she made her first appearance in a Drury Lane pantomime. While still a child she won popular favour on the halls during the craze for skipping-rope dances.

When engaged for the Gaiety she was so young that articles for apprenticeship had to be drawn up. Her demure face and the heavy fringe of hair above limpid, meditative eyes, were the embodiment of girlish innocence against a background that was very daring for those days. In the burlesque of *The Forty Thieves,* forty pairs of fleshings, directly the orchestra struck up the *Turkish Patrol,* flashed their silken sheen in the glare of the footlights—to the joy of all the mashers and the horror of the respectable. It was the first "leg show."

WHEN the star of the Gaiety was married to the seventh Earl of Orkney, which happened in 1892, every endeavour was made to keep the wedding at All Soul's, Langham Place, secret. But as every passer-by recognised the bride, the news travelled in excited shouts and whispers until a crowd gathered. How many actresses in this age of expert publicity gain renown so rapidly? Her name was always chosen

(*Continued on page* 98)

The Hon. Mrs. Lyndhurst Bruce, better known as Camille Clifford, brought to life the "Gibson Girl." She endeavoured to win the Grand National this year with Royal Mail

Gertie Millar, now Countess of Dudley and a famous first-night celebrity

Connie Gilchrist, the most famous star of the Gaiety, is now the Countess of Orkney

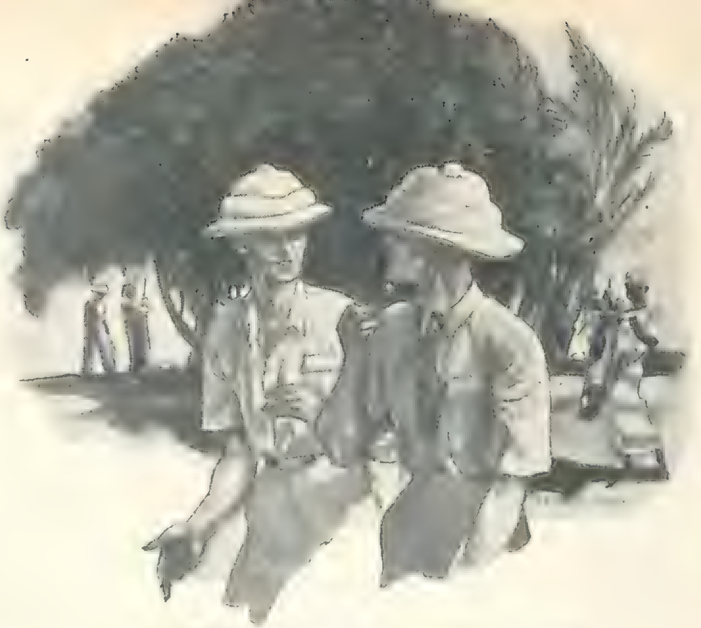
Mabel Love, after an absence of twenty-five years, returned to the footlights this year

Sylvia Storey, another Gaiety girl, who married Earl Poulett in 1908

David *and* Mahaut

An Eastern Romance *with* *a* Note *of* Tragedy

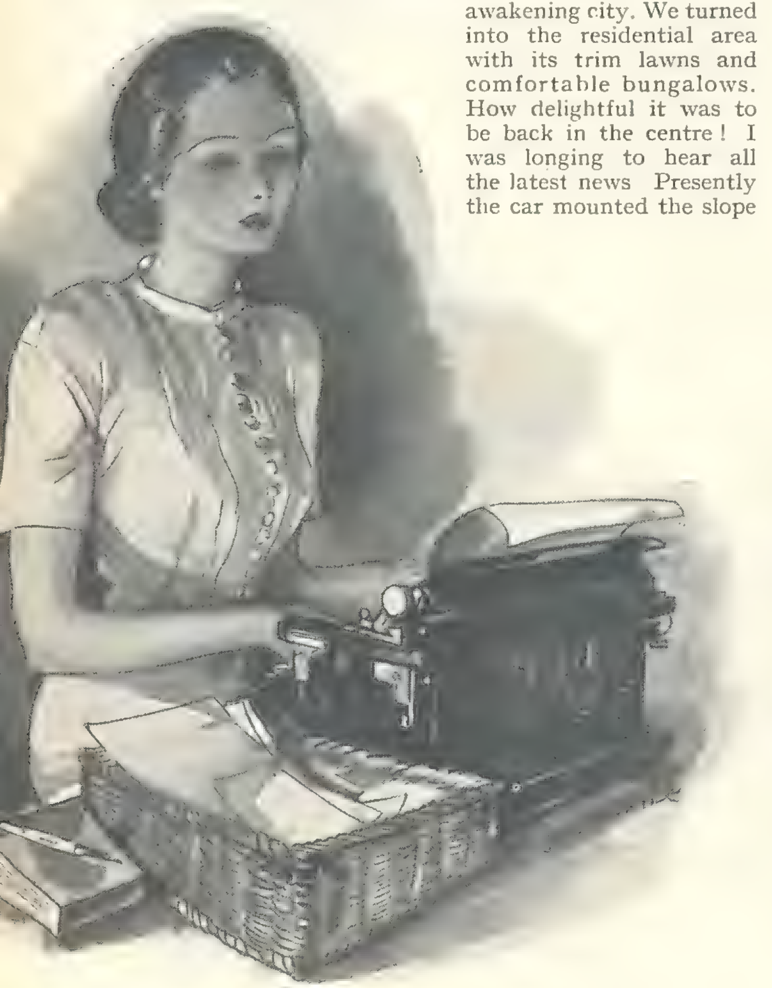
By Maurice Collis



I WON comfortably and teased him. But his mood was just as exalted as before

IN 19— I was in administrative charge of a district in the delta of the Irrawaddy, a country place with few distractions. When June came round with the monsoon downpours, I felt that I must have a change and applied for ten days leave to run down to Rangoon. A sight of my fellow-men would set me up; I could dine out a bit and get some golf. So, one Friday night I caught the mail, reaching Rangoon early next morning. While my servant was getting out the luggage a messenger in the red uniform of the Secretariat approached and handed me a note. It was from Willie Jameson. I had wired to him at the last moment. "Of course, you stay with me," he wrote. "I've sent the car. Come straight along."

My things were piled in and we drove off. It had rained heavily in the night and the sky was still overcast. Rangoon had that drenched hot-house smell which I knew so intimately, but I was on holiday and remarked only the bustle of the awakening city. We turned into the residential area with its trim lawns and comfortable bungalows. How delightful it was to be back in the centre! I was longing to hear all the latest news Presently the car mounted the slope by the Shwedagon Pagoda, standing so proudly over the encircling palms, and a little farther on we entered Tiger Alley, which winds up to Windermere Park.



MAHAUT was offered a post as a stenographer in the Rangoon office, which she was glad to accept

Willie Jameson's house was one of these in the crescent. When we pulled up in his porch, a couple of servants came to the door.

"Is the master upstairs?" I asked.

Before they could reply, Willie appeared from his study and hastened to welcome me. He was a tall man with clear eyes and a high forehead, fresh and cheerful and full of worldly sense.

"Come along in," he said. "Butler, bring master some tea. We'll have it on the garden veranda."

I had known Willie for years. He was slightly senior to me in the service. My last time out we had shared a house in Rangoon. Our leaves had overlapped and on return to Burma he had been appointed a Secretary to Government while I had gone out into the districts as Deputy Commissioner.

He had a lot of things to tell me now, the sort of news which interests men in the service—the last postings, what people thought of the new governor, and how poor old so-and-so had died of fever.

"How do you like the Secretariat?" I asked during a pause.

"The work's a bit heavy," he complained, though he seemed none the worse for it. "But as to-day's Saturday, I shall only be in office a couple of hours and then, if it keeps fine, shall we play golf at Mingladon? This evening I have invited a few people. Your friend, David Foley, is coming, and the girl, you remember, he went home to marry."

"I wanted to ask you about Foley," I said. "How is he?"

"I never knew him as well as you did," Willie said, "but he doesn't seem quite so light-hearted as when he was going about with that other girl."

"With Mahaut? Where is she now?"

"Still in Rangoon, I believe."

"What happened about her? Foley used to tell me most things, but except for a short letter saying he was going to be married, I haven't had a word from him for six months."

"I didn't hear, exactly. All I know is that he went home and married. Just as well, perhaps. He couldn't have married Mahaut."

"He was madly in love with her."

We were interrupted by one of the servants, who came in to tell his master that a Chinese visitor was waiting outside. Feeling grubby after my night in the train, I took the opportunity of slipping up to my room, where I told them to bring me shaving water and see about my bath. Half an hour later, much refreshed and in a clean silk suit I came downstairs again. Breakfast was announced shortly afterwards.

During the meal I returned to the subject of the Foleys.

"What's Mrs. Foley like?" I inquired.

"I've only met her once. The two of them were at the Boat Club one night and asked me to have a drink. She seemed very ordinary, I thought. To tell you the truth, I was rather bored and didn't stay long. But you'll see for yourself this evening."

"She seems a great change from Mahaut!"

"There's no doubt about that!"

Immediately after breakfast Willie hurried off to the Secretariat and I settled myself near a fan with the *Rangoon*

Despatch. It is not a very good newspaper and there is not very much in it, and I soon found my thoughts wandering to David Foley and his marriage. When I had seen him last, Mahaut was his mistress. He was infatuated with her and yet he had married the other girl—what was her name?—Norah. Norah and he had grown up together in the same parish. She was the daughter of the local solicitor, his father was the parson. He told me that she used to sit in a pew, where he could just see her profile, if he turned his head. The great moments in the service were those when he turned his head. After church they sometimes met in the porch; there were occasions when they walked home through the fields. It was a rural courtship, old-fashioned and touching. When he was twenty-one, his father got him into one of the big Rangoon firms. Before he left for Burma he proposed to Norah and was accepted.

"We'll have to wait for five years," he told her sturdily. "The firm doesn't allow its juniors to marry before that. But you can depend on me, darling. And I'll write every week."

HE settled down in Rangoon and was asked out in the usual way. As a personable young man, he might have had a lot of fun, but he did not go about as much as he might have done. It was not that parties bored him, but he had his own idea of loyalty to Norah. Golf, however, he took up seriously. He had a natural style and when I met him first—he had been out three years or so—was runner-up in the local championship. He used to give me three strokes and I won often enough to make it exciting. During the drive back from the links he would talk to me about Norah and how he lived for the moment when he might go home and marry her.

He seemed to force himself to be industrious. In bed early, he was up at six o'clock when he would take lessons in Burmese, so as to qualify for promotion. He wanted to make sure that there would be no hitch about his marriage, and deliberately turned his life into a routine. It was as if he held himself in against the day when Norah would come and when the richness of his heart could burst into flower. He was doing himself a violence, of course. Five years was too long a strain for a temperament such as his.

There came a Saturday morning in the second year of our friendship when Willie and I had invited him to breakfast. We were going on later to make a day of it on the links. He seemed more animated than usual, was letting himself go.

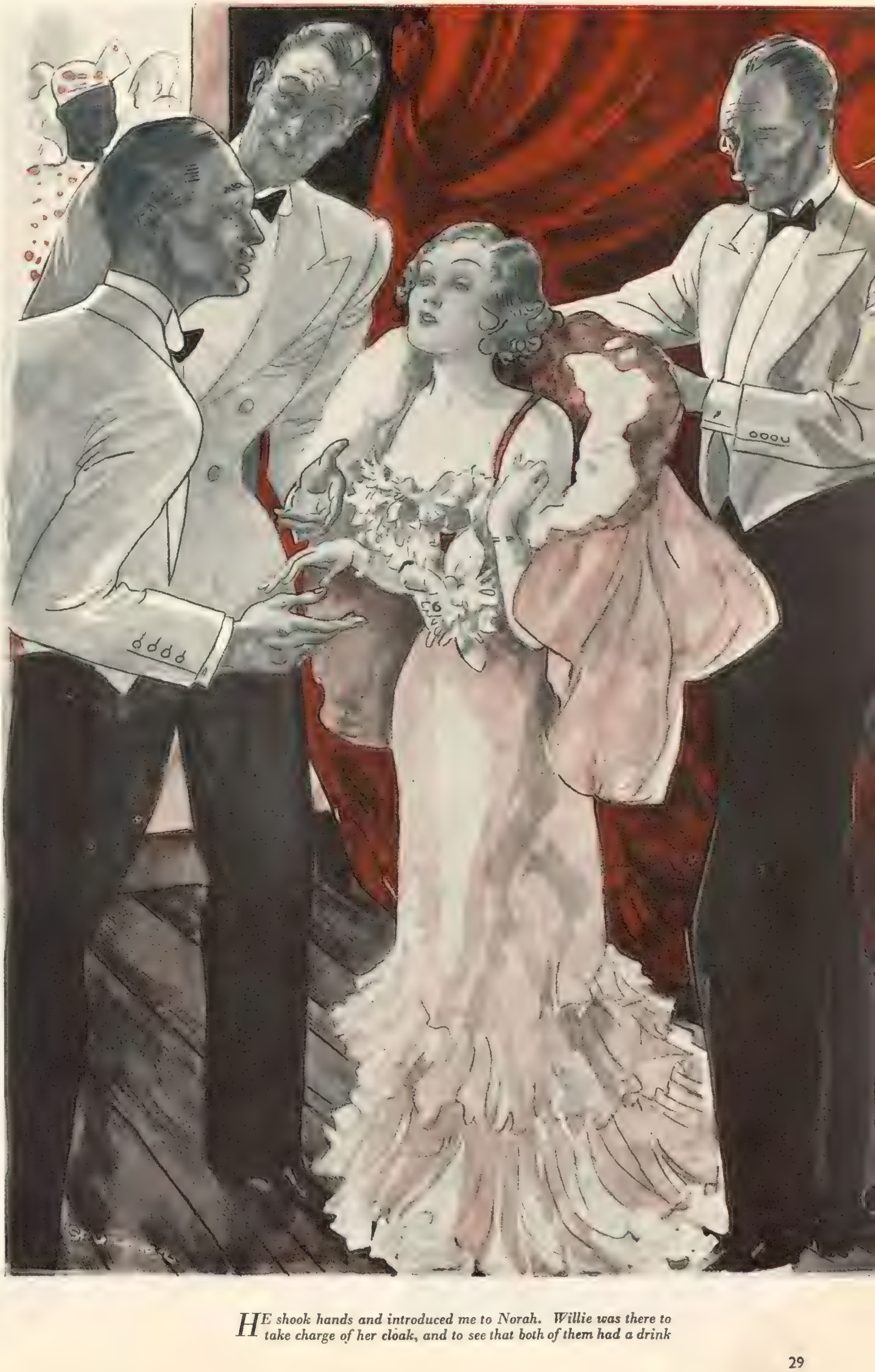
"Burma's rather a wonderful country," he said excitedly.

"Not bad," I said, "when things are treating you well." He looked at me with his gentle eyes, hesitated and said:

"Did you ever hear of a Captain Bonamy in this country?" I hadn't, but Willie Jameson said. "Years ago at Mandalay when I was under training up there, I remember a fellow of that name."

"That must be the man," exclaimed Foley. "He was in the Military Police for a bit. Well, his daughter has been taken on by our firm as stenographer." He stopped.

As he seemed anxious to say more, I asked him what sort of a girl she was.



HE shook hands and introduced me to Norah. Willie was there to take charge of her cloak, and to see that both of them had a drink

He glanced at Jameson and said lightly. "Eurasian, of course."

"Of course," we echoed. We had not supposed that if Bonamy had a daughter by an English wife she would be working as a stenographer in a Rangoon office.

"But she might be a Spanish girl brought up in England," he went on. "Not a trace of that beastly chi-chi accent or the Eurasian manner. I didn't know such a thing was possible."

We explained that it was quite possible if the girl had been educated in England.

"She was at Cheltenham—so she told me," he continued with increasing animation. "It's rather disheartening to think that the clubs won't have her, that they'll expect her to mix with the ordinary Eurasians."

"Well, that's the way of the world," said Jameson. "Damned bad luck, but what are you going to do?"

"But has Rangoon society no discrimination?"

"It's a sort of self-protection, you know," Willie laughed. "Miss Bonamy's probably much better looking than most English girls or anyway looks fresher in this deadly weather." If there was nothing of the reformer in Willie Jameson's nature, he was too intelligent to be the dupe of colour prejudice.

Once started Foley told me a lot more about Miss Bonamy. Apparently her name was Mahaut, rather unusual, but Jameson said that Bonamy had French connections. Her mother had been one of the minor Burmese princesses, who are to be found in Mandalay. She had died when Mahaut was about fourteen, and Bonamy, who had always kept in touch with his daughter, though he had left the country for good when she was a few months old, decided to put her to school in England. She got on very well and was in the fifth form at Cheltenham, when he was killed in a motor accident. He had never introduced her to his people and he left her nothing. In point of fact, he died in debt. She would have been stranded had not McLachlan, who was head of Murray and McLachlan, Foley's firm, gone to see her

"Your father once did me a very good turn," he told her. He deposited with the headmistress enough money to pay for a special secretarial course and he offered her at the end of it a post in the Rangoon office, which she was glad to accept.

Foley told us all this most ingenuously. I had never heard him talk of any woman except Norah, and it was rather delightful to see him so natural. But there was a note of intensity in his voice, which made me careful how I answered. When Jameson exclaimed with a smile: "Well, I wish we had stenographers like that in the Secretariat!" he shut up like an oyster. That day nothing more was said of Mahaut. When I looked at his sensitive mouth, I wondered whether he had kissed her yet.

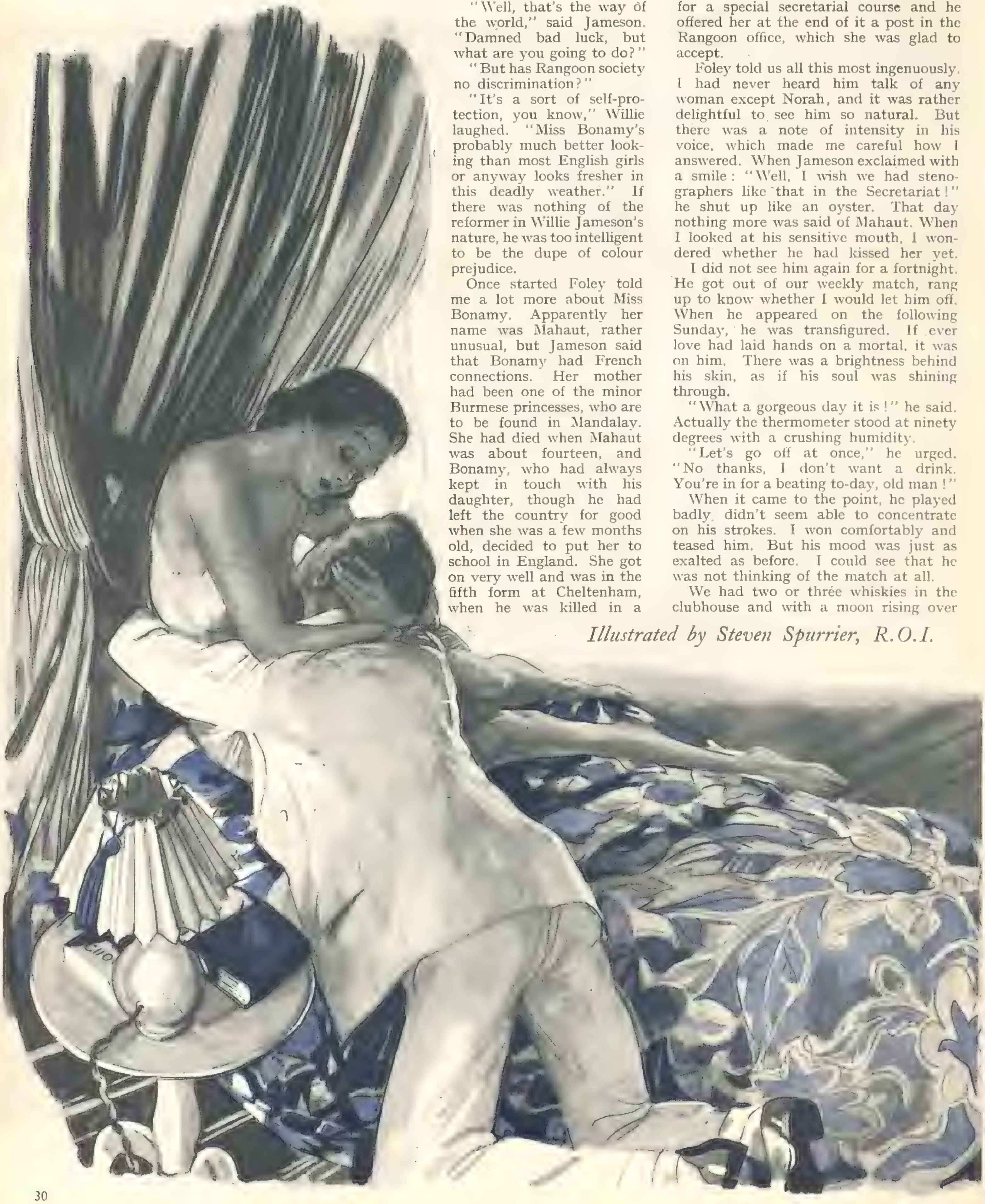
I did not see him again for a fortnight. He got out of our weekly match, rang up to know whether I would let him off. When he appeared on the following Sunday, he was transfigured. If ever love had laid hands on a mortal, it was on him. There was a brightness behind his skin, as if his soul was shining through.

"What a gorgeous day it is!" he said. Actually the thermometer stood at ninety degrees with a crushing humidity.

"Let's go off at once," he urged. "No thanks, I don't want a drink. You're in for a beating to-day, old man!"

When it came to the point, he played badly, didn't seem able to concentrate on his strokes. I won comfortably and teased him. But his mood was just as exalted as before. I could see that he was not thinking of the match at all.

We had two or three whiskies in the clubhouse and with a moon rising over



Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

the bamboos began to drive home. The way was through woods and the wind of our passage swept coolly over us, its scent changing as the road dipped into stagnant pools of air.

"I've a thing I must tell you," he said presently. "Mahaut. . . ."

"Yes?"

"You remember I said something about her the other day?"

"Yes, you said she was a nice girl."

"She's more than that! Listen!" And he told me the old, old story.

It was not my business and I did not mention Norah, but he seemed to divine my thought and said with a rush:

"Of course, I've told her all about . . . about having come out engaged."

"What did she say to that?"

"She was very sweet, said it would make her miserable to think that she was stealing a march on Norah. You cannot imagine how sweet she was. It made me love her ten times more."

"You're a lucky fellow," I said. "Women are not always like that."

"I know, I know! What would Norah say if she heard!"

"She might be alarmed. It sounds difficult to compete with Mahaut."

He was silent. We drove on through the moon shadows which mottled the road.

I did not see him so much after this. He gave up golf. Mahaut played tennis. There was a court belonging to an unoccupied house where they used to have singles. No doubt, a certain amount of gossip went round, but neither Willie nor I bothered to listen to it. The conversation of old people of either sex is not very interesting. And we had heard so often that Englishmen should have nothing whatever to do with Eurasian girls. Moreover, the date of my leave approached and, with the near prospect of a summer in England, the actualities of Rangoon began to get misty. I embarked one morning in March. Foley was there to see me off.

"Your own leave can't be so far away now?" I said. His face became troubled. "My five years are up next September. I can get home then."

"You'll go, of course?"

He was a little incoherent: "I don't know what to do. Mahaut wants me to go home, to see Norah again and then make up my mind. But I *have* made up my mind. I couldn't live without Mahaut. But she thinks I ought to see Norah first—before finally settling, I mean. What do you think?"

He lay down on the bed, kissing her on the lips and repeating her name. When she returned his kisses, the tears gushed from his eyes and he clung to her, not in passion, but as if for succour

I wouldn't give him an answer, I couldn't. No man can advise another in affairs of the heart. "Good luck," was all I could manage. "Let me know how things turn out," I called after him as he went down the gangway.

I came back from leave in October and went straight up country. It was in December that he wrote from England to say he was marrying Norah. He gave no explanation.

Running over all this in my mind, I realised how very little I knew about the affair. And I might never know any more, for I couldn't very well ask him. But at least it would be interesting to meet Norah. Willie, indeed, had thought her dull, but I should see that evening. I took up the *Despatch* again and was nerving myself to read the leading article, when Willie returned from office.

We played our golf. The links, the wooded road, every turn reminded me of my matches with Foley. What had happened? Had his love for Mahaut been only a blaze? Had he found that Norah, his first love, was his true love? Or was it because Mahaut was a Eurasian? Willie thought me a little distrait. I was glad when he said we must get back for dinner.

We were home in plenty of time to change into our evening clothes before the guests were due. It was to be quite a large party, I discovered, not the quiet little dinner I had pictured.

"I'm putting you next Norah Foley," Willie called out. He was in the dining-room, arranging the places.

The cars began to arrive. I knew most of the people. We stood about, the servants handing short drinks. There was a little pause, everyone except the Foleys seemed to have come, and then their car drew up in the porch. I went to the hall door. David got down, handed out his wife and, turning, saw me. As our eyes met, there was an expression in his which startled me.

I was so much taken aback, that my manner was gauche when he shook hands and introduced me to Norah. However, Willie was there to take charge of her cloak and to see that both of them had a drink. I had to stay a moment in the hall to collect myself. What had looked out of David's eyes? It was as if I had seen a spirit in torment.

But dinner was announced and I had to show Norah to her place. She was short and plump, and her arms were freckled. We sat down and I found that she was making conversation with me. Her smile was pleasant, she had a frank air; and what she said was matter-of-fact.

"How do you think David is looking?" she asked me presently.

"Not terribly robust," I said.

"What do you mean? He's as strong as a horse!" She smiled amiably.

"You don't think he's a little fine drawn?"

"Men get rather nervy sometimes," she said dryly. "He'll be all right when we really settle down."

I don't know why, I felt suffocated. For the rest of dinner I spoke to the woman on my right.

When the ladies went into the drawing-room, I walked over to where David was sitting at the other end of the table.

(*Continued on page* 115)

FROM FRIDAY

Week-ending is an art worth studying if it matters to you at all whether every week ends with an adventure or remains just a day and a half sandwiched between Friday and Monday.

It does matter unless you happen to be a person of unrestricted leisure. Your health demands it. You need a getaway if you are to face things. Life isn't so simple now nor leisure so bountiful that we can neglect opportunities to be happy.

Between now and the end of September, unless I can't count, there are about thirteen week-ends which fall under the official designation "summer." About twenty (or, for some people, twenty-six) days of freedom, of leisure, of sunshine. So what will you do? What can you do?

You can forget the International Situation angling for fish. You can scoff at Trade Recessions and Overdrafts from the deck of some little craft that is heading for sea. You can meander down peaceful by-ways in a caravan or loaf on a beach.

It will depend entirely upon your tastes what you do and how much it costs you while you are doing it.

The whole beauty of week-ending is that it can cost what you like. You start with a rich advantage because fresh air is free. At the same time it pays to develop some particular way of passing the time from Friday to Monday.

TO MONDAY

By
Mary
Byron

Suppose sailing is your special week-end recreation. By sticking to it you learn where to go, you get to know your locality and its special facilities. You find the best places to stay.

Maybe you hire a boat at advantageous terms. Most important of all you grow familiar with your place and are known there. In other words, you add to the enjoyment and subtract from the cost.

Boats have a fascination. No matter if it is a punt on the river, a ketch on the broads or on some Essex creek, or a sailing craft that takes you to sea, there is adventure in it, more than in any other pastime that is easily accessible.

You can sail flamboyantly from the canopied deck of a motor yacht or you can do it simply, and perhaps with more reality, in an old boat with the sky for a canopy.

In both cases there is the same sea, the same rich salt tang in the air, the same promise of adventure and peace. . . .

Or what about a house-boat? Down in some quiet river backwater you can maintain a country home that will cost you next to nothing in upkeep. You can have the fun of a boat and the comfort of a house. You can sleep under cover or under the stars.

Perhaps you prefer the country without the water. In this case it is a country cottage you want. Some place of your own to get away to with the week-end in which to walk or fish or ride or join in the village cricket.

Ask anybody who has enjoyed familiarity with a country community how you can better it for peaceful leisure or for downright good fun.

Casual visitations do not get you very far in the country. Your true villager is reserved. Casual intruders with their cars and their sophistication and their somewhat spurious assumption of dignity send him flying for cover, indifferent or abashed.

But his hospitality, his friendliness to those he trusts and in whom he recognises mutual interests is unequalled.

Don't think the country or the company of countrymen dull. There is plenty to do, plenty to learn in a village if you are disposed to learning.

Go ratting with a gamekeeper, rabbit shooting with a farmer to discover how ignorant you can be of simple things.

Farmhouse week-ends as an alternative if you don't care for the responsibility or cost of a cottage.

Cultivating the land is not so profitable these days that farmers are indifferent to the advantages of the paying guest.

In many parts of the country you can enjoy the hospitality of a good farm at an extremely low cost with farm life as a relaxation from commerce thrown in.

Reaping, haymaking, fruit gathering, sheep shearing, all in their season offer their varied interests and the farmer who knows and trusts you is ready enough to accept a helping hand.

If you need any confirmation of the pleasure of caravanning, see how the practice has grown. Count the caravans—every variety of them—on the roads in summer.

A caravan holiday or week-end is probably the cheapest, next to camping. If two or three people share a caravan the cost is even further reduced.

Caravans vary almost as much as houses in their size and accommodation and the excellence of their equipment. The simplest of them makes picnicking a highly-civilised affair and the more elaborate of them (complete with sanitation, light and water) offers you the amenities of a comfortable home in whatever field you like to pitch, for the night.

So what shall it be? Walking, discovering unknown counties, sleeping at quiet inns? Riding, with a horse for companionship? Unreeling your line over a shady pool with a packet of sandwiches at your side? Tacking against the breeze with the salt spray in your face?

If sport is not much in your line, make an education of your week-ends. Employ them to teach you more of the history and the culture of our race. Visit those places that have, as yet, been only tourist landmarks to you. It may surprise you what pleasure and interest there is in discovering them for yourself, what satisfaction in opening up such a vast source of knowledge and culture.

If you are a walker or motorist, how better could you employ a summer week-end than in exploring the history of one of our glorious cathedral towns, Canterbury, Salisbury, or Winchester?

Even if you are not a serious student of antiquity nor ever felt the fascination of the past, such discoveries must be satisfying.

They take you into some of the loveliest countrysides that England has.

If none of these appeal, find something that does, something you can do between Friday and Monday, something which will really re-create you in mind and body. The important thing is not to let your valuable days of leisure slip idly past.

The Inventor's Wife

GWYNNE tried the laboratory door. It was unlocked, and she opened it soundlessly and stood on the threshold. The low-raftered room was filling with a hissing sound and a ghastly blue light from a vapour that whirled in a super-sized test tube. Grotesque shadows writhed about the walls and ceiling. The girl stood there watching the dark bulk of her husband's back. He was so engrossed he might be in another world, not caring if she—his wife—were a million miles away.

There was an acrid taint on the air that caught at her breath. She coughed. The absorbed young man at the zinc counter jumped as if he had been shot and turned to the apologetic figure in the doorway. "My God, Gwynne, haven't I told you never to creep up on me?"

"Sorry," she said wistfully, "but I wanted to know if I could put on the steak. That is if you're still interested in eating . . ."

He turned back to his work. "All right, Gwynne. I'll be coming . . ."

Gwynne had been dismissed, but she lingered. "Please come now, John. I'm so tired—and I'm hungry. Eating alone isn't fun. I'm so *lonely* . . ."

The man put down a glass retort in which a green vapour was changing to violet. "Lonely?" his voice held a hurt note. "Sure, but I warned you that you were marrying a worker."

Gwynne crossed the tiled floor and linked her arm through his. "I don't mind the way you stick at your work. Don't think it, John—ever. But we've enough money for a maid. If I had a girl to help me—even a raw country girl from the village—I could go out a bit and get a little fun. I wouldn't be tied to the baby. I need life—like I need food, John. But please don't think I don't adore Billyboy. . . ."

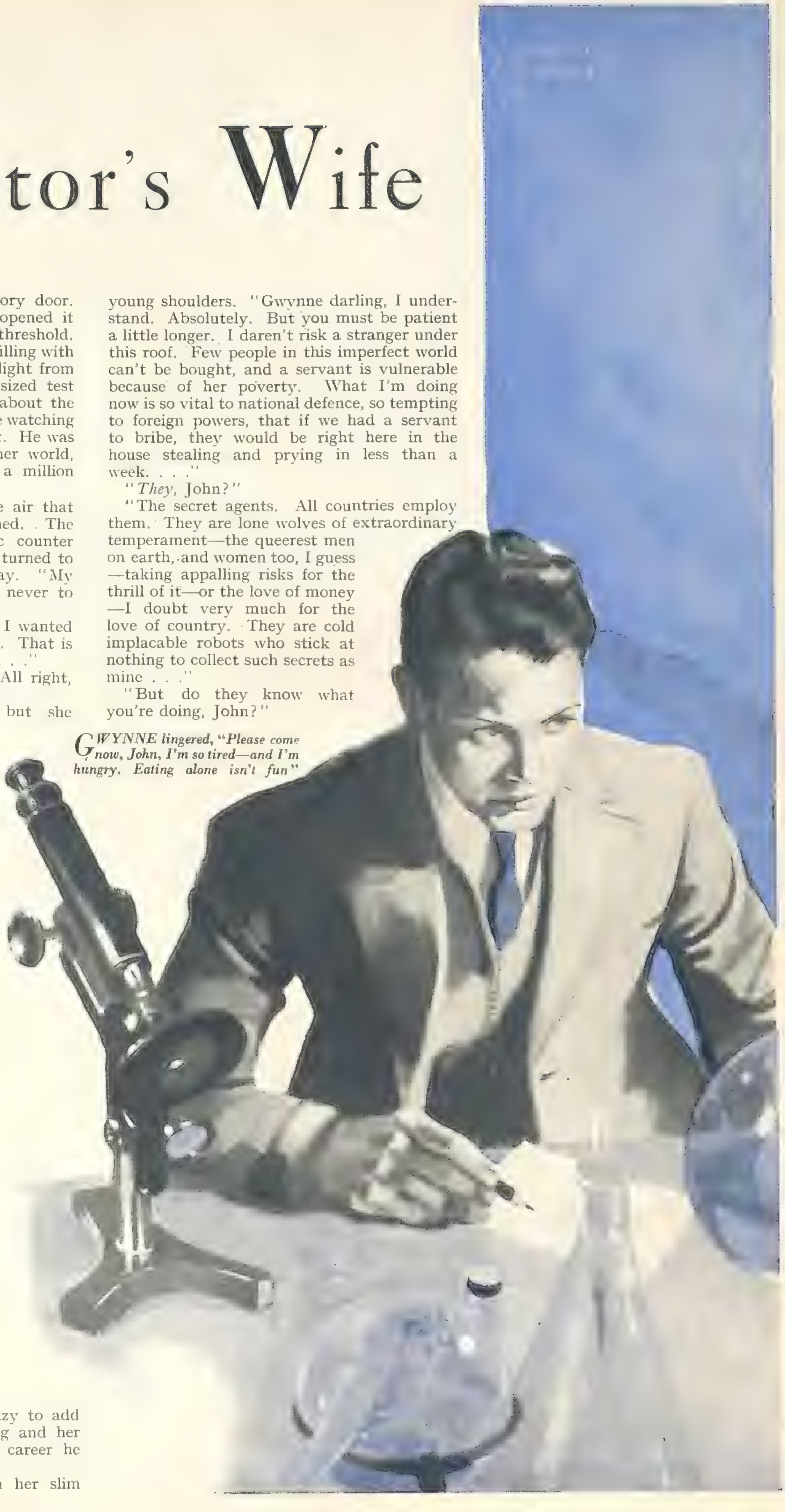
JOHN BRUNIUS looked at his wife. The mad blue light in the laboratory gave her face a greenish pallor and blackened the rose of her lips. But he knew her charming appearance by heart. She was in her early twenties, but her halo of honey-fair fluff and her pouting mouth made her look like a schoolgirl. She was warm-hearted and cheerful and lovable, but he wondered now if he had been crazy to add the responsibility of her well-being and her very human desires to the stern career he had irrevocably embarked upon.

He put thin stained hands on her slim young shoulders. "Gwynne darling, I understand. Absolutely. But you must be patient a little longer. I daren't risk a stranger under this roof. Few people in this imperfect world can't be bought, and a servant is vulnerable because of her poverty. What I'm doing now is so vital to national defence, so tempting to foreign powers, that if we had a servant to bribe, they would be right here in the house stealing and prying in less than a week. . . ."

"*They*, John?"

"The secret agents. All countries employ them. They are lone wolves of extraordinary temperament—the queerest men on earth, and women too, I guess—taking appalling risks for the thrill of it—or the love of money—I doubt very much for the love of country. They are cold implacable robots who stick at nothing to collect such secrets as mine . . ."

"But do they know what you're doing, John?"

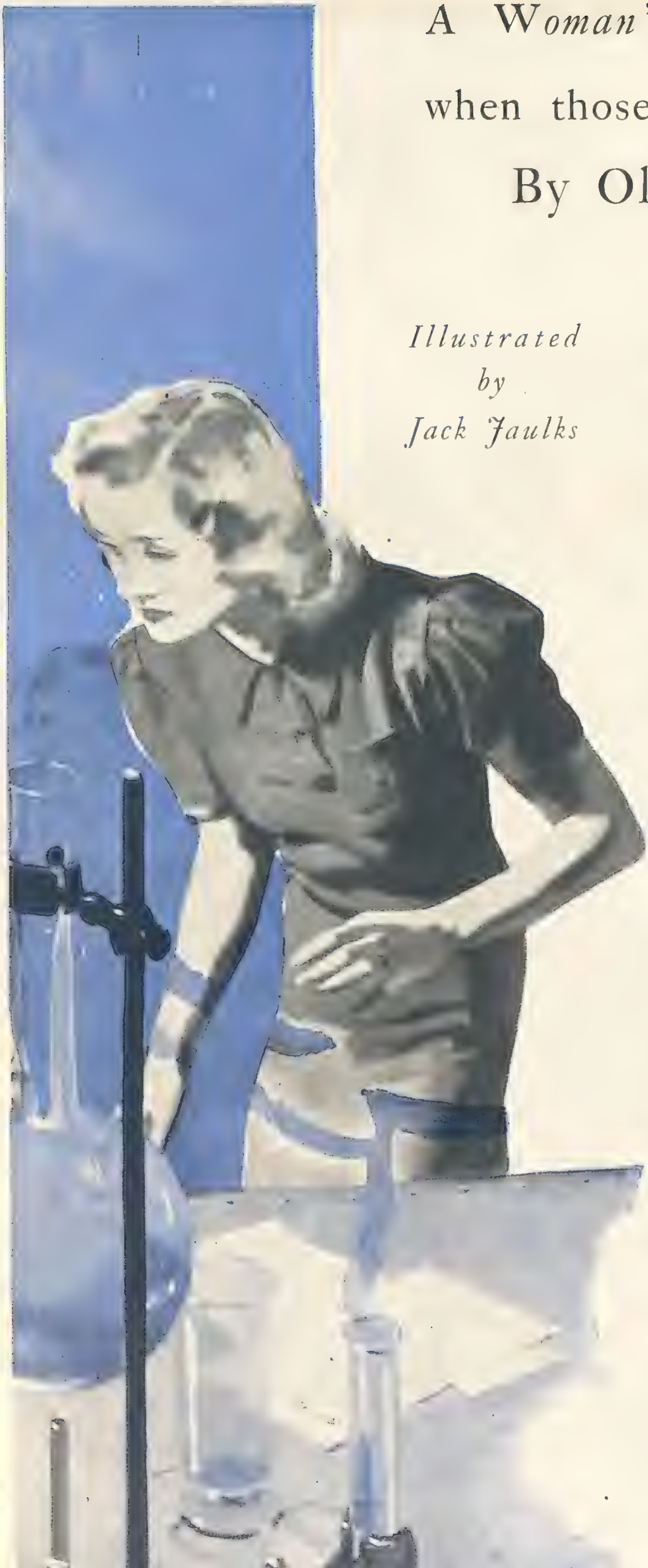


GWYNNE lingered, "Please come now, John, I'm so tired—and I'm hungry. Eating alone isn't fun"

A Woman's Wits Work Rapidly when those she Loves are in Peril

By Olga L. Rosmanith

Illustrated by Jack Jaulks



"Probably. The War Office knows. So they can find out. Nobody knows how. But stranger things are always happening."

Gwynne shivered, but she still looked sceptical. "If your work is so important," she enquired reasonably, "why doesn't the War Office protect you?"

"The British Government my love, is difficult to impress. I have to *prove* my claims. I've got them interested enough to agree to make their own tests when I deliver my final formula. I'm at work modifying it now. If they get the results I've been getting—and they *must*—all this will be changed. I won't have to work in my own house and keep you in danger. And you'll have some fun too. We'll have lots of money . . ."

There was a rustling and squealing in the room adjoining the laboratory. "The poor little martyrs," said Gwynne. "I'll bet you've forgotten to feed them. . . ."

She went into the room full of cages and pushed her fingers through the wide wire mesh to caress the soft, pushing noses of the guinea-pigs. Her husband followed her and measured out the food. "Look at this lot Gwynne! Imagine it! They can see again. . . ."

"It's wonderful," she said grudgingly, "but all the same I think it's darned mean. . . ."

The thin face of John Brunius lit as if a flame had burst into life behind it. "If only you had ever seen war, darling, you'd recognise my gas as one of the most deadly and yet humane weapons the fighter has ever known. Just think of it in action! Dropped in bombs from the air, it is so volatile and quick spreading it can blind a whole enemy battalion in half an hour—or the entire crew of a battleship! Think of it spreading relentlessly through the streets of enemy towns—no shelter anywhere—seeping implacably through shut doors and barred windows—not even a mask will keep it out. Except the mask I know how to make. . . ."

"And then what?" Gwynne whispered, impressed in spite of herself.

"*Surrender!* The side that owns my gas *must* have the last word. But the thing that thrills me to the marrow of my bones is that it will be conquest without agony and without injury. The guineas up there have regained their normal vision without a sign of pain or a trace of injury in less than three months."

Gwynne looked at the crowding little animals with pity and aversion. The newly-blinded ones were tumbling over each other, whimpering with bewilderment. "I don't agree it's human," she said childishly, "think of the chaos, the horror, the black confusion!"

"War is no tea party," said her husband soberly. "Look at the fellows I gassed just now. A little bit baffled, that's all. Not writhing in obscene mutilation or blasphemous suffering. Now Gwynne, use your imagination! Think of a battlefield ravaged by liquid-fire or hellish with chlorine gas . . ."

Gwynne cried out and pulled him away from the cages. "Come away and eat my nice dinner and forget these ravings. . . ."

John Brunius laughed ruefully. "First I must neutralise this stuff I have left. I'm taking no chances." He slipped a clinging mask over Gwynne's face and his own. Then he released the contents of the big tube into a prepared gas chamber. "I can disperse this outside later," he said. "The mixture entirely changes its nature."

THE house stood on a lonely stretch of the Dorset coast overlooking the English Channel. It was an old farm stoutly built of rough grey stone. The heavy doors were strongly barred. There were iron grilles on all the it would be as easy for an interloper to get into it uninvited as to break into a fort.

He had commandeered the erstwhile living rooms of the farm for his experimental zoo and laboratory. Gwynne had not demurred—much. With her talent for home-making she had made a most comfortable all-purpose living-room out of the picturesque raftered kitchen.

She tugged her husband into it now, and as she expertly broiled a steak, he washed his stained hands, brushed his ruffled hair and took his place on the long cushioned maple settee. The delicious odours had roused his appetite, and now he watched her deftly serving the meal with interest and pleasure.

Gwynne cooked well and delighted in it. Being unable to grasp the nature of his difficulties with his experiments, she refused to talk about them. It was good for him. It took his mind off his work and relaxed him completely, ready to go back with an open mind, renewed and refreshed. She was young even for her age, which was young enough in comparison with John's thirty-two, but she was loving and good-tempered and invariably buoyant company.

To-night life seemed particularly agreeable. A fire of oak logs blazed on the hearth behind a fire guard, and in a dim corner sheltered from light and draughts, Billyboy lay sleeping, a tiny hand like an uncurled rose petal thrown out over the edge of his antique cradle. The night outside, though pitch dark and keenly cold, was calm and windless. The farm stood isolated five miles from its nearest neighbour. The silence lay on the ears like soft black velvet.

"Gwynne, you're right," said her husband suddenly. "It *is* difficult to visualise war and its horrors in this atmosphere of security and firelit peace."

"Now don't talk shop," she said, setting a salad bowl on the table. "I've something really important to think about."

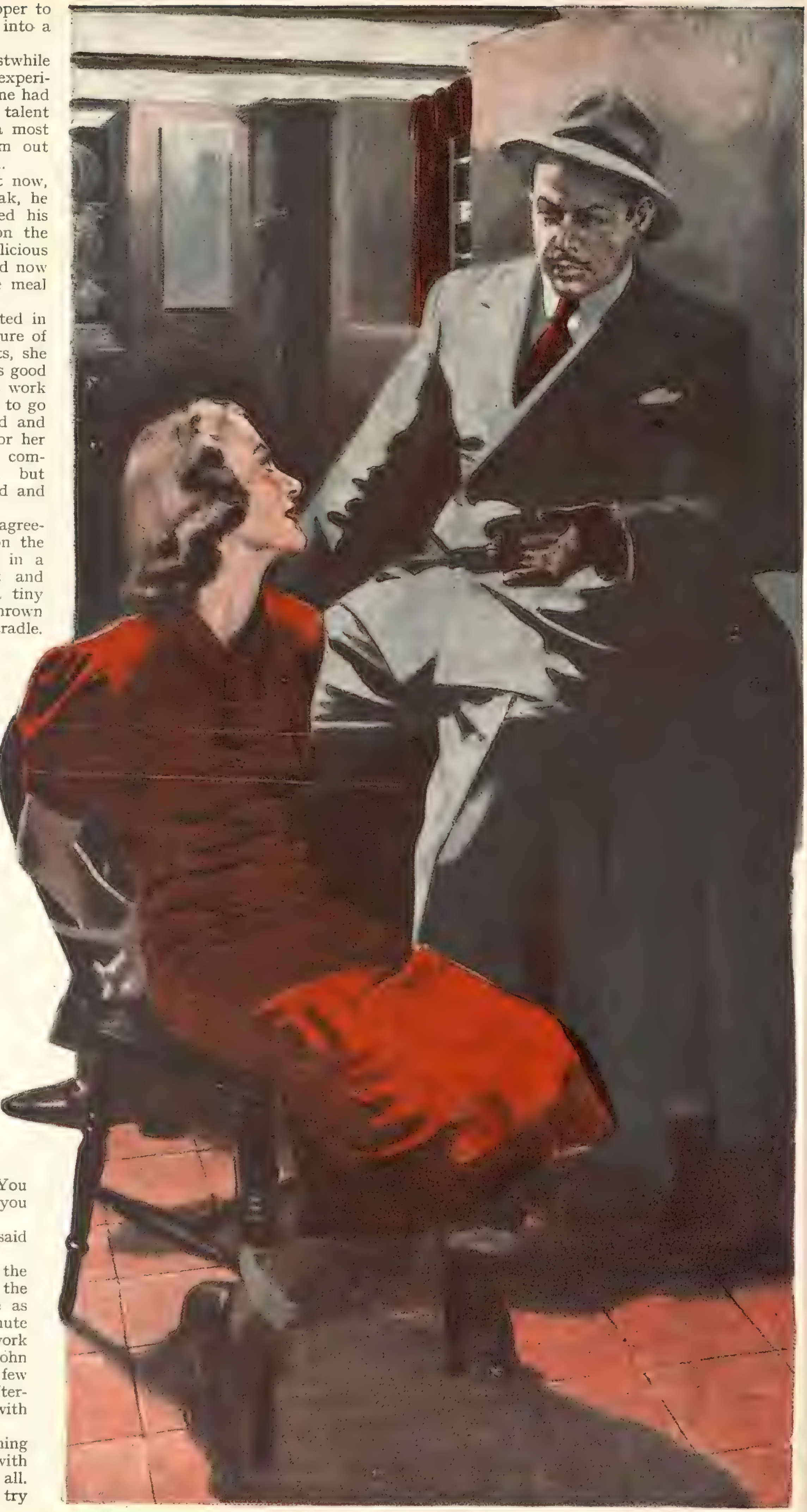
She told him what was on her mind while they ate. "It's such an age since I was in a civilised town I haven't a thing fit to wear. I don't mean I don't like Dorset—I love it. But look at these pictures in my pattern book. I guess I could make one if I tried. I'm going to send to London for some of this new crinkly wool stuff. Red, I think. What do you?"

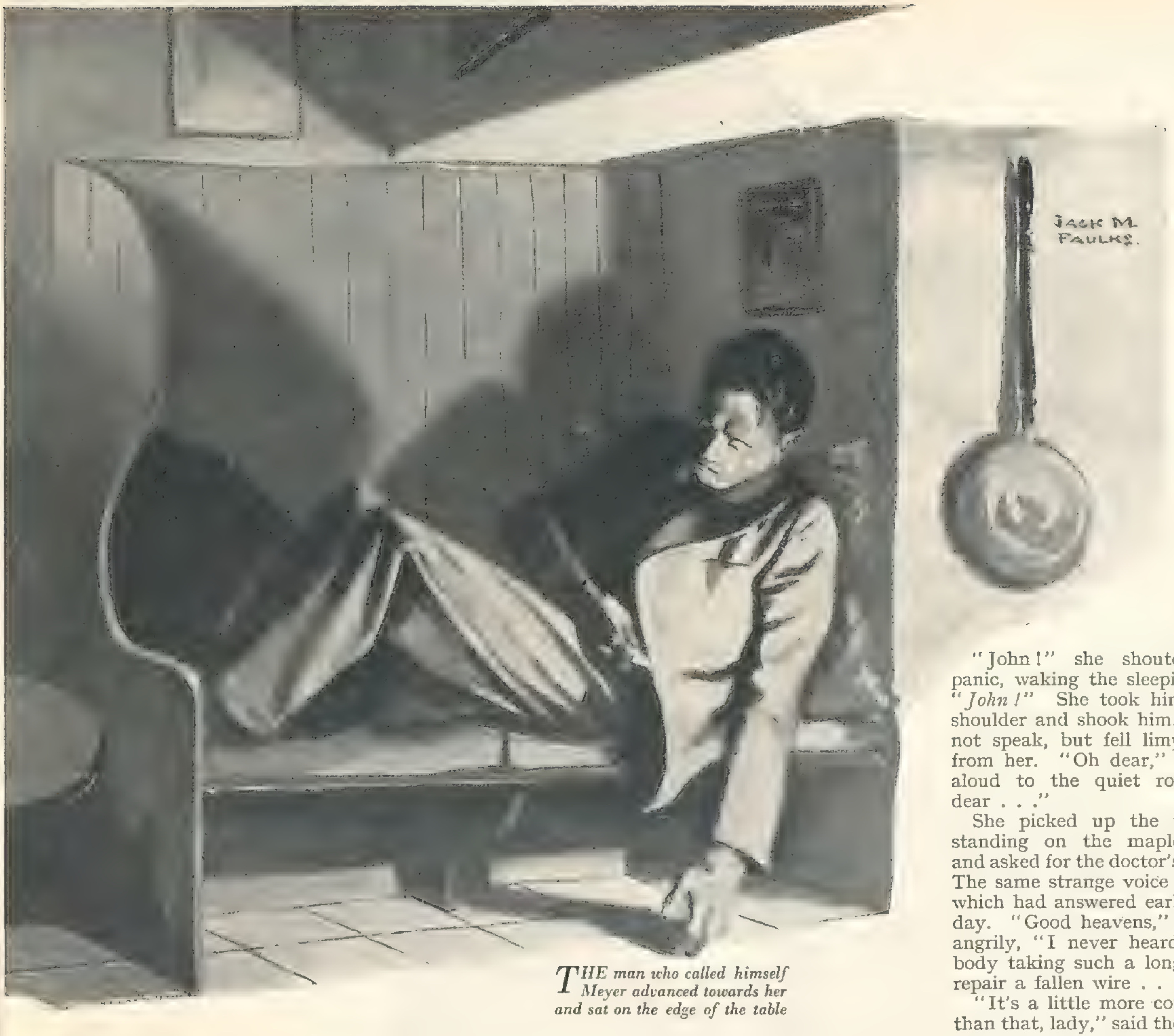
"Blue if you want to please me, darling." He smiled at her. "But red if you prefer it yourself. You look a knockout to me in anything you wear . . ."

"Even my old clothes," she said pouting. "I know you."

She opened the pattern book on the table after she had cleared away the dinner, and grabbed John's sleeve as he rose to go. "Now just a minute John, before you get back to work again. The next war will keep. John darling—*please* stop. You have a few minutes anyhow to smoke an after-dinner pipe. What's the matter with you forgetting about that?"

John Brunius sat down again, laughing at her persistence. "I feel uneasy with my notes left lying about, that's all. However — why shouldn't you try





THE man who called himself Meyer advanced towards her and sat on the edge of the table

making a dress? Even if you make a mess of it, you'll have a good time. Let's look at them."

He studied the pictures she pointed out to him, skilfully concealing the fact that he could not tell the difference. He said: "Did you order some new tobacco from that one-horse village store?"

Gwynne put a fat brown jar on the table. "But certainly, Professor! Do I *ever* forget? Here it is. Now John Brunius, admit it! I may side with the under-dog in the person of your guinea pigs, but taken all round I'm a very good wife."

He cupped her vivid little face in his hands and kissed it warmly. "For cooking and kissing, the best I ever had, Mrs. Professor. Now live up to your exalted opinion of yourself and find my pipe. . . ."

He packed the briar bowl lovingly and lit it, inhaled with a sigh of content and gave himself up to the sweet domestic peace. As Gwynne said, the next war could wait. His wife dreamed blissfully over her pattern book, visualising herself chic and glamorous in the gowns on the printed pages, their elegance enhanced by her pretty hair and her undeniable grace. John broke into her reverie. His voice was thick and drowsy. "This the same mixture I always have, or was it out of stock?"

"I ordered the same as usual, but I didn't look when I opened the packet. Isn't it good?"

"Not bad, really. But it has a slightly peculiar taste—something queer—a little bitter. . . ."

"Maybe it is wrong, John. I had a bit of trouble with the telephone to-day. It was out of order and an engineer working on the line talked to me and said he would relay my message to the store. I guess he must have made a mess of it. . . . ."

But John Brunius was not listening. His head had dropped on his breast as if he were falling asleep. Gwynne, wide-awake and hungry for attention, watched him with agonising disappointment. He was her husband and he loved her, but he gave himself to his mission for ending war with a passion that burned him like a martyr's holy faith. At the end of the day there was nothing left for her—not even a tender half hour in memory of the loveliest honeymoon a girl ever had. She said a little hopelessly: "John, darling, you're going right off to sleep, and you haven't said which dress you like. I'll make the one you like best. I don't care how difficult it is. Now look . . . John, darling . . ."

He turned to her as if her insistence reached him through a trance. His eyes rolled queerly showing the whites underneath. The pipe slipped from his hand and his head fell heavily on the table.

"John!" she shouted in a panic, waking the sleeping baby. "*John!*" She took him by the shoulder and shook him. He did not speak, but fell limply away from her. "Oh dear," she cried aloud to the quiet room, "oh dear . . ."

She picked up the telephone standing on the maple bureau and asked for the doctor's number. The same strange voice answered which had answered earlier in the day. "Good heavens," she cried angrily, "I never heard of anybody taking such a long time to repair a fallen wire . . ."

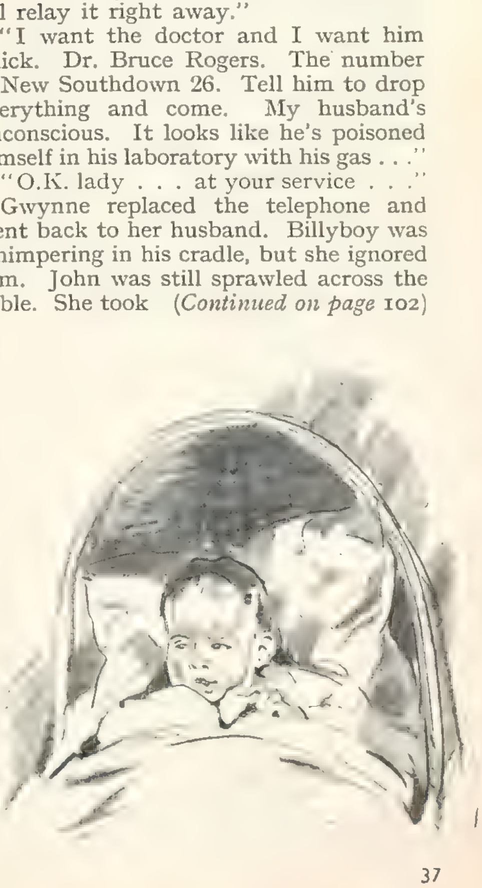
"It's a little more complicated than that, lady," said the engineer calmly, "tell me the message and I'll relay it right away."

"I want the doctor and I want him quick. Dr. Bruce Rogers. The number is New Southdown 26. Tell him to drop everything and come. My husband's unconscious. It looks like he's poisoned himself in his laboratory with his gas . . ."

"O.K. lady . . . at your service . . ."

Gwynne replaced the telephone and went back to her husband. Billyboy was whimpering in his cradle, but she ignored him. John was still sprawled across the table. She took

(*Continued on page* 102)



Men *to* Man John Bull's

THREE a.m.

The deep low hum changed note; and suddenly thunder shattered the night as the warmed-up engines of squadron after squadron roared at full power.

Line by line, the warplanes skimmed earth, lifted, circled in formation, turned their gunned duck-noses west, climbing as they flew. A brief moon-ray, slipping through low cloud, glimmered on dull metal, and down on shore a lonely watcher saw the crepuscular sky overhead darkened by gigantic massed shapes. Then they were gone.

Three hundred miles away, in a little island in the North Atlantic, forty-eight million men, women and children slept with a sense of security deep-rooted in the old tradition of impregnability. For a thousand years no invader had succeeded in breaking into this island from whose rugged coasts the more adventurous had gone forth to build along 80,000 miles of seaways history's biggest empire.

The Spaniards had tried in Elizabethan times, the French in the Napoleonic age, the Germans under the Hohenzollern: all had been baffled by the sea moats and smashed by Britain's incomparable sea fleet.

But times had changed. The old watchdog was chained to the seas. The enemy, calling science to his aid, had taken to the skies. His warplanes were weaponed with more than guns. They carried streamlined metal containers, some packed with high explosive, some with incendiary chemicals, some with concentrated poison gas.

Moving at a steady 250 miles an hour, the leading wave would in 80 minutes be over Glasgow, the great port and industrial centre of the north. Sixty minutes of time only the air raiders needed to reach the world's greatest city—that human ant's nest sprawled over Thames-side, the greatest port and storehouse, seat of the government, nerve centre of the empire, treasury, financial and business centre, "home" for eight million people and food distribution centre for fifteen millions.

The minutes clicked by on the instrument-board clocks under each war pilot's eye. They clicked, and vanished, in the torn wake of the flying squadrons. Time shrank. Thousands of lives, conceivably the life of nation and empire itself, hung on that steady shrinkage, a shrinkage not by days or hours, but by minutes. . . .

HERE you have in a one-minute reading space, an impressionistic glimpse of the greatest menace Britain has to confront in any war of to-morrow in which she is attacked by a great power which has developed its air arm on the Douet theory that a sudden and terrific series of massed air raids can give a modern industrial, big-city state like Britain the knock-out blow that is the dream of every war staff in every major war of aggression (if they did not believe they could win quickly and decisively, no government would ever risk an aggressive war, nor would the people go willingly into war).

Another side of the Second Punic War picture could be given equally briefly. It would show mass air attacks succeeding, through breaking weak and ill-prepared defences, and Britain and her empire crumbling as swiftly and mysteriously as old Rome did under the assaults of direct-minded barbarians, organised for war.

But there is a third picture which could be word painted. This one would show those first enemy attacks being met solidly in the air, by a powerful, well-trained British air fleet, and broken up before the objectives were reached; while from aerodromes all over the British island rose swarms of long-range bombing planes, roaring away past the incoming enemy planes on their way to hit back at enemy centres.

Which two of these three pictures turns out to be prophetic—if war comes—depends on the strength and temper of John Bull's new air fleet.

I call it new for several reasons. One is that, in men, machines, methods and weapons, it compares to the air fleet of yesterday as the *Rodney* does to the first ironclad.

Another is that most of the

Left:

A ROYAL Air Force recruit being examined in the psychology test

YOUNG entrants in the Royal Air Force at a lecture on magnetos

New Air Fleet

The *inside* Story *of the* F*lying* T*raining* S*chools*

By C. Patrick Thompson

Above: H*AWKER "Hurricanes," the fastest fighters in the R.A.F.*

Right: P*ILOTS working out their course prior to a flight*

squadrons I have lately visited are being equipped in the current year with new machines of incomparably better performance—in cases of fighter squadrons, with a combat plane superior to that in any other service, a machine with almost double the speed of the majority of existing Service combat planes.

And a third is that, beyond the rock strata of the squadron, station and group commanders, most of whom have adventured with the air fleet through all its vicissitudes over the last two decades—the chief of air staff himself, Sir Cyril Newall, learnt to fly in those queer pre-war days when Britain's air fleet consisted of four "flying hearses"—you come to the short-service pilots who will fight this fleet in war: youngsters ranging from 18 to 25, but averaging around 21.

DURING March and April, by special permission of the Air Ministry, I was able to go "back-stage" of John Bull's air fleet. I was granted permission to visit squadrons of the three branches; Home Defence, Striking Force, and Coastal Defence, and the Flying Training Schools where the contemporary air warrior is made.

Everywhere I was reminded by signs of activity, building, change, and transition, that over a hundred million pounds is being spent this year on the Royal Air Force—until lately the Cinderella of the fighting services. I saw new bombers costing £20,000 apiece being examined by squadron commanders of the Striking Force with the same ardour that Mrs. Smith unpacks and views her new refrigerator or Mr. Smith his new bag of golf clubs. Commanders of Fighter squadrons half-apologised for 200 m.p.h., two-gunned machines: in a few weeks they were changing over to more modern types such as the single-seater combat plane which the other month crossed England at 420 miles an hour.

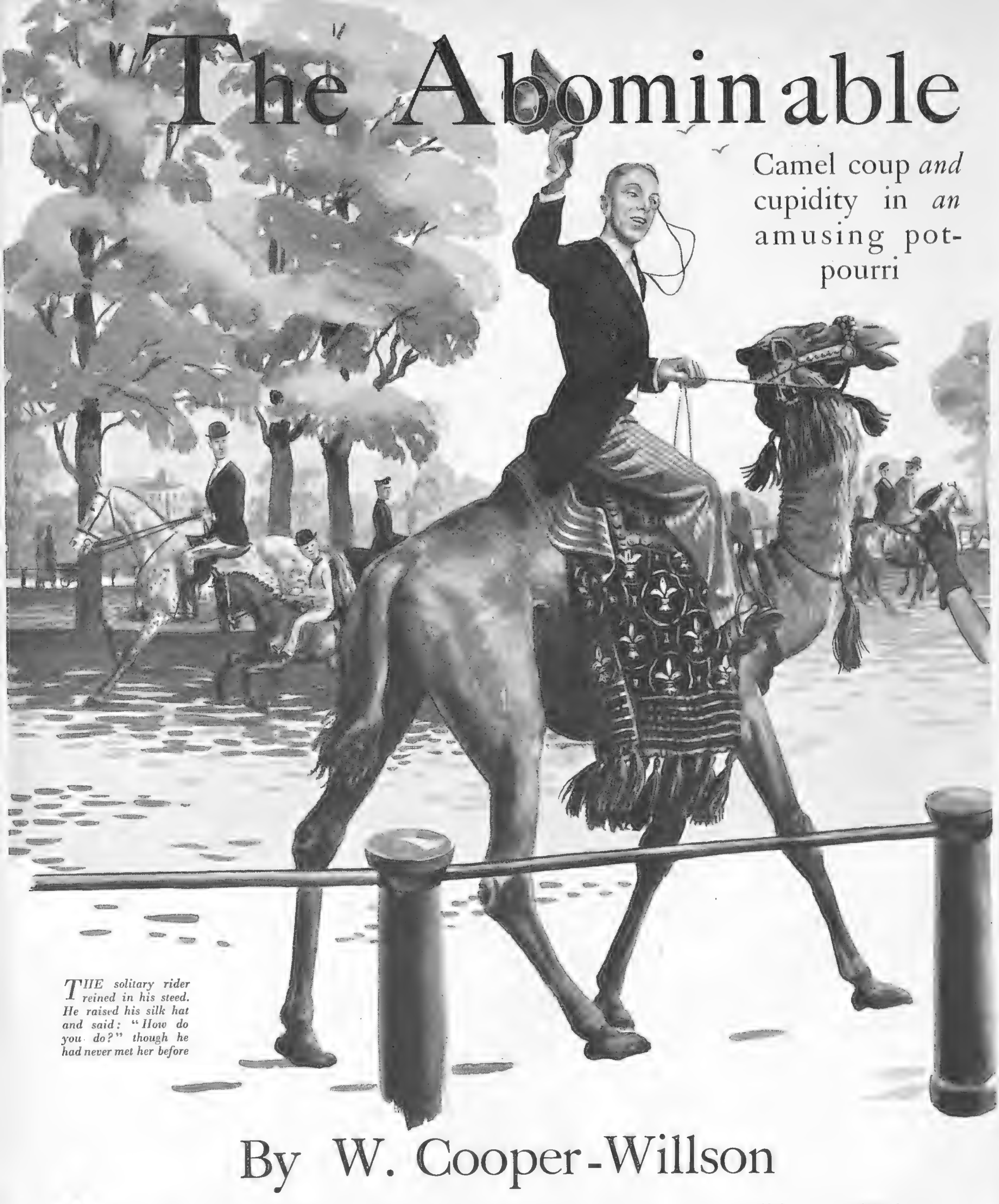
Down in the hangars of the Coastal Defence squadrons I found aircraftmen festooned around new flying boats, float-planes, and amphibians, faster and farther-ranging types replacing existing types

(*Continued on page* 120)

A*IR Vice-Marshal E. L. Gossage, D.S.O., M.C., giving instructions to pilots before exercise at Hendon*

The Abominable

Camel coup *and* cupidity in *an* amusing pot-pourri



THE solitary rider reined in his steed. He raised his silk hat and said: "How do you do?" though he had never met her before

By W. Cooper-Willson

IF you take a drive through the Park, starting from the exclusive, or Paddington Station, side and bumping past the place where two red soldiers guard some sort of a magazine, though which editor has been able to wangle this piece of publicity I have never been able to discover, so it seems as if he is wasting his money; and then taking a frightful bounce caused by the hot air from Lansbury's Lido, sooner or later you will nearly go off the road because of the extraordinary sight of people riding horses on your near side, which is enough to make any car skid.

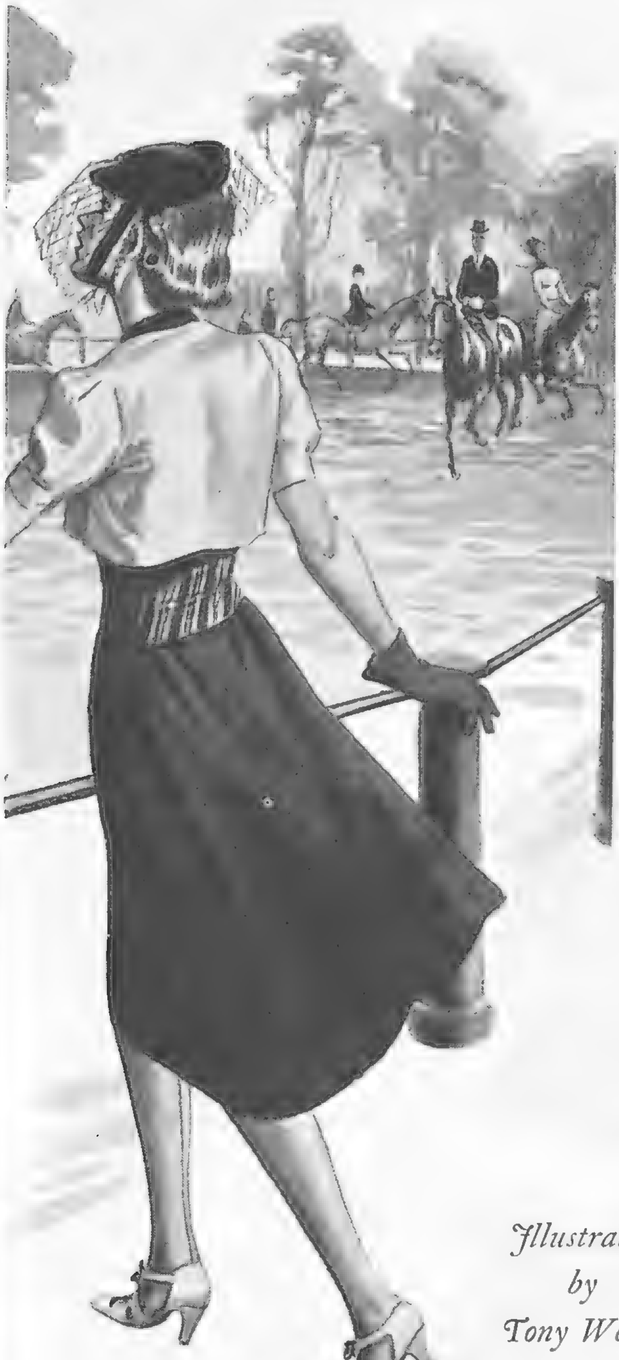
In fact, the whole thing is so amazing that you will quite likely slow down to something nearly legal in order to have a good look without getting nystagmus.

If you have got this far, and still feel sympathetic, you will understand why, on a fine spring morning, a girl who called herself for reasons best known to herself, Miss Vera Bloggs, not only slowed down the car which might become hers eighteen months later, if all the instalments were paid which was unlikely, but actually stopped it.

Just a little way in front of her a large policeman was massaging a stop watch; so she lit a cigarette and waited for him to catch some other mutt. She was disappointed. He put the stop

Miss Bloggs

watch away somewhere in his pants and beamed at Miss Bloggs instead. Of course, he did not know her name, and he was peevish that he now had no excuse for asking it, but he beamed just the same. He couldn't help it.



Illustrated by Tony Weare

Vera Bloggs didn't bother about sex appeal. She didn't have to. One look at her would fillet any strong silent man, so there was no need to do any appealing. She seemed to ooze up behind that steering wheel like one big sex command: blue eyes and golden hair, that sort of thing.

The policeman started to walk towards her for a better look, and Vera was so disgusted with his forewardness, she turned her head away and looked towards Rotten Row, to see if anyone was hurting horses that morning; for she was always so very kind-hearted about animals.

It was that kind-heartedness that made her jump right out of her car, without opening the door—yes, it was an open-work model, like her—what was I saying? She jumped out and dashed to the railings and shouted: "Stop!"

The solitary rider reined his steed in. He raised his silk hat and said: "How do you do?" though he had never met her before.

He was a young-looking man with fair hair and an eyeglass, and he wore a morning coat, stripy grey trousers and spats, which was unusual for a morning ride, but not quite so unusual as the fact that he rode a camel.

The camel was a fine blonde beast, as used in deserts, and it just wriggled its hump and said "Snort!"

"You're simply torturing that animal," cried Vera Bloggs. "Haven't you enough sense to know that there are two buttons on the back of that coat of yours, and if there's one thing camels don't like, it's having their humps tickled with the buttons on the backs of coats?"

"How despicable of me!" murmured the young man. He didn't look at the hump, he was too busy looking at Vera and, anyhow, he hadn't got eyes in the back of his head; but he took off his coat, folded it neatly, and laid it across the animal's neck.

"Perhaps," he suggested, timidly, "it won't mind the buckle on the back of my waistcoat?"

"Of course it will!" said Vera, and she turned to the policeman who had reminded her of his presence by a faint odour of brass polish from his buttons. "Won't it?"

"It certainly will, Miss," agreed the policeman, and cleared his throat, at which the camel threw up its haughty neck.

"All right," said the young man, and removed his waistcoat, which he laid on top of his coat. "But," he added, for he was a very intelligent young man, "will it mind my back trouser buttons?"

"You don't mean to say," said Vera indignantly, "that you've got buttons on them too? How disgusting!"

"Be disgusting if he hadn't," said the policeman.

"You shut up!" said the young man, blushing.

"I didn't know they had buttons, too," mused Vera.

"Well, of course, you wouldn't," said the young man. The policeman only coughed. He seemed to have a bad cold.

"I'm afraid you'll have to take them off, too," said Vera, sadly.

"Oh, I say!" said the young man.

"No!" said the policeman, very definitely. "It's against the law."

"Really?" said Vera, opening her eyes so wide that the policeman was forced to gulp in self-defence.

"Absolutely," said the policeman. "Geo. one Cap. five or words to that effect. It's the law, and he can't do it."

"You're in a fix," said Vera to the young man. "If you take off your trousers, the sergeant will arrest you and, if you don't, I shall give you in charge for cruelty to animals. So what?"

"Life's very hard," said the young man. "I simply haven't got any clothes without buttons, and Bari must have his morning exercise."

"Is his name Bali?" asked Vera, "how disgusting!" She turned away, but the young man raised his voice and corrected her:

"Oh, dash it all, no, I'm not that sort of feller. Bari: B A R I; it's a name well known in Arabia; one of their radio stars I believe. They have a proverb, you know, 'Bari's enough to make a camel laugh,' so I called him Bari, hoping it'd cheer him up whenever I spoke to him."

"And does it?" asked the policeman.

"Would you expect it to?" asked Vera, "when he spoils the effect by rubbing its back sore with his horrible buttons." She turned her shoulder on the policeman, who was rather boring her, and addressed the young man:

"I'm afraid you'll have to take him home, right away. Where do you live?"

"In Park Lane. Number 333."

"Then I'm going to drive right round there and wait for you. If you're not there in ten minutes, I shall prosecute."

"Bari's the fastest camel in Rotten Row," said the young man. "We shall keep the appointment." He raised his silk hat again. The waistcoat slid off the camel's neck; the policeman stopped to pick it up for him, and Vera Bloggs grated her gears with sheer annoyance as she drove off.

If you do the same one fine spring morning, you will be lucky if you ever reach Park Lane, because when you drive out at Hyde Park Corner there are all sorts of lines on the road. If you don't watch them, you'll find yourself in Piccadilly Circus, and if you do, you'll find yourself in St. George's Hospital; so you lose the trick anyhow.

So Vera didn't drive out of Hyde Park Corner at all, but took a frightful risk and went out of another gate where the policeman—not the first policeman with the smelly buttons, but another one—had his back turned to her; and found herself right in Park Lane itself with nothing to do but wonder where 333 was, because if she went the wrong way it meant turning round, which is a very bad thing to do, liable to lead to the mortuary.

Just as she was getting rather distracted and beginning to babble of one-way streets to herself, she saw the camel, which must have been a very speedy and law-breaking animal, park itself by the sidewalk, while the young man put on the brake and got off. This made it simple, so Vera parked behind the camel and got off too.

"Do come in a minute!" the young man begged.

(Continued on page 84)

BOOKS: A Batch *for* July

By Alan Seymour

Agatha Christie
Appointment with Death
Klaus Mann
Joseph in Egypt
Pray for the Wanderer
Quincy Howe
Two in a Valley
Stephen Gwynn
Roy Eddington
by Martin Hare
Swiss Summer
Understanding English
James Howard Wellard
The Aga Khan's Horses

THERE is always something fascinating about reading a play. Somehow, one seems to assume the dual personality of both author and reader as the action unfolds itself.

When the play is a fine piece of craftsmanship, the fascination is enthralling.

Such a play is *The Masque of Kings*, by Maxwell Anderson (John Lane, The Bodley Head, 5s.).

This three-act drama deals with the tragedy of Rudolph of Hapsburg, heir of Francis Joseph of Austria, who committed suicide in his hunting lodge.

As a stage production *The Masque of Kings* has enjoyed a considerable success in America, where Mr. Anderson is regarded a dramatist ranking second in fame only to Eugene O'Neill.

There is a surety of touch about this work which accounts for the author's native popularity. I recommend it.

JUST as a certain bridegroom who married a famous operatic star is said to have taken one look at his bride on the first morning of their honeymoon and to have exclaimed : "For God's sake sing," so, after taking a look at Tschaikowsky in the pages of Klaus Mann's biography *Pathetic Symphony* (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.) we are impelled to exclaim, "For God's sake compose !"

As presented to the reader in this book, one forms the opinion of Tschaikowsky that, had he been a little more rational, he would have been a borderline case.

It is, I suppose, the prerogative of genius to be chaotic; Tschaikowsky was, undeniably, a genius !

The style in which the book is written is continentally interrogative. I defy you to open the book at random—and it comprises 445 pages—without finding at least one question mark on the pages you have opened.

The result is, admittedly, that the reader's own reactions are bound up intimately with the story as he reads it, but even so this book will not be to everyone's taste.

It may be competent enough as biography, but it leaves a certain amount to be desired as entertainment—unless you live in Bloomsbury, in which case, of course, you will receive it with that ecstasy which passes (for) understanding !

Although we who occasionally read the racing news in the papers are familiar with the expression "Weight for Age," this characteristic of turf parlance does not, apparently, apply equally to the subject matter of books.

Klaus Mann's biography of Tschaikowsky is rather on the heavy side for my particular taste, yet while the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife is far more ancient, its qualities lend themselves far better to light reading.

By a strange coincidence, the more modern biography is from the pen of the son of Thomas Mann who has given us this month *Joseph in Egypt* (Secker & Warburg in two volumes at 7s. 6d. each).

In these volumes, the author presents his long-awaited successor to *The Tales of Jacob* and *The Young Joseph*, a combination of fiction and philosophy, beautifully conceived and handled.

Here we see the young Joseph from the end of the three days in the pit at Dothan to the beginning of the three years' imprisonment after the judgment passed on him by Potiphar.

He is taken down through Egypt and in matchless prose we have descriptions of the sphinx and of the pyramids, of the sun-worship of Aton-Re at On in the Delta, and of the cults and rites of the other great cities.

The Ishmaelites accomplish their purpose and sell him again into bondage.

We see the unfolding of Joseph's complex character—

(*Cont. on page* 106

The N.A.A.F.I. canteen at R.A.F. station, Halton

N.A.A.F.I.

The Navy *and* Army Canteens *of* To-day *and* Yesterday

By Harry J. Greenwall

OLD soldiers, Volunteers, of the days before there were Territorials, Cadets, of the days before there were Officers' Training Corps, hark ye to the bugle call:

"Come to the cook-house door, boys, Come to the cook-house door."

Do you remember that, and if you do, as you most assuredly will, allow me to add:

"Officers' wives get puddings and pies,
Soldiers' wives get skilly."

These pieces of doggerel belong to the bad old days, the days before Mr. Hore-Belisha became Secretary for War, and also before the days of the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes became the living things they are to-day The old soldier remembers the canteen as a place of sawdust and spittoons. The modern soldier drops into the institute like a West-End club man. Mention N.A.A.F.I. to a soldier, an airman or a sailor to-day, and he will grin back at you. He knows.

All England knows the fine work Mr. Hore-Belisha has done and is doing to improve the daily fare of the soldier, but hardly anything is known outside the Army of the work that N.A.A.F.I. has been doing and is doing, not only in the big ships of the Navy, but far out in the sun-soaked desert of the Middle East, to say nothing of the military stations all over the United Kingdom.

The history of the Navy, Army and Air Force Institute is as romantic as anything we have to-day. It is, as a matter of fact, a service within a service; it is a co-operative society run on the most modern lines and yet, it is linked back to the Middle Ages, when the armies were nothing more than bands of plunderers, when their food supplies came from people known as Sutlers.

The word "sutler" has a Dutch origin, but we find it being used frequently in Germany in the seventeenth century. Sutlers used to provide the army with all its food; the Provost Marshal used to extract a fee for every animal slaughtered and for every cask of wine opened for the troops. He had, poor fellow, no other visible means of support.

WHEN Marlborough fought in Flanders, that is to say at the very beginning of the eighteenth century, the only foodstuff issued to the troops was bread. The soldiers obtained everything else from the Sutlers who, in those days, were licensed like inns. Each regiment of Marlborough's had a Master Sutler, and each company or each troop of cavalry had a Sutler of its own who took his orders from the Master Sutler. The sutlers of those days made their best profits from wine; in order to prevent the troops spending too much of their pay on wine, the commanding officers tried to get butchers to follow the regiment with small herds of cattle. The meat was sold via the sutlers to the soldiers, who had their pay stopped in order to buy their ration of meat.

Shakespeare in Henry V makes Pistol mention the art of Sutlering when the roistering soldier exclaims:

"I shall sutle sutler be
Until the camp, and profits shall accrue."

Curiously enough, the best-known Sutler was, to use an Irishism, a sutleress. There was once upon a time a man named Christian Ross who, having become drunk in London, was taken for a soldier, and became sober when he found himself in Flanders. Ross had left behind him in London an Irish sweetheart. She found out what had happened to Ross, and she enlisted in the Scots Greys. She fought several times and was wounded twice, and it was not until she was wounded for the second time that her true sex was discovered.

The Irish woman got her man and married him, and it is on record that she followed him through the wars in Flanders, always provided with a bottle of beer hidden somewhere in her skirt. One day she

(*Continued on page 126*)

The institute at the R.A.F. station at Dhibdan in Iraq

Left: Inside a typical N.A.A.F.I. institute in Egypt

Old Tales Re-told

Anne Bonney: The Buccaneer

The girl who sailed the Spanish Main with Calico Jack

Written and Illustrated

By F. Matania, R.I.

NOWADAYS woman is admitted to nearly every sphere of manly activity, and, whatever her social position, none would consider it abnormal if she were to lead an adventurous expedition whether on land, sea, or in the air.

At one time, however, women who wished to do something outside their own narrow realm were confronted with a very painful alternative. Either to give up their ambition and make the best of hard luck, or else to rebel against the entire social organisation, to defy the relentless persecution of the law, and to disguise and deceive in order to escape the meshes that human prejudice was constantly tightening around them.

There was no sort of career a woman could pursue legally, but human nature always pays scant regard to man-made laws and to the prejudices into which man falls. It has its own imperative exigencies and asserts itself whether it is in harmony with our social arrangements or not.

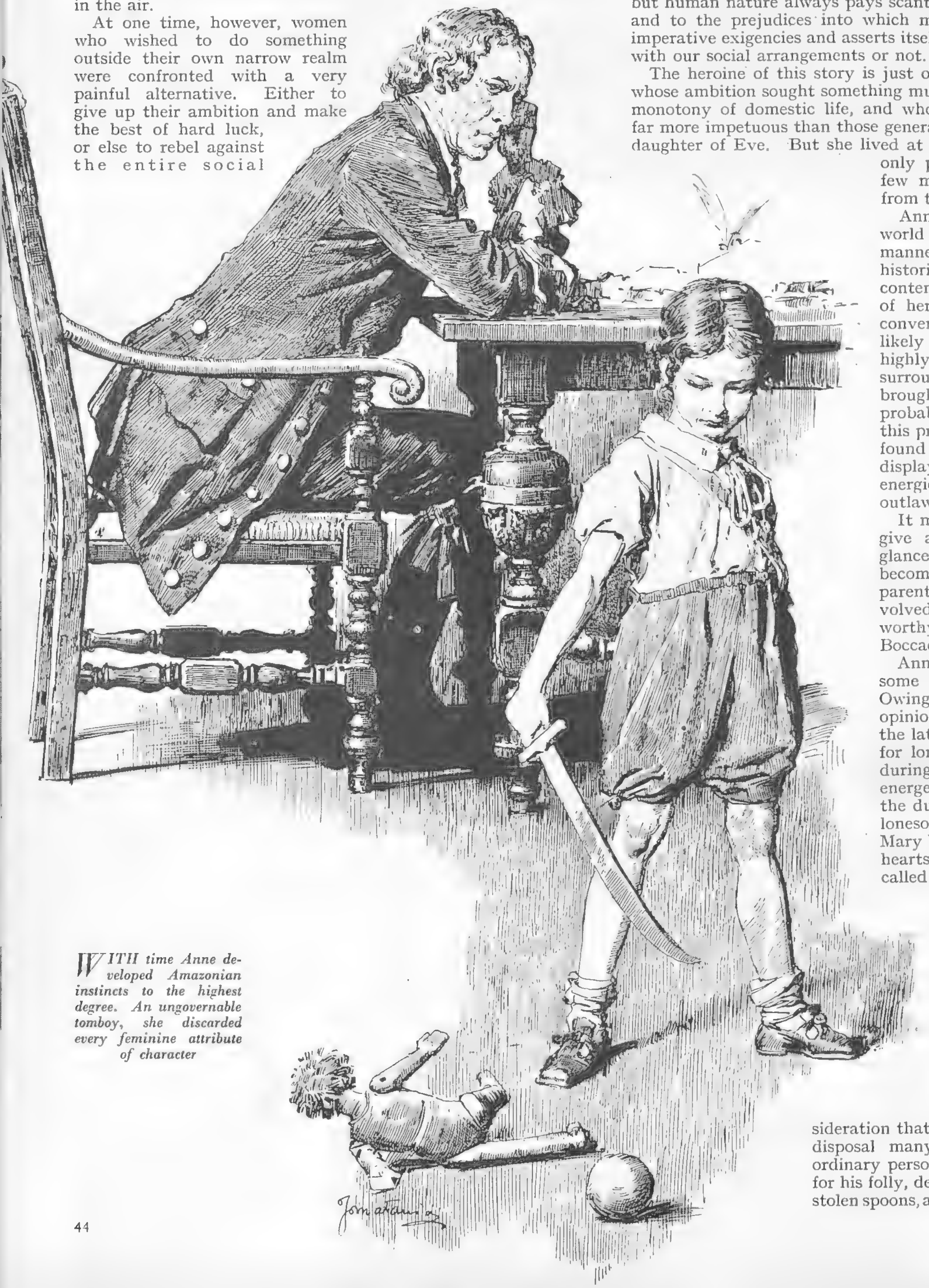
The heroine of this story is just one of those human beings whose ambition sought something much more thrilling than the monotony of domestic life, and whose physical energies were far more impetuous than those generally displayed by a normal daughter of Eve. But she lived at a time when women were only permitted indulgence in a few mild sports as a diversion from their domestic occupations.

Anne Bonney came into the world in a far from conventional manner, and more than one historian attributes to this the contempt that, during the course of her life, she showed for all convention. It is much more likely that this was due to her highly strung nature than to the surroundings wherein she was brought up, and it is quite probable that, had she lived in this present day, she might have found an ample outlet for the display of her extraordinary energies without becoming an outlaw.

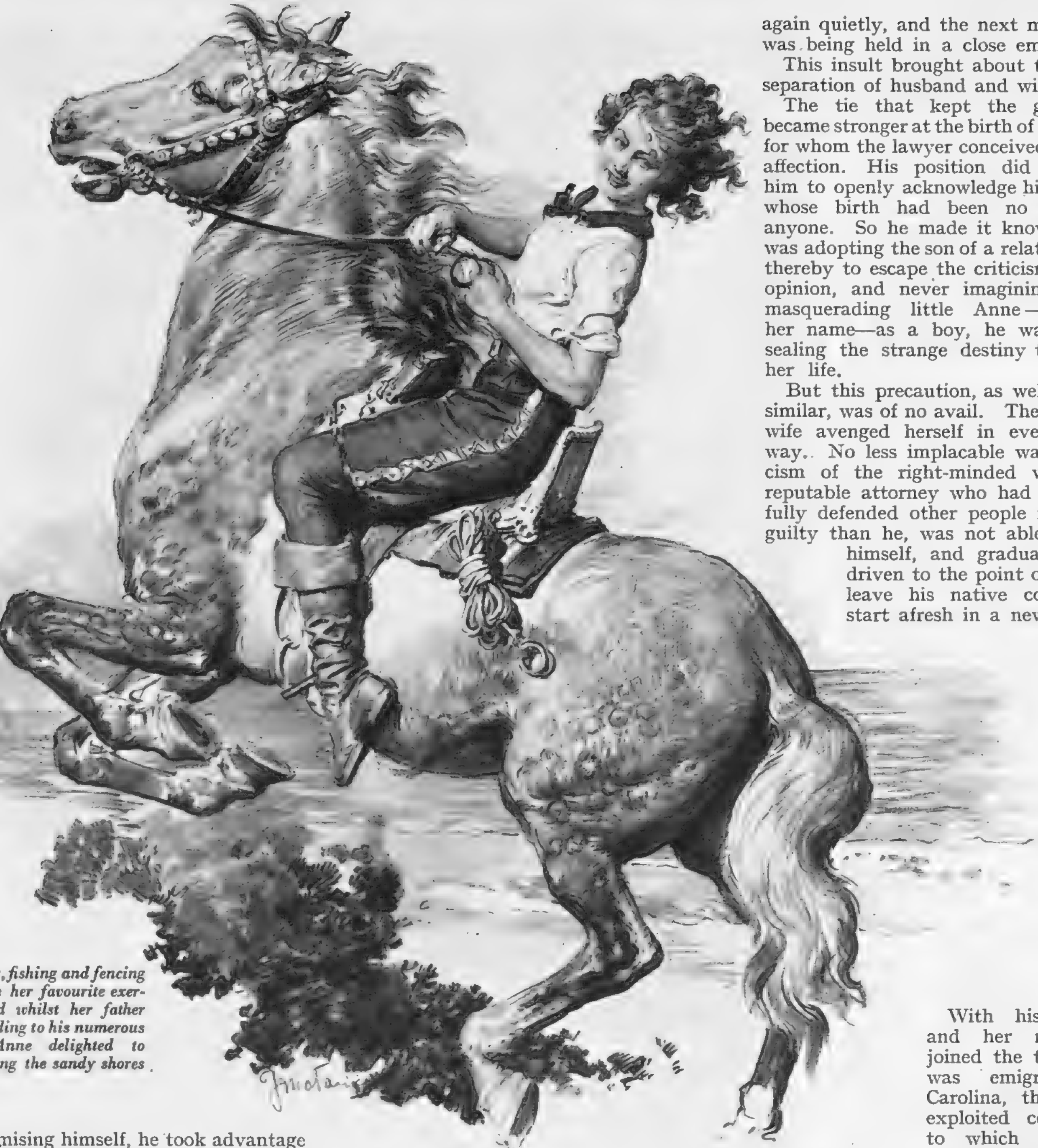
It may not be out of place to give at this juncture a rapid glance to her origin and to become acquainted with her parents. They all became involved in an episode quite worthy of the classic pen of Boccaccio.

Anne's father was a lawyer of some importance near Cork. Owing to certain differences of opinion between him and his wife, the latter would often stay away for long periods from her home during which time a strong and energetic wench was discharging the duties of housekeeper to the lonesome husband. This woman, Mary by name, had many sweethearts, and one of these, a tanner called Weekes, had no scruples in relieving Mary's master of three silver spoons during one of his amorous visits. Mary, who was not a party to the theft and feeling the full responsibility for all that had been entrusted to her care, started a careful enquiry.

Weekes, who had succumbed to the temptation without taking into consideration that the man of law had at his disposal many more means than any ordinary person to make him pay dearly for his folly, deemed it wiser to return the stolen spoons, and, in order to do so without



WITH time Anne developed Amazonian instincts to the highest degree. An ungovernable tomboy, she discarded every feminine attribute of character



Hunting, fishing and fencing were her favourite exercises, and whilst her father was attending to his numerous duties, Anne delighted to gallop along the sandy shores

compromising himself, he took advantage of one of his clandestine visits to hide the spoons in Mary's bed, after which he left the house, quite confident that it would be only a question of hours before the spoons were found. He was wrong, however.

Days passed, and he saw that instead of there being an end to the inquiry, it was proceeding ever more intensely. The suspicion dawned on him that Mary had found the spoons, and was keeping them for herself, and would put the blame on him.

Quite a time elapsed without bringing any solution to the mystery, and when the mistress returned to her home, Mary informed her of the disappearance of the spoons.

Weekes was by now so certain that Mary had the spoons that he took the opportunity of calling on her mistress. He told her that he had taken the spoons but only to play a practical joke on Mary, adding that he had returned them and hidden them in Mary's bed. He was dismissed with a mild scolding, and he went off considering himself very lucky to have escaped so lightly.

As soon as he had gone, Mary's mistress hurried to the maid's room, and, sure enough, there, just under the coverlet of the bed, were the missing silver spoons. True, the property was recovered, but how could Mary have overlooked them if she slept in her bed every night? Could she have slept elsewhere? And if that were so, where? . . .

She knew only too well that her husband was far from being a saint, and she knew also that the exuberant Mary had a very elastic conception of modesty. There was nothing more likely than that, during her absence, Mary had slightly exceeded her duties of housekeeper to the enterprising attorney. Thus ruminating, she concluded that no real blame could be based on circumstantial evidence; so rapidly she made a plan whereby she could obtain proof of her suspicions.

She was of the opinion that during her presence Mary would not dare to sleep in her husband's room. That evening, without her master's knowledge, Mary was accommodated in another room, whilst the mistress occupied the bed of her servant. During the night the suspecting wife heard a cautious step ascending the stairs. Then the door of the room opened and shut again quietly, and the next moment she was being held in a close embrace.

This insult brought about the definite separation of husband and wife.

The tie that kept the guilty pair became stronger at the birth of a daughter, for whom the lawyer conceived a genuine affection. His position did not allow him to openly acknowledge his daughter, whose birth had been no secret for anyone. So he made it known that he was adopting the son of a relation, hoping thereby to escape the criticism of public opinion, and never imagining that by masquerading little Anne — that was her name—as a boy, he was for ever sealing the strange destiny that guided her life.

But this precaution, as well as others similar, was of no avail. The implacable wife avenged herself in every possible way. No less implacable was the criticism of the right-minded world. The reputable attorney who had so successfully defended other people much more guilty than he, was not able to defend himself, and gradually he was driven to the point of having to leave his native country and start afresh in a new world.

With his daughter and her mother he joined the throng that was emigrating for Carolina, then an unexploited colony, and to which country a tremendous amount of people were attracted, some for having failed to gain a satisfactory footing on the soil of old Europe, others for having made improper use of what they had, and still others for their simple seeking after adventure.

It was not long before the lawyer was settled, and had resumed his profession with most profitable results: a colony in the making has always had its full share of quarrels! Some other kind of enterprises that he undertook outside his profession proved to be equally successful, and in a few years his efforts were rewarded with a deserved profit.

These favourable circumstances provided a comparatively refined atmosphere, where a well-to-do girl could have been properly educated, but shortly after their arrival in Carolina Anne had lost her mother, and was left almost entirely to herself, for her father was too occupied with his affairs to take much notice of her.

With time she developed Amazonian instincts to the highest degree. An ungovernable tomboy, she discarded every feminine attribute of character. Pistols and rifles were her favourite toys, wild

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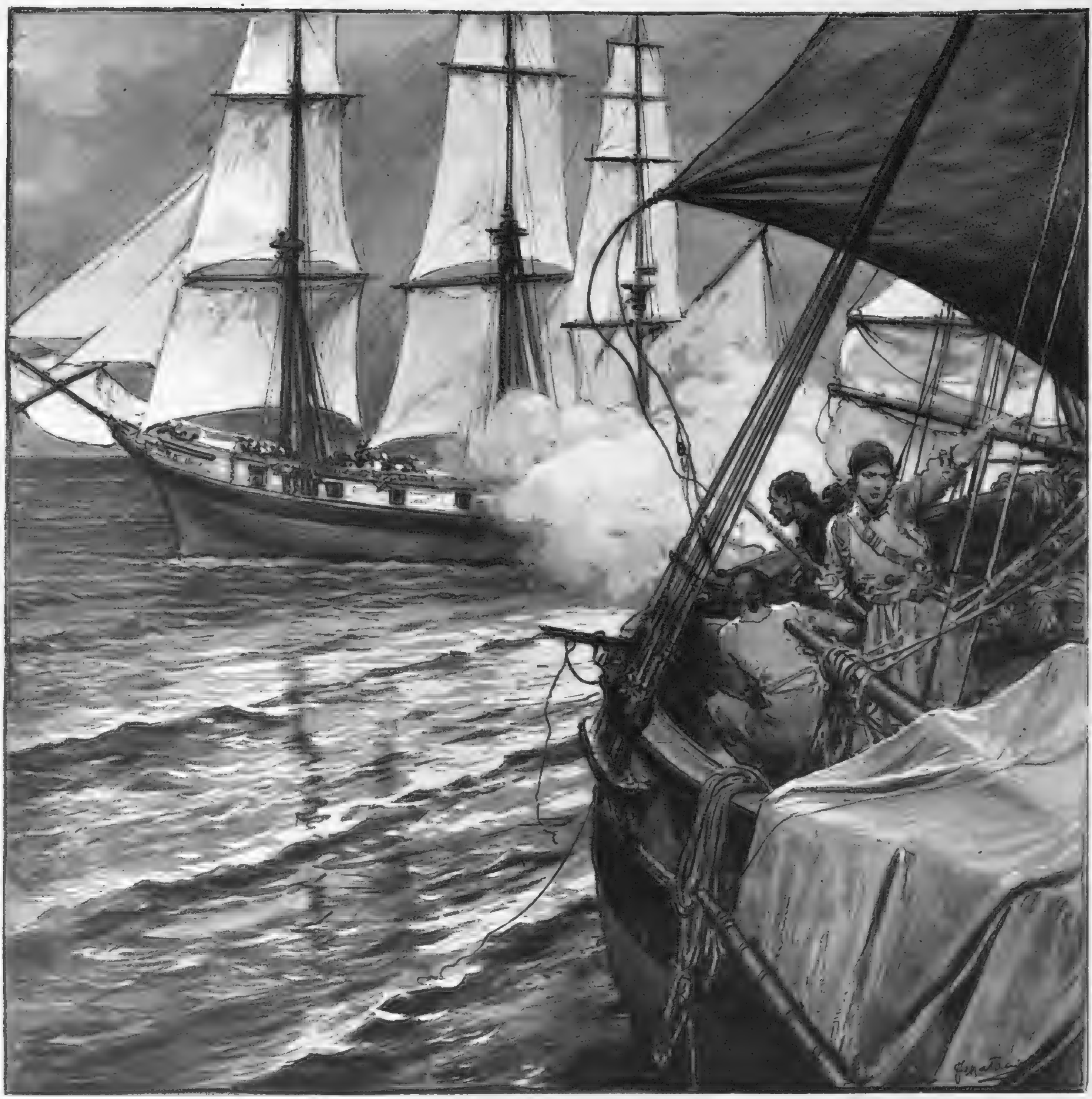


The pirates had no time to recover from their surprise before a second burst of flames from the attacking ship sent its clouds of smoke over the surface of the sea. Again and again the guns were reloaded and fired—escape was impossible

interest in the ex-pirate and his fair mistress.

Anne now made it her business to acquaint herself with the number of the crew of the sloop and their habits, and went on board to spy on them. She made many visits, asking each time to see John Harman, knowing quite well all the time that he was ashore, where, she learned, he used to sleep every night, leaving two sailors aboard to guard the ship. She used all the charm of her sex to get information, and the two unsuspecting sailors furnished her with all she wanted to know.

Simultaneously, Rackham chose from amongst his old companions eight men on whom he could thoroughly rely. Together they hatched a plot whereby they would gain possession of one of the most coveted crafts on the coast.

One dark night, veiled by drizzling rain, an inconspicuous boat might have been seen silently rowing towards the lonely sloop. Anne Bonney, a pistol in her right hand and a sword in her left, was the first to step aboard. Followed by only one of her associates, she made straight for the cabin where the two sailors were peacefully asleep. Awakened abruptly by the bursting open of the door, they found themselves confronted by the beautiful copper-headed girl. But she was no longer the innocent-looking Anne they had known previously. Now she had a threatening expression, and resembled more a Medusa. Her voice, too, had assumed that calm and sinister tone of the experienced brigand. Pointing her pistol, she said : " The least noise or resistance and I will blow your brains out." She remained motionless, keeping the two sailors, paralysed by surprise, covered by her gun. They heard footsteps on deck, and other sounds made them realise that the sloop was being freed from its moorings. The steady, rhythmic rocking of the anchored ship changed into a slight rolling, then a gentle list told the prisoners that the vessel was already out of the harbour and was gathering way.

Only when they were well out of hearing distance were the pistols lowered and the cutlass replaced. The two prisoners, after declining Rackham's invitation to join him, were given a boat and sent ashore with kind regards to their master and the assurance that as soon as they had finished with his ship she would be returned to him.

The neat way in which the coup had been carried out convinced Rackham that Divine Providence had put in his path the one and only woman in the world who could successfully compete with the most brave and daring man, possessing at the same time all the fascination of the fair sex. A new horizon was opening up before his eyes, new prospects and fresh enterprises.

Such an example of daring doubled the courage and spurred on the spirit of emulation of everyone on board.

So far as Anne was concerned Rackham had relinquished any superiority as a master. Love and admiration for her bravery had bent his knees before the idol whose will was law for him as well as for the others.

Lovers are either totally blind or else can see that which is non-existent. Rackham was going through the first and happiest of those two stages, so did not see that Anne's blood was becoming inflamed more and more every day for a young Apollo that Destiny had placed in her power.

Aggressive and domineering in everything that she did and said, Anne could not any longer submit her heart to a restraint which was becoming daily more unbearable. She decided to reveal her sex and her sentiments to this fair boy who smiled like a girl.

When he heard the astounding revelation uttered with warm and passionate words close against his own lips, he gasped with amazement, for he too had a secret that could no longer be withheld. Taking Anne by the hand he said: "No, it is impossible, for I am not a man. I am a girl like you, a woman pirate disguised as a man pirate just like you. Like you I am in love with a man to whom I am ready to give my life. My name is Mary Read, look at me!" So saying she pulled off her shirt and revealed the shapely bosom still heaving with surprise and emotion. . . .

From that moment their destiny was riveted as one. Side by side with the men they loved they shared success and danger.

The strenuous mode of living offered them the very happiness required by their restless and adventurous natures, for they were constantly under the fascination of the dangerous game they were playing, never mind if the stake was their freedom, or, as was more likely, their very lives.

IT is difficult to say which of the two women was the bravest What is certain is that during the many conflicts that took place their real sex was never detected by anyone, so that they fought on equal terms with ruthless and murderous ruffians.

As time passed their exploits increased to such an alarming degree, that Governor Woodes Rogers decided to stamp out this pest and capture the outlaws whatever the cost. It was not an easy matter as the vessel was everywhere and yet, nowhere!

The summer and autumn of the year 1720 had elapsed, and the authorities were still looking for "Calico Jack's" sloop, when in October, not far from Jamaica, she was sighted and artfully attracted within hearing distance. The Government's sloop was well armed and specially equipped for the task. As they came within reach, instead of parleying, one word was heard . . . "Fire" . . . The explosion was almost simultaneous and smoke enveloped the entire scene. When the sloop reappeared from the mist she showed all her wounds and the devastation from which she had suffered. The pirates had no time to recover from their surprise before a second burst of flames from the attacking ship sent its clouds of smoke over the surface of the sea. Again and again the guns were reloaded and fired—every attempt to escape was impossible. The rudder had been the first target. The mast was broken, yet the struggle was long and strenuous. The damage inflicted increased the fury of the pirates—but it was of no use, for they were overcome by odds.

Anne and Mary had ceased fighting only when they were caught and secured with ropes and chains. The few survivors were pulled out from their hiding places and likewise secured. Amongst them was "Calico Jack," one hour before the terror of the navigating world of that region, now a poor helpless thing flung down in the steerage, trembling in anticipation of the moment of reckoning.

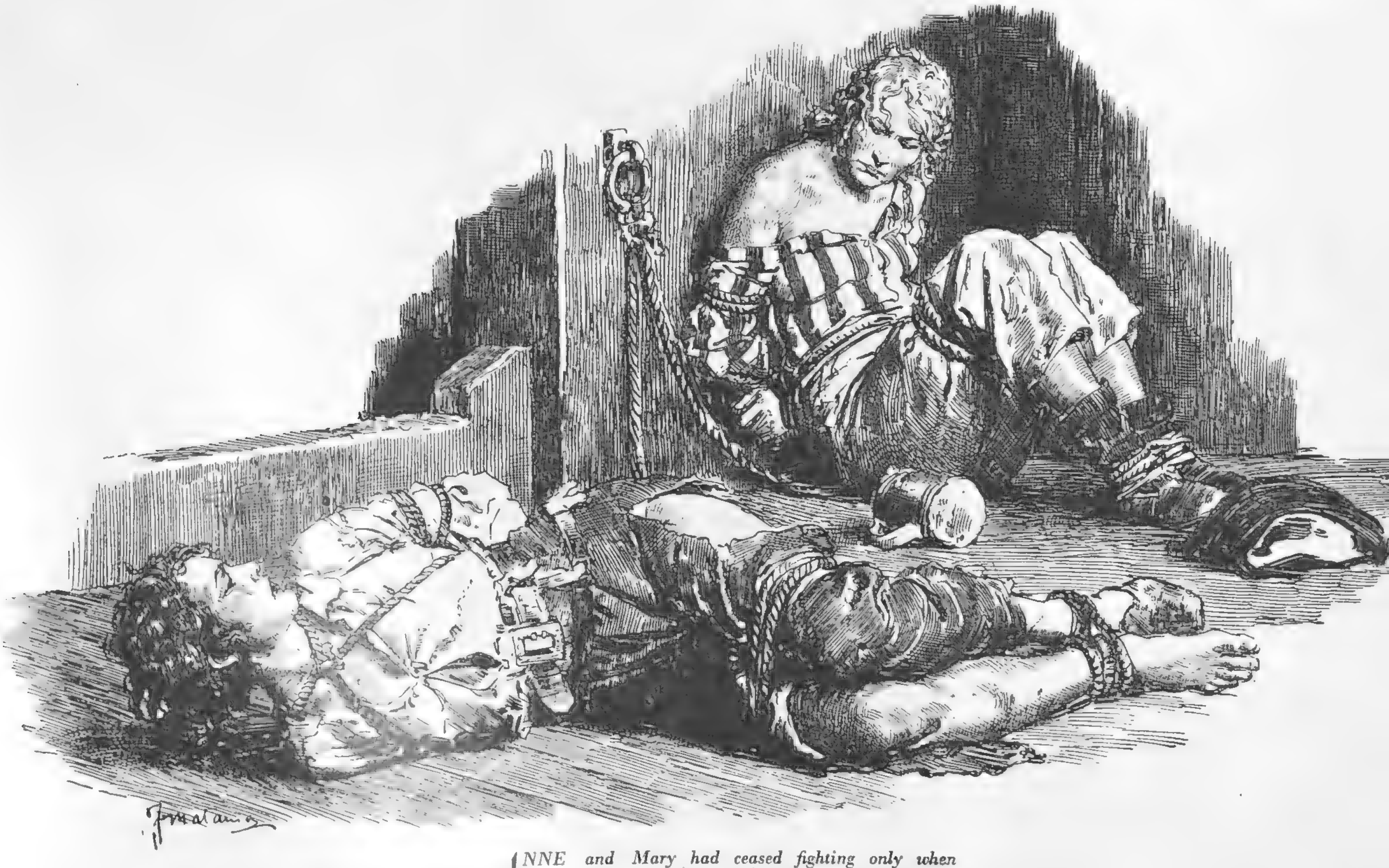
And here the gloomy proceedings of human justice quietly close the pages of the lives of those daredevils of the sea.

Mary Read was condemned to death, but reprieved. Anne, by describing herself as an expectant mother obtained a provisional release. Subsequent events proved that this was only a pretext. All the others were condemned to the gallows.

NOW comes one last episode which more than anything describes Anne's striking superiority. She was allowed a last interview with Rackham to say farewell, and instead of the heartbreaking separation that one would expect with tears of tenderness and sorrow, she said to him: "I am sorry to see you here, but if you had fought like a man you need not have been hanged like a dog."

With these last words Anne Bonney's life story ends, for she fades away into oblivion and no one knows where or when she died.

A thousand pities that the wonderful courage of this amazing woman had to express itself in crime and pillage, for otherwise she could very well have represented the most perfect re-incarnation of a Greek Amazon of the old legend.



ANNE and Mary had ceased fighting only when they where caught and secured with ropes and chains

The Gardener Looks

Gardeners' Calendar

July Take cuttings of spring-flowering shrubs and strike them in very sandy soil in a cold frame in part shade.

Sow seeds of anchusa, pansies and gallardias for next year's flowering. Plant colchicums in any rough banks, waste patches of grass, etc., for autumn-flowering. Sow double wallflowers for flowering under glass in winter. Easy to grow and very decorative.

Keep the hoe going both in the flower and kitchen garden. No plants can do well in soil that is allowed to get caked and hard. The surface soil must be stirred continually.

August Plant Madonna lilies, winter aconites, snowdrops and crocuses.

Take cuttings of evergreens such as lavender, rosemary, etc. They strike easily in sandy soil in part shade.

Plant daffodils, hyacinths, freesias in bowls for flowering indoors in early spring.

Plant mignonette seed in pots for flowering in the cold greenhouse in winter.

Weed every day. If weeds are allowed to seed at this season they will appear in overwhelming numbers next year.

September Plant June-flowering irises and lift and divide old clumps of these flowers. They should be lifted and divided every three years. Throw away the centres of the plants for they are old and useless.

Plant violets in frames for flowering during the winter. See that the frame is perfectly clean.

Sow annuals early in the month for flowering in early summer next year.

Sow bare patches in the lawn with grass seed.

Take cuttings of nepeta mussini, violas and penstemons. Strike in a cold frame, keeping the frame closed till they have rooted. This usually takes a month.

By Eleanour

Your garden should now be gay with flowers, if you followed the advice in the first two articles of this series and planted the roses, annuals, etc.

Be sure to pick off every bloom as it fades, for this prolongs the flowering period of nearly every plant, often by as much as two months.

When you water give enough to reach the furthest and most important roots. Mere surface driblets do more harm than good. Always water early morning or late afternoon, never when the sun is at its hottest.

Spend every spare moment hoeing. Few jobs are so important and few need to be done so frequently. It would take a whole article merely to enumerate all that hoeing does for plants, and it can never be overdone.

Keep the surface soil in a good, loose condition and you will be repaid a thousandfold.

People who are not gardeners often imagine that in summer there is little to do in a garden beyond enjoying it. Not at all. Gardeners have to think at least three to six months and more often a year ahead.

Are there dull spaces in your garden where you would like colour as soon as possible? Then put in colchicums. These amazing bulbs flower *within three months of being planted.* Get Ruby Queen, for this is the showiest of the colchicums and the flowers are a rich ruby red. You need not plant any of the colchicums in prepared beds for they flourish in grass and look delightful on rough banks.

Plant in full sun and put the tips of the bulbs an inch below the surface soil. Though the flowers appear in autumn, the leaves are only produced in spring. Most of the colchicums have large, rather floppy leaves, so it is best not to plant them where they will take up too much space in spring.

A glorious border of Mrs. Sinkins

The most accommodating of the tribe is *C. Byzantinum.* You may put the bulbs of this in a bowl *without either water or soil,* and each bulb will produce about fifteen lilac coloured flowers in succession. They must be kept in full sun, and the bowl should be large, for the bulbs are about four inches long.

Try a few in a bowl of sand, and I can assure you that you will never fail to grow them again. Give them no water until they have finished flowering, and then plant them out of doors in any sunny part and they will continue to be a joy for years.

Are you fond of carnations? Then why not have plenty in your garden next season? You can get up a big stock cheaply now. They are easy to grow, provided you give them the few essential conditions—well-drained soil, lime preferably in the form of mortar rubble and a good position in the full sun.

The Third Three Months Ahead in Your Garden

Sinclair Rohde

If you can plant them by a dry wall (*see* GLOSSARY) where they can flop over they will flower amazingly well, for they far prefer such a spot to a bed in a more exposed position.

Now is the time to take cuttings of carnations or to layer them. Take cuttings of stems that have not flowered, slit open the ends and put in a tiny pebble to keep it open.

Put the cuttings about half-way up their length in a cold frame in very sandy soil. Give a good watering through a rose; close the frame and keep it closed for a month or until the cuttings have rooted.

Only open the frame once a day for a few minutes. To layer, slit the stems only half through so as not to cut them from the parent plant completely. Press down the layers in sandy soil and they will root splendidly without trouble.

What about the bleak winter months? You will want snowdrops, winter aconites and crocuses. Plant them in early August. Most snowdrops like a moist, cool soil and the shelter of deciduous trees, but there is one species that likes the very opposite and that is the one to choose if you want snowdrops in your rock garden.

Galanthus Elwesii likes a place in full sun and rather dry soil and revels in a rock garden. It is one of the handsomest of all the tribe.

Unless you want the trouble of cottoning in spring plant the mauve and white crocuses and not the yellow ones. For birds, for some unknown reason, attack only yellow crocuses. Plant crocuses fairly thickly about two inches deep, and mark the place, otherwise they may be disturbed when the autumn digging is done. They do well in lawns and are safer there than in a bed.

Aconites also look well in grass but it has to be fine turf, otherwise they are apt to rot. Plant them in colonies an inch deep.

And do not forget daffodils. One of the very handsomest is King Alfred, and Sir Watkin is another reliable old favourite. Daffodils always look best in grass and spread like weeds. Plant them in clumps of not less then ten in a clump.

If you have no grass it is quite a good plan to put them round perennials such as delphiniums and lupins, for these plants will not be more than a foot or so high when the daffodils are out and their foliage shows off the golden trumpets. The species that increases faster than any other is pheasant's eye narcissus. Its scent is delicious and it associates so well with tulips.

Gardeners' Glossary

Dry wall. A raised piece of ground supported by stones with no mortar between them. All plants that like a dry position revel in a position on the top of a dry wall.

Layers. Cuttings of plants that are not completely severed from the parent plants, until they have rooted.

Cottoning. Running strands of cotton over plants to prevent the birds attacking them.

Strawberry crowns. The centres of the plants.

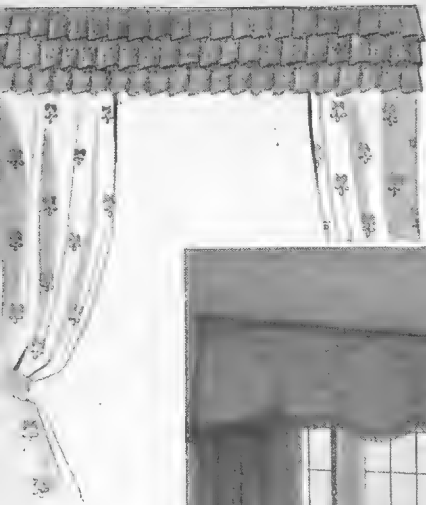
Cuttings with heels. These are taken from the old stems in such a way that part of the old stem is taken with the young growth.

Cold frame. A small frame for propagating plants in the open and with no artificial heat.

Delphiniums make a grand background of blue

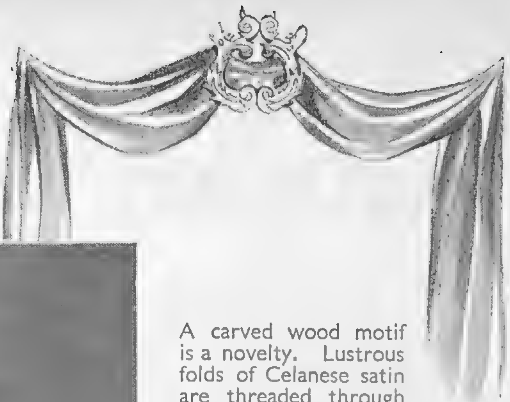
Remember strawberries for next year. Take the rooted runners and plant them out eighteen inches apart for next year's fruiting. Plants that fruit well should be marked and runners taken from these. *Plants that produce many runners usually produce little fruit.* Take only the first runners and plant them so that their crowns are not quite buried.

You can increase your stock of rambler and other easy roses by taking cuttings now. Take sturdy growths made this season and preferably with a heel. Put them half-way down their length in sandy soil in a cold frame and after watering well keep the frame closed till the cuttings have rooted. Open the frame once a day. Only give water when the surface soil is really dry.

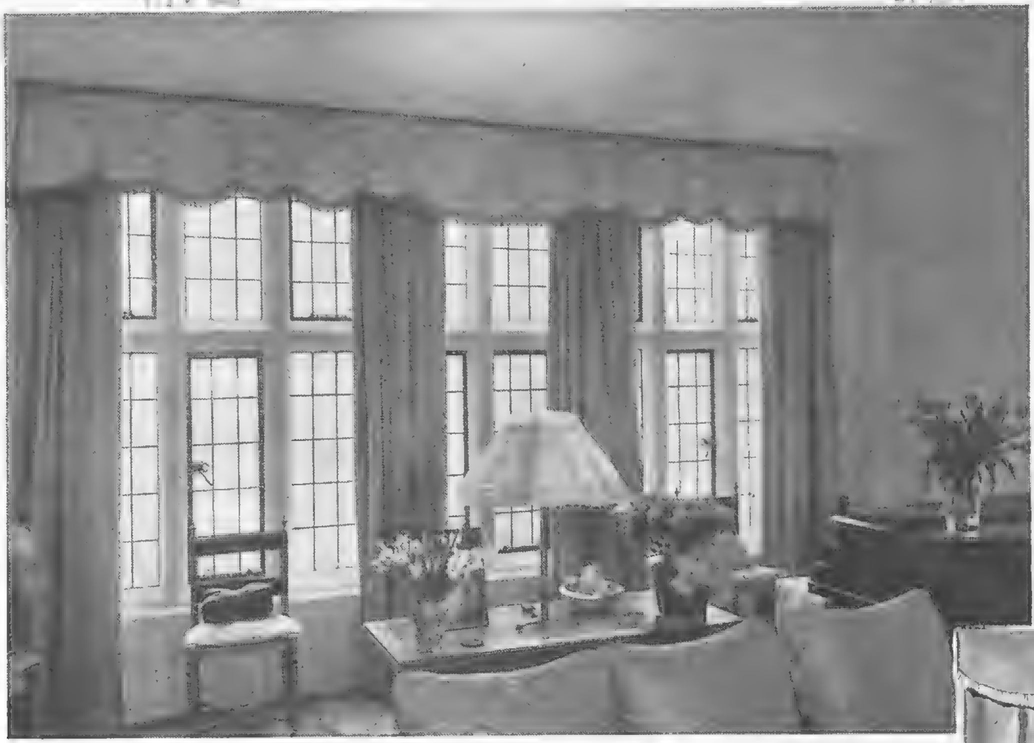


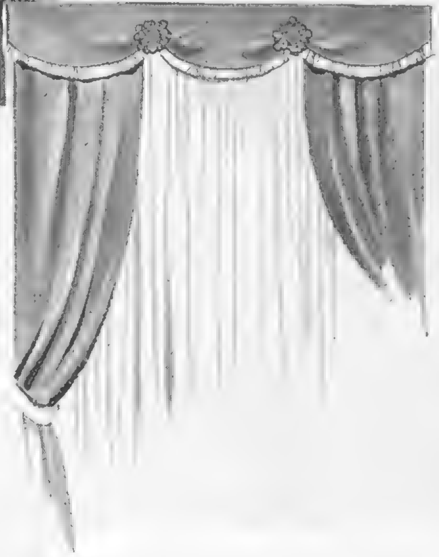
Left : Three rows of pleated silk sewn on to a canvas form this easy-to-make pelmet for chintz curtains

Below : Straight hanging folds of soft green silk have a pelmet of cream brocade with a green ground. The scalloped edges are finished with green fringe



A carved wood motif is a novelty. Lustrous folds of Celanese satin are threaded through this centre-piece and draped up at the corners





Simple but charming for a french window. A straight pelmet of yellow taffeta to match the curtains has a narrow pleated frill and is caught up with small garlands of pink, blue and green flowers

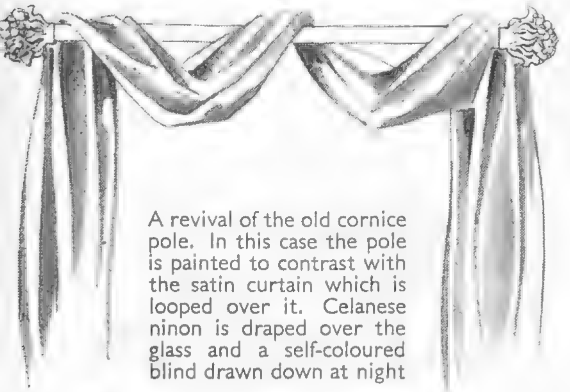
PELMET POSSIBILITIES

The simplest curtain treatment can be made exciting by the addition of an interesting pelmet. There are many ways of arranging them, some purely decorative, others that are planned to emphasise or conceal some particular feature of the window.

A long, narrow window can be made to seem wider by carrying the pelmet out beyond the frames. Two windows, side by side, can be unified by using floor-length curtains at either side and carrying the pelmet right across the two.

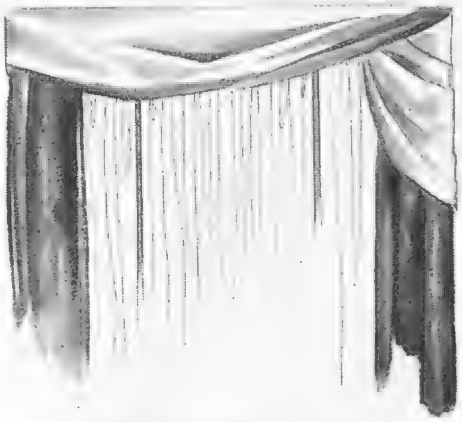
Draped pelmets are much favoured now that sheer furnishing ninons and lustrous satins can be bought so cheaply. Two uses of the draped pelmet are shown in our illustrations. Both simple to arrange and quite practical for a bedroom for all their glamorous appearance.

For the more elaborate window treatments pelmets are being made of mirror glass, of carved wood and, as in the case of one lovely window, of wrought iron. Lustrous folds of Celanese ninon were used to drape the window itself and the delicate tracery of the wrought-iron pelmet above gave a most effective finish.



A revival of the old cornice pole. In this case the pole is painted to contrast with the satin curtain which is looped over it. Celanese ninon is draped over the glass and a self-coloured blind drawn down at night

But there are many simple pelmet designs that might well be made at home. With plain silk or even linen curtains a chintz pelmet scalloped at the edges is delightful, particularly when the chintz matches a chair cover or a bedspread.



A white satin pelmet draped and hanging in folds on one side only is used over curtains of lily green satin

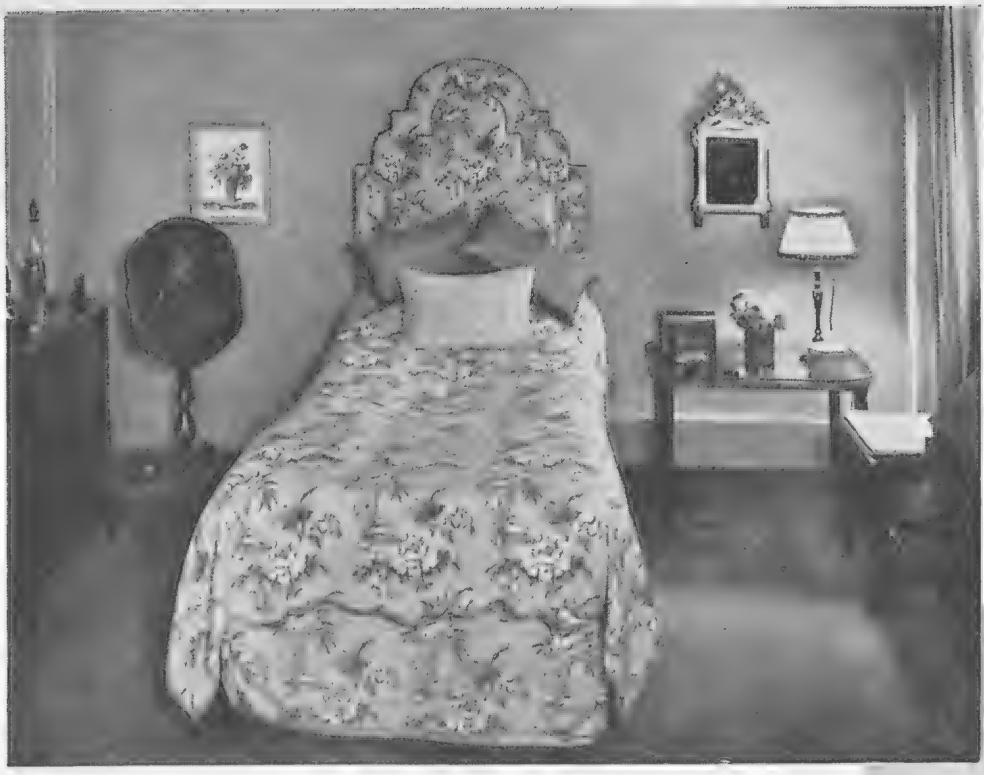
Pleated pelmets, too, are charming and easy to make. In the case of the one sketched, three rows of knife-pleated taffeta, overlapping, were attached to a canvas back. This arrangement is specially effective over curtains of, say, one of the colourful Rosebank chintzes of which there are so many designs which lend themselves to this type of curtain treatment.

Another easy-to-make pelmet is of plain chintz or taffeta with ruffled edges in knife pleating, sewn on to give the effect of deep scallops in a contrasting colour. For instance, the curtains are soft blue and the pleating cyclamen.

Shirring looks glamorous but, in fact, is quite simple to carry out on a pelmet. A straight length of material is cut, twice the length of the pelmet board and gathered to the correct size with narrow rows of gauging. The pelmet should be fairly deep in this case and looks best at a fairly large window

Rows of fringe can be sewn on to a canvas background to make an effective pelmet and wide braid can be used in a dozen ways for the same purpose.

Elaborate pelmets are not strictly suitable to the modern casement window which is too small to carry such weight. In these cases curtains carried to the floor give more importance to the window and allow rather more room for experimentation with the pelmet. But even the smallest house has a french window and here, if you like pelmets, you may let your inventive genius run wild.



BEDS ARE BEAUTIFUL AGAIN

When four-posters and bed curtains went out a lot of glamour went out of the bedroom, too. Brass and iron bedsteads, even the more recent wooden ones, were dull in comparison. Drapes may have been unhealthy but they were often beautiful.

The bed as a decorative feature of the home has been many years in the doldrums, but things are looking up. Beds are beautiful again.

In the interval we have learnt a lot about comfort and health. This knowledge is inherent in the measures we now take to make the bed a thing of beauty. Perfect mattresses ensure sound sleep, and healthy relaxation. Moreover they give to the appearance of the bed that slick "tailored" outline which is so much better than the deflated balloon effect common to the earlier variety.

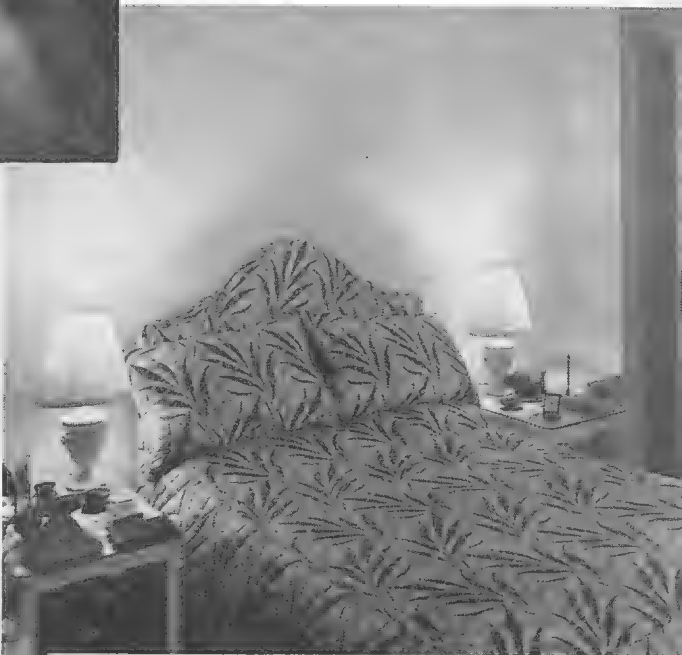
Upholstered bedheads are popular enough now to have become almost a uniform. This extremely decorative treatment can be either practical or not depending upon the material chosen for the upholstery. Lustrous, pastel colour satins obviously cannot be looked to for hard wear but a flowered cretonne or chintz is another matter.

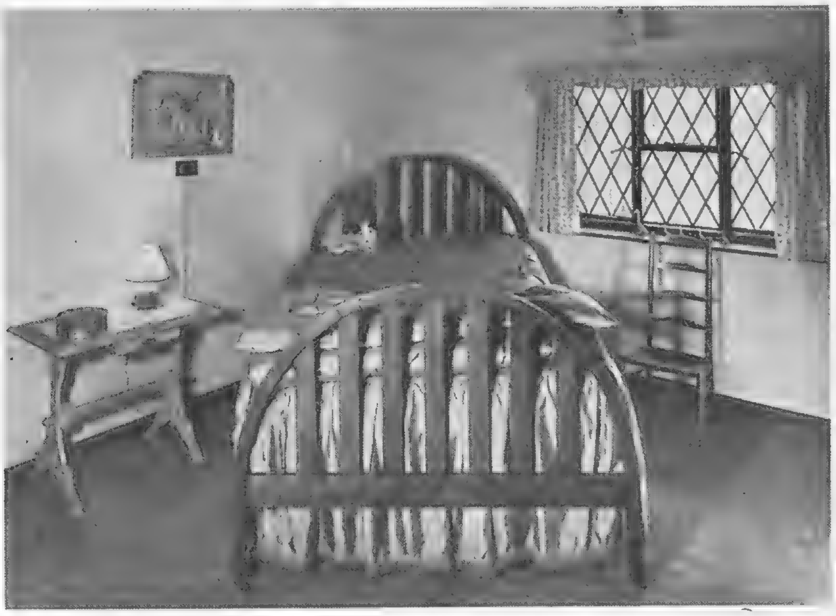
A charming and quite practical colour scheme on these lines can be arranged with a quilted bedhead of warm brown percale (plain chintz) and a tailored bedcover of coral pink.

(*Continued on page* 82)

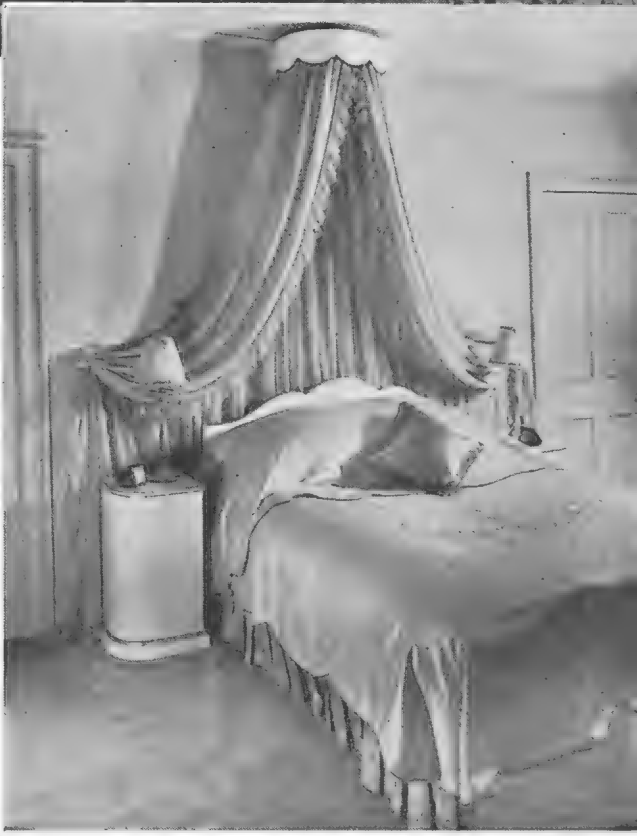
Left:
The groundwork of this chintz bedcovering matches the lily green of the painted walls, the floral design is in soft shaded pink, green and yellow

Below:
Upholstered bedheads matched with the spread have become almost a uniform for the modern bedroom. The chintz used for this bed has a white ground with leaves green and brown





This charmingly simple bed for a child is fitted with a Vi-Spring mattress of which the uniform softness and resiliency ensures comfortable and healthy sleep



Sheer glamour is in this gracefully draped bed but it is quite practical since the Celanese ninon drapes are washable

BE DIFFERENT

Taking the typical middle-class home as a pattern, it is easy to see why we are known as the "staid British."

Our genius for home-making cannot be denied, but when awards for artistic achievement in home-making are made, we are deservedly among the rabbits.

Blame it on British reserve, on the obsession for inconspicuousness which makes us such an enigma to foreigners. Blame it on anything, but don't deny it. British homes are dull.

Yet it is not that we lack imagination so much as that we are shy of expressing ourselves. Something in us shrinks from the unusual. We seek obscurity in uniformity.

Look around your own home. What does it tell you? Does it have a real character of its own? Is it a place people remember? Does it catch your attention with its charm, even you who live with it, or is it one of those homes that endears itself to you merely because it is your own?

Have you dared to be different, to break away from hackneyed tradition and to express your personality, in your home? Have you kept the homeliness of it, the intimacy and yet made it a place that you can be proud to display to others?

It isn't difficult. It does not, as people sometimes suppose, require genius or unlimited means to give that quality to a home which distinguishes it. Sets it apart. There is no need to sacrifice a morsel of comfort or of homeliness to include interest, originality in its make-up.

Colour will do it. Far too many homes are starved of it, and far too many afraid to use it as a tonic.

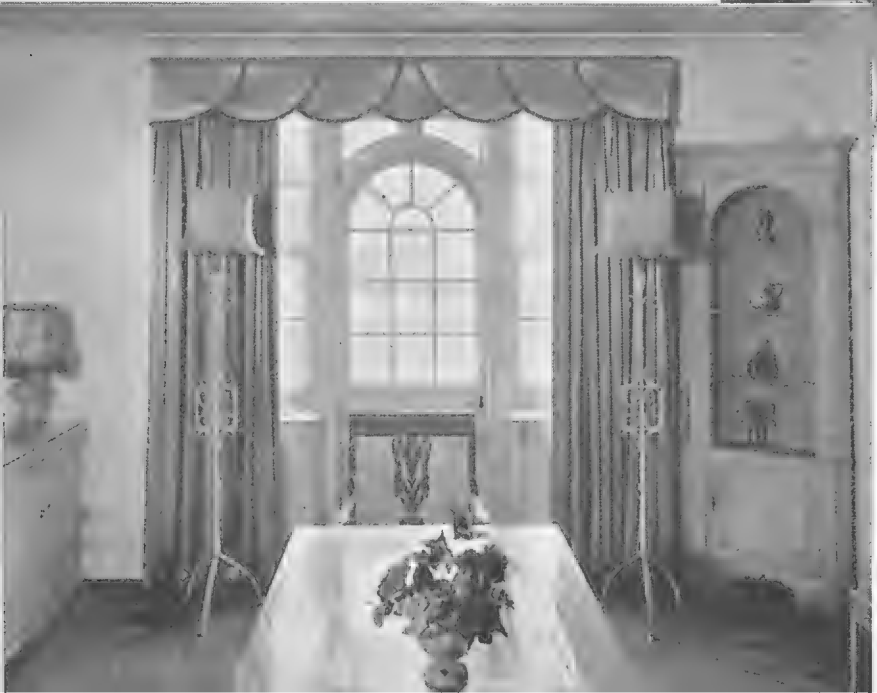
We stick to hackneyed combinations and drab hues as if brighter ones were a crime. We choose gravy-colour paintwork under the impression that it is "safe" and saves work, whereas it is merely drab and requires just as much polishing if it is to be kept lustrous. No variation, no daring.

Yet imagine the interest that original flowery colour schemes can make to a house. Think how exteriors gain vivacity from stimulating colour schemes. Why shun originality?

Habit makes cowards of us. We are so used to the idea that the four walls of a room should be of one colour that we throw up our hands at the suggestion that one of them should be different. Why? The idea is an excellent one and can be charming in certain cases.

For instance, take the ordinary recess. Most rooms have them. They are difficult to handle, obscure and sometimes dark. A waste of precious space in small rooms.

So you give the recess a tonic. Paper it differently from the rest of the room. Suppose the room has plain or mottled cream walls, treat the recess with a cream paper



A simple but highly individual treatment for a small dining-room. Ice-blue walls, roch-blue satin curtains with a pelmet edged with green. Ivory wrought-iron standard lamps, staccato notes of green and blue in exquisitely chosen ornaments.
Designed by Mrs. Stuart Covell

By Winifred Lewis

A brick fireplace in a new manner. Warm pink bricks are framed with macassar ebony, a dramatic contrast to the sheer white walls. This arrangement is for an electric log fire

(*Left*) Character is impressed upon this narrow entrance hall with rich colour effects and lovely grouping. The stair treads and balustrade are stripped and tomato-red stair carpet is used. The hall floor is of composition stone in a warm ivory. Brilliant flower prints are hung upon the cream walls

(*Below*) A deep recess has been adapted for a bed in this small flat. The walls here are painted a lighter shade of the same colour as the main apartment and the divan bed has a perfectly-tailored day covering of chintz of which the background exactly matches the walls. Ninon curtains are draped at the shaped arch

scattered with blue, pink and magenta flowers. Stand a shapely piece of furniture against this background or use a very striking lamp and an original flower arrangement if it is very small. See what's happened to your dull recess now?

Another instance in which this method can be used with practical effect is in the case of a long narrow room.

To bring one end of the room towards you, thus minimising the narrowness, one end wall should be papered differently.

The charm of this effect naturally depends upon the care with which the plain wall and the papered one are matched or contrasted. A casual bringing together of two colours in this way would, of course, be ridiculous.

Still one more use for the "odd" wall is in the room where a large window commands a lovely garden or a distant view. By colouring the wall around the window somewhat lighter than the rest and having curtains exactly to match the effect is of removing the intervening wall and bringing the view right into the room.

Try things like this in your home. Use a panel of colour, different from the walls, behind a shapely piece of furniture. Give it a frame.

The next time you decorate the hall, take a chance and choose something quite original.

Paint the stair treads blue, and use a blue and white check matting staircarpet. Have the balustrade stripped and waxed if it happens to be oak, and do the same with the stair treads. Use a warm red carpet against this striking background.

Try fresh colour combinations in other rooms. Delphinium-blue walls for a bedroom with yellow silk curtains fringed with blue, a deep delphinium-blue carpet. Peach-coloured walls for a lounge with brown chintz curtains patterned with cream. Oatmeal tweed covers, a deep coral-pink carpet.

When you buy furniture, just forget that there are such things as matched suites. Choose every item merely for its individual charm.

When you buy fabrics, don't be content with something you have had ten times before because you know it is serviceable and sensible. The serviceability of drab things is entirely a myth and good sense is best served by those things which combine the virtues of practicability and beauty.

The rich, glamorous seeming fabrics that makers offer for home decoration to-day are, more often than not, extremely practical and far cheaper than their glamorous appearance implies. Flimsy ninons, delicate curtain muslins, lustrous furnishing satins and delicate chintzes are washable. They have the power to impart beauty to the simplest surroundings and in many cases they bear comparisons with the homeliest fabrics for durability.

Something different for the table. A fish service in coloured china. The community plate cutlery is in a striking modern design

Something of the homeliness of a cottage interior is combined with the grace of a sophisticated drawing-room in this delightful scheme. Cream walls make a background for stripped pine doors and woodwork. The hand-made rug is in tones of beige, cream and brown. Designed by Mrs. Stuart Covell

SUMMER TROUBLES

Hayfever reaches its height when long grasses flower in the meadows, and those who are prone to it should not walk through fields until the hay is stacked.

Inhalations of Karsote bring relief, likewise spraying the nostrils with Endrine.

There are two kinds of hayfever. One can be cured by a course of injections in February. A blood test now, while the hayfever is on you, will reveal which is yours.

Colds and Chills. A summer cold should not be suppressed. It cannot be whiskied off or drugged under, it must be washed away by hot lemon drinks, or preferably by sipping one quart of cold water in a day, eating very little. Kruschen Salts first thing in the morning will also help. The juice of six oranges and scarcely any meat on the second day, should complete the cure.

For chills, take a liquorice aperient, go to bed, drink weak tea and keep off solid foods until shivers and discomfort have passed. Summer colds are treacherous. Treat fevers likewise.

Colics are frequent during heat-waves. Cut out food. Drink quantities of barley water containing the juice of a lemon to every quart.

Lemon juice purifies the digestive track, and is twice as effective if the fruit is first baked in the oven or under the grill for ten minutes.

If colic persists after a day on barley water—especially in the case of children—take castor oil. This will clear any fruit pips that may have become lodged in the stomach. Continue on barley water until colic has ceased for twelve hours. If a restorative is needed owing to exhaustion, beat the whites of two new-laid eggs to a stiff foam, mix in first a dessertspoonful of cream, and then the juice of half a lemon. Eat with thin butterless brown bread.

Milky foods are recommended during colics; rice puddings are good, but it is not wise to drink much milk during the period mid-July to end of September.

If the colic increases in severity after instituting treatment, do not hesitate to send for a doctor, as it may portend a serious complaint.

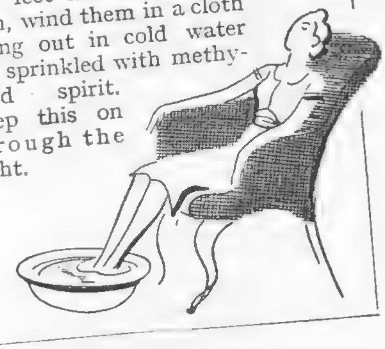
Sties have a habit of appearing in warm weather. They are greatly irritated by dust, and it is wisest to wear a shade over the eye affected.

Bathe the sty copiously every two hours with warm water and freshly-dissolved boracic powder—one dessert-spoon to a pint of boiling water—soak cotton-wool in this and press it on the sty, a fresh pull each time. Consult a chemist in case Mercury Ointment is good for your sty, and in any case take tablets of Stanoxyl, up to nine a day, they deal death to the germ in the blood.

Eat as many raw carrots, tomatoes, lettuce, finely-chopped onions and parsley mixed, as possible. Avoid salted foods.

Swollen Ankles. A foot-bath of either a pint of vinegar to two quarts water, or four ounces of Epsom-salt, will bring relief.

If feet are swollen and burn, wind them in a cloth wrung out in cold water and sprinkled with methylated spirit. Keep this on through the night.



Collapse from Heat. Sit patient near an open window in a darkened room, and bend body over until the head is between the knees. Clothing should be loose and of the scantiest. Bathe temples with eau-de-Cologne, and give hot tea to drink, no alcohol and nothing iced.

Orange juice, brown bread and honey, and only a little of this, is the best food on reviving.

Stings. Mosquito and midge bites can be avoided by dabbing a few drops of citronella oil behind the ears, over the wrists and ankles. Better still, mix two ounces eucalyptus oil, four drops carbolic acid and two ounces citronella oil, shake well together and put in a spray bottle. Use, and you can walk or sit in the garden unmolested at twilight.

Pile bicarbonate of soda over any insect sting, except a bee's. The bee is the only insect which leaves its sting inside you, and this has to be pulled out. Take the tweezers and exercise great care not to break it while removing. Then rub the spot with ammonia, sweet oil, or an onion.

Rashes are due to heat, nerves, or fruit. In every case take a tablespoon of Eno's Fruit Salts before breakfast. Banish stimulants, drink barley water without lemon juice and keep off fruit.

Calomine is a thick soothing lotion to spread over an itchy rash.

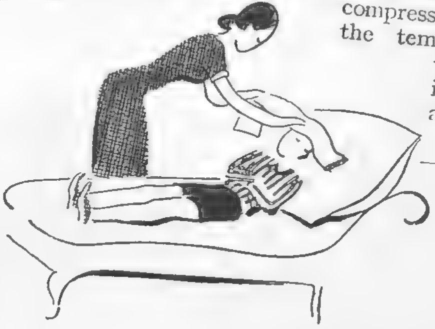
Cucumber juice or even the freshly-cut rind of cucumber is also most cooling, while a salt-water rash, such as many people get after bathing, should be treated with Pond's Extract.

There are two splendid medicated talc powders: one for rashes caused by perspiration, and the other for nervous outbreaks.

Thyme baths allay skin irritation; birch leaves cure eczema.

Sunstroke. Lie the patient prone, loosen clothing, raise the head and wrap it in towels wrung out in cold water. Place cold compresses between the shoulders. Have the room darkened. Throw a light blanket over the body and set a hot water bottle near the feet.

Wipe mouth and gums with cold water. Give no stimulants. Keep renewing the cold compresses, especially about the temples. As after-treatment quiet is essential, a fast and rest.



THE WOMAN OF FORTY

Lynn Fontanne, playing with husband Alfred Lunt in "Amphitryon 38" at the Lyric Theatre, is well over forty, looks thirty, enchantingly combines the grace of youth with the poise of middle-age

No clever woman at forty looks more than thirty-five; some at fifty look no more than thirty-seven; while certain experts at fifty-five pass as forty-two. So far as appearance goes, the woman of forty does not *exist* among those who know how to vitalise their skin, muscles and hair.

There is a vitality treatment for all three which extends the years of fascination indefinitely, providing your skin is emptied of accumulated acids and poisons. That is the secret.

To take your face first—as deposits collect and affect the skin here quicker than anywhere else, with poison rising to the surface in the light—your complexion has probably lost radiance, grown sallow, open-pored and coarsened, or else there are a number of small lumps and fine lines, all due to the clogging of the cells by seborrhea.

Seborrhea is a sediment which gathers under the skin and in the pores, due to the over-activity of the sebaceous glands. These glands in a normal way feed the skin, but at certain times—particularly after long sedentary periods—they *overfeed* it.

The cells then become distended and silt up, and are even unable to throw off perspiration. Pimples frequently result, and there is a general loss of colour, texture and transparency.

Little holes appear all over the skin. Sometimes women complain of their cheeks flushing as they pass from room to room or as they pass into the sun: a reaction to temperature, due to the presence of poison.

An adequate clearance can be effected by manipulation at a London salon by a masseuse who knows how to expel seborrhea from the pores, and has qualified with high medical degrees as a skin specialist.

Years of practice and study have enabled her to evolve certain anti-seborrheic lotions and balsams which, when worked into the skin, loosen deposits, even when these are lodged deep down in the tissues. It is only when the lowest of these have been stirred up and out that the tissues can knit together and the cells be re-toned, so that elasticity and smooth texture and radiance are regained.

But they are regained: pores close down, lines vanish, so do little pouches, and that general, lifeless, sagging look—in a word, the skin is vitalised.

As a rule, seven "emptying treatments" of two hours each will set a face right for a year. Some faces only require three such treatments, and at the end of each one, chin, cheeks and temples are re-contoured.

No one need suffer now from double chins; all clever women have them whisked away. But even whisking requires a watchful eye on contour, and muscles have to be self-wound and stimulated in such a way that they will not only pull up temporarily, they will *stay up*.

Hair-vitality comes next. In this case clogged pores are dealt with by means of a clearing oil, a herbal shampoo and an amazing brush. This brush has eight deep spaces between nine rows of long, sharp bristles—the finest bristles set in separate tufts—which almost encircle a round stick no thicker than a thumb.

There 's something about the circular swoop of this brush which positively whips languid follicles into furious activity: where one hair has been before, two will be next. Limpness will vanish, lustre and springiness return.

The head is first saturated and massaged with oil—special movements here, to free the scalp from the skull—then it is encased in Cellophane and baked. After this it is shampooed with the juice of five freshly-compounded herbs, which remove all trace of oil.

Next it is brushed with the miracle-brush, and this not only sends you out with freshly-growing hair but with fresh ideas, for it banishes mugginess and turns you light-headed.

These treatments require a visit to the salon. But for *dandruff* there is a pomade to be rubbed into the scalp at home.

There are also cleansing lotions to keep down seborrhea—these cannot do their work as well as when the pores have been cleared, but at least they are a palliative for those who cannot visit the salon.

For very dry skins the cleansing lotion is half-oil, most efficacious and soothing.

For normal skins there is an eau-de-nil camphorated lotion.

Greasy skins have a lotion that is always freshly compounded, because it only keeps a fortnight, as it contains ether, which evaporates, but bids farewell to grease.

There are tonics, lightning face-lifters which have only to be applied with cotton-wool in a mere wipe-over, to remove tiredness.

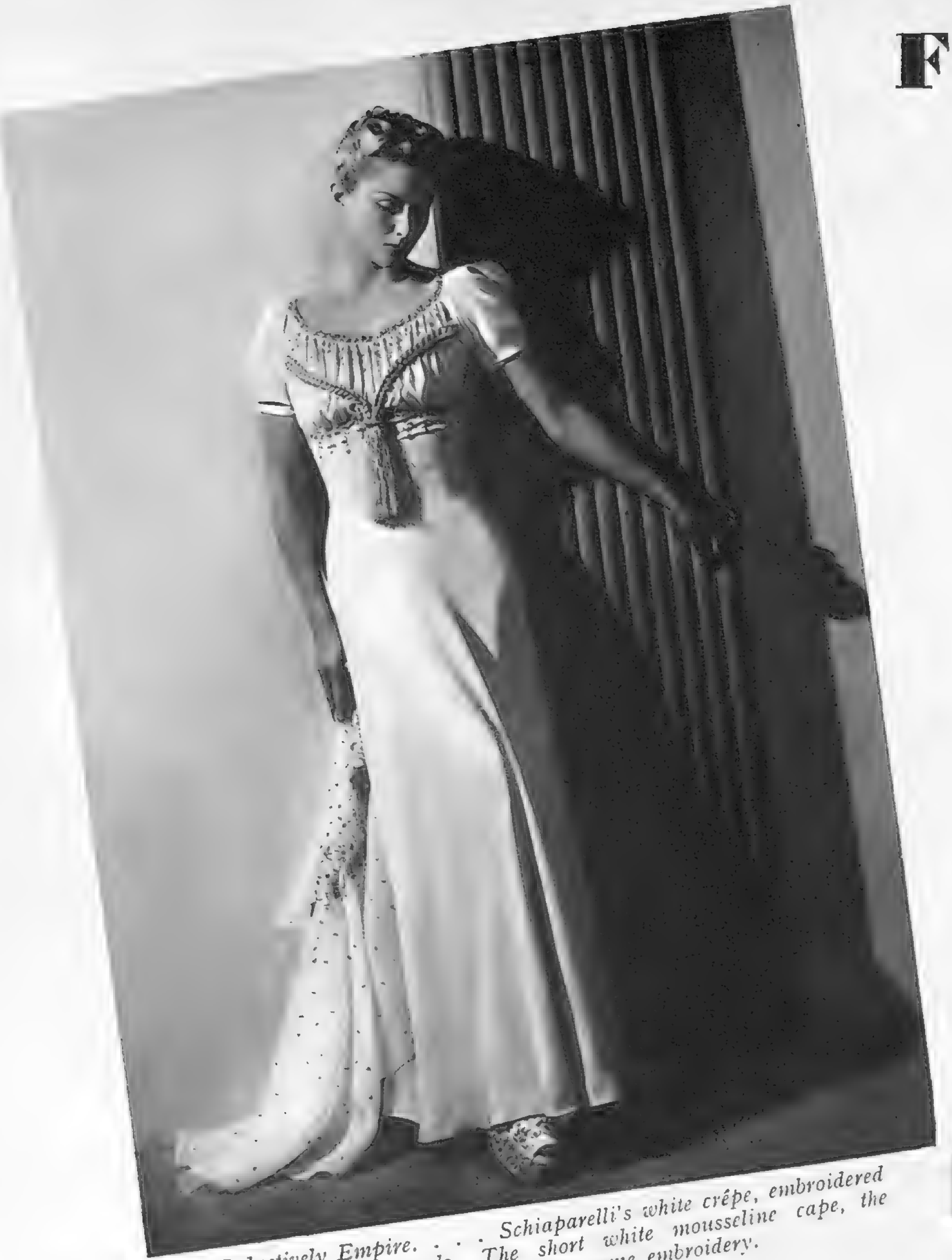
A blue peppermint one acts as a between-party pick-me-up for dry skins; a lime-green for greasy; while a balm that dissipates weather-wear and inflammation instantly is pale-gold. Expect fragrance from these preparations, but not scent: they are medical.

The skin-food is of herbs and camphor, and should be applied at bedtime after cleansing the face, and again after cleansing the face in the morning. There is a preparation to go over it and conduct it deep down into the pores and seal it there, to fortify the skin and provide (*Continued on page 82*)

By Chrysis

If you require further details or want help for your individual problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," 32/34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

FASHIONS



Seductively Empire. . . . Schiaparelli's white crêpe, embroidered with gold and jewels. The short white mousseline cape, the thick-soled crêpe sandals, carry the same embroidery.

EVENING. An Empire line, with the dress following the body voluptuously to the ground. A thrice interrupted body-line, high, full bust, fitted bodice, a garland round the hipbone, the skirt caught up at the knee front.

Full circular skirts with contrast bodices—white waffle piqué, for instance, with a black velvet bodice, a white moiré skirt with a royal lace fitting jacket-top.

Straight, low-cut figure-fitting gowns of plain and patterned crêpe with leaves outlining the décolletage, or round the waist. Black lace, straight to the knee, then full, over slipper satin sheaths made in wide bands of cyclamen, duck-egg, pale blue.

Peasant dresses with full blousey white muslin tops, full skirts, laced bodices.

Evening capes of embroidered mousseline, hip-length capes of green leaves, little waist-length jackets tying, through a ruched band, at the waist. High ballooning shoulders on longer, richly embroidered evening coats.

DAY. Skirts with pleats set low around the edge, all-over pleated skirts. High bust-lines with fullness across the front, shoulders slightly padded. Very full-skirted sheers in net, chiffon, shirred at the waist, and tied there by contrast velvet ribbons.

Brightly coloured flowered print dresses and matching jackets.

Black ottoman silk suits. Mixture of spots and stripes, as black with pink spots and stripes used in bands. Full gathered bodices caught into a tie at the high neck. Celanese jerseys which drape softly and pleat crisply.

HOLIDAY. Heady colour combines. Natural linen skirt with a wine blouse, a bright green cummerbund. White linen suit, turquoise blouse, pink buttons.

Tobacco linen slacks with brightly striped yoked shirt. Grey and white striped linen trousers with dotted wine surrah shirt. White linen culottes with brightly embroidered jacket-blouses.

Pink and white check bloomer-rompers, the bib and bolero in green and white.

Play-suits, shorts, culottes in white Celanese sharkskin.

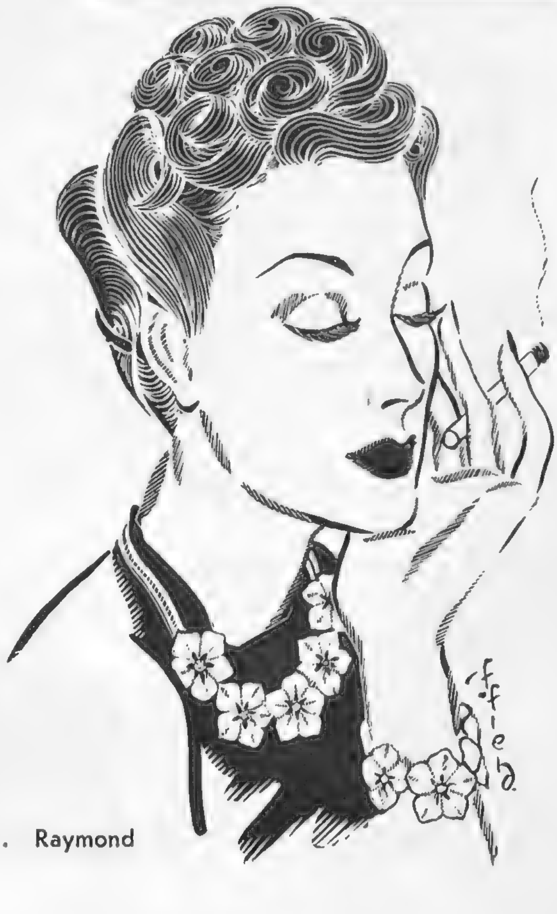
DETAILS. Caterpillar and gnat clips, necklaces. Glistening twig and enamelled leaf head-dresses. Ears-of-wheat fastenings on a maize-yellow suit.

Little evening scarves, gold sprinkled, to tie over the head, like old-time fascinators. A mammy scarf round the head, and over it a crownless flat straw hat.

Miniature hats, as worn on Carnival Nights, perched on the brow, tying at back with flowing ends.

Ostrich feathers worked to look like velvet for trimmings or pork-pie hats. Rainbow-shaded ostrich feather boas for evening.

Decorative hatpins to pin flat hats to high hair sets.



1. **Raymond**

By Jean Burnup
Editor Women's Department

THESE are the days for women with showable ears, with hair that grows prettily back of the neck, with hair that has been growing so long that there is enough to be brushed up, silken smooth, to the crown of the head.

There it tucks in, is pinned in, is kept in place by little combs, or mingles with the short front hair into a cluster of curls which have stopped being flat, like last season's, and are fat and rolly.

Coiffures are so elaborate that it is almost like a return to long hair.

1. The back hair is rolled up and across to one side, where a slide holds it beneath a large curl. On top is a "Chi Chi"—once we would have called it a transformation—a bunch of curls carefully matched to your own hair. A trouble-saving idea. *Raymond.*

The necklace is white kid flowers, with red centres, and a clasp of smaller flowers. 5s. Matching bracelet, 3s. 6d. *Rivoli.*

2. For women whose hair is not long enough for a brushed-up set, Emile runs a side-parting from temple to nape, and sweeps the hair to meet it with tapered curls. The high-brushed front curls and waves exuberantly. *Emile.*

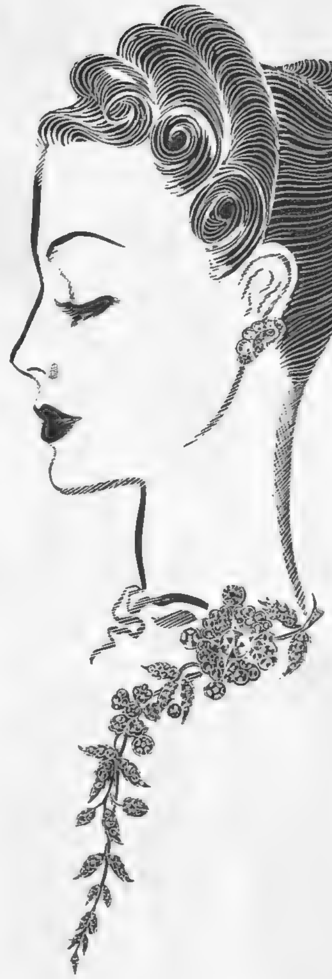
The necklace is a three-strand gold chain, for the dress front only. It clips at each side with white painted metal leaves. £1 11s. 6d. *Three Smart Girls.*

3. The hair curls forward from a diagonal ear-to-ear parting into three high rolls. The back is brushed up high, divided, and one side rolled and tucked neatly into the other. *Antoine.*

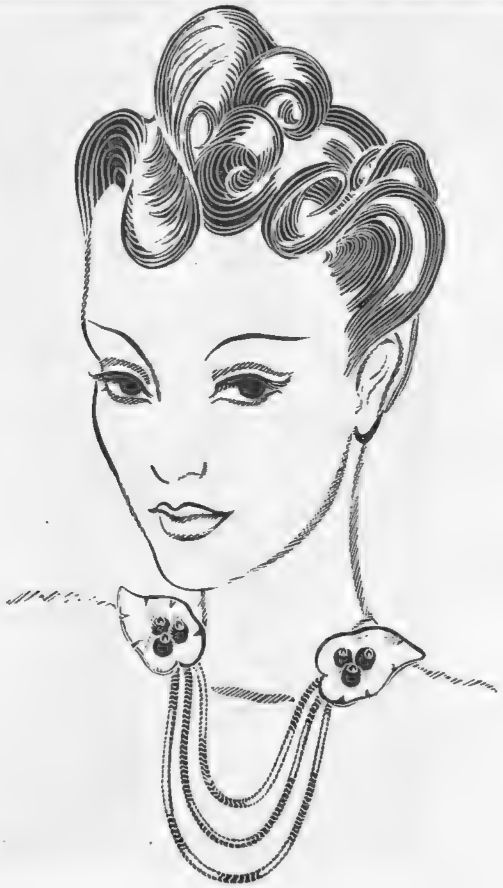
Scroll-shaped Ciro diamond earrings. £2 2s. Shoulder spray in Ciro diamonds, with rodium finished platinette setting, so jointed that it can be worn in various positions. These Ciro diamonds, like their world-famous cultured pearls, are indistinguishable from the real thing. £6 6s. *Ciro's.*

4. The front hair is brushed back, separated, then brought forward in large roll curls which squarely cover the crown. The back brushes up high to meet them; the sides are flattened. *Francis.*

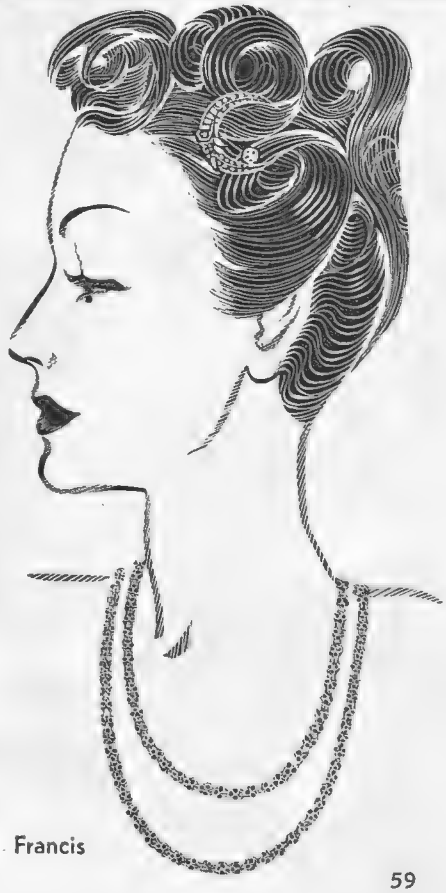
The crescented clip is Ciro diamonds. £2 2s. The double-row necklace of pointed Ciro diamonds has a rodium finished platinette setting. £4 4s. *Ciro's.*



3. Antoine

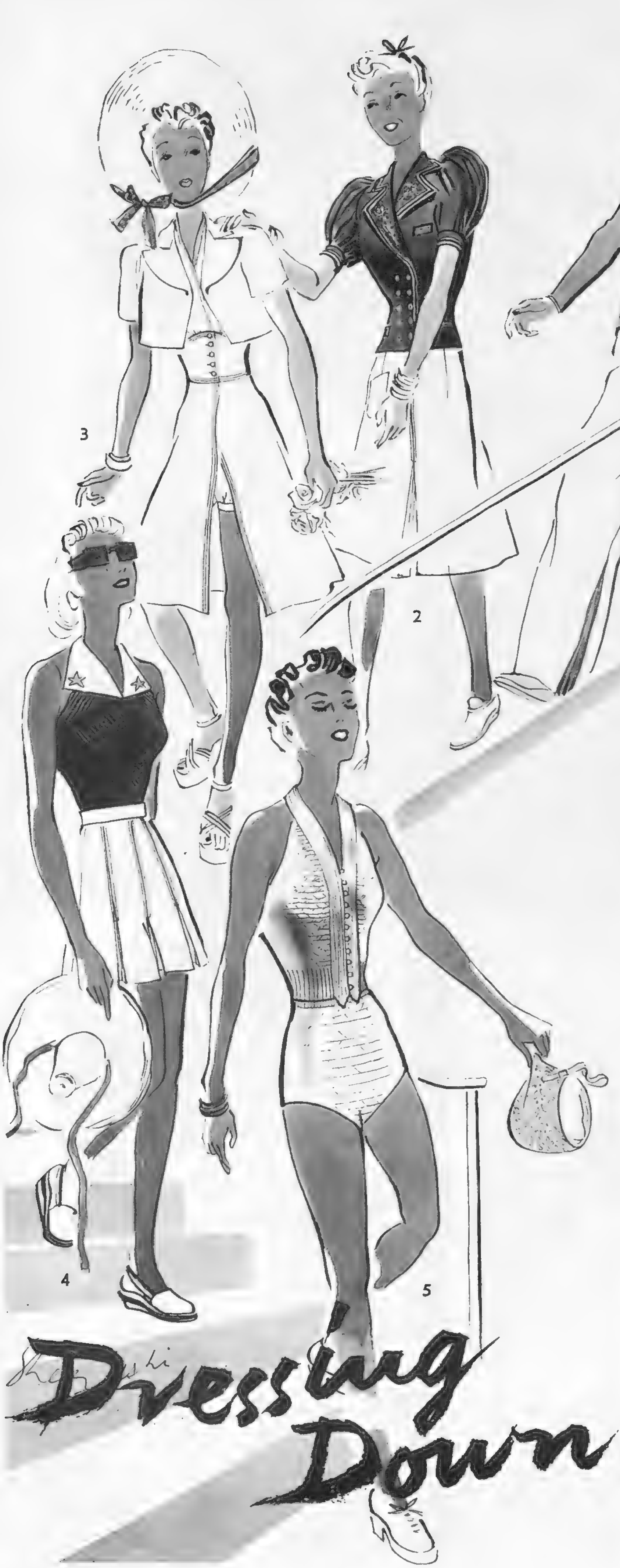


2. Emile



4. Francis

Dressing Down



1. A double-breasted scarlet blazer, hip-pocketed, beige piped, over beige slacks, with scarlet pleats inset at outside legs. *Burberry.*

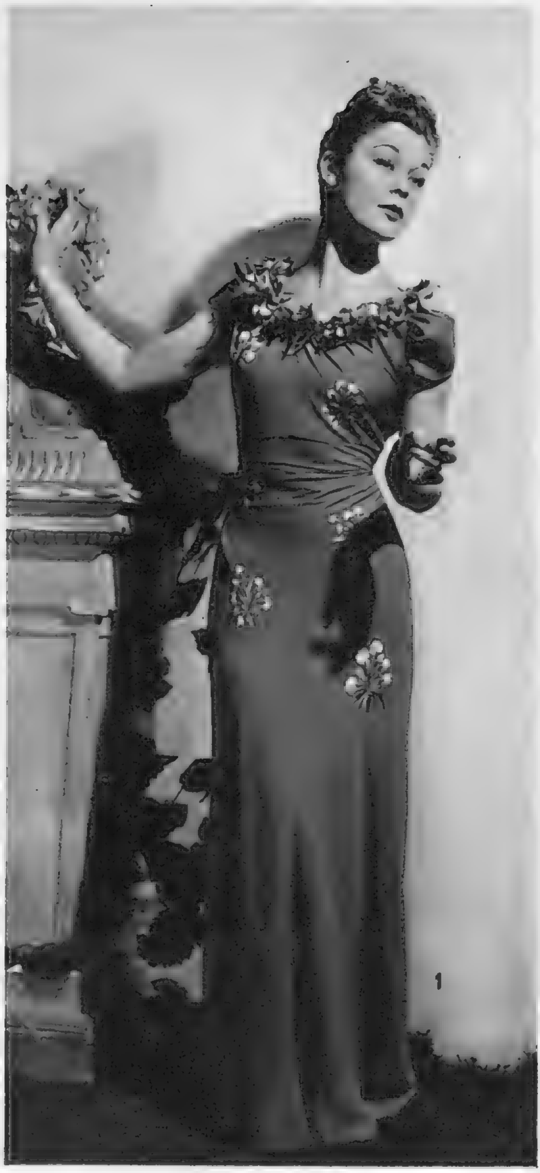
2. White linen tweed culotte skirt, and a bright navy linen jacket, edged with white and red braid, gold metal buttons, braid-edged pockets, lapels embroidered with edelweiss. Up the back there is a saucy braid-edged split, with buttons each side. *Lillywhites.*

3. Yellow linen knee-length play-suit, comprising bloomers, a sun-back halter-neck dress buttoning over at waist, a neat bolero. *Jaeger.*

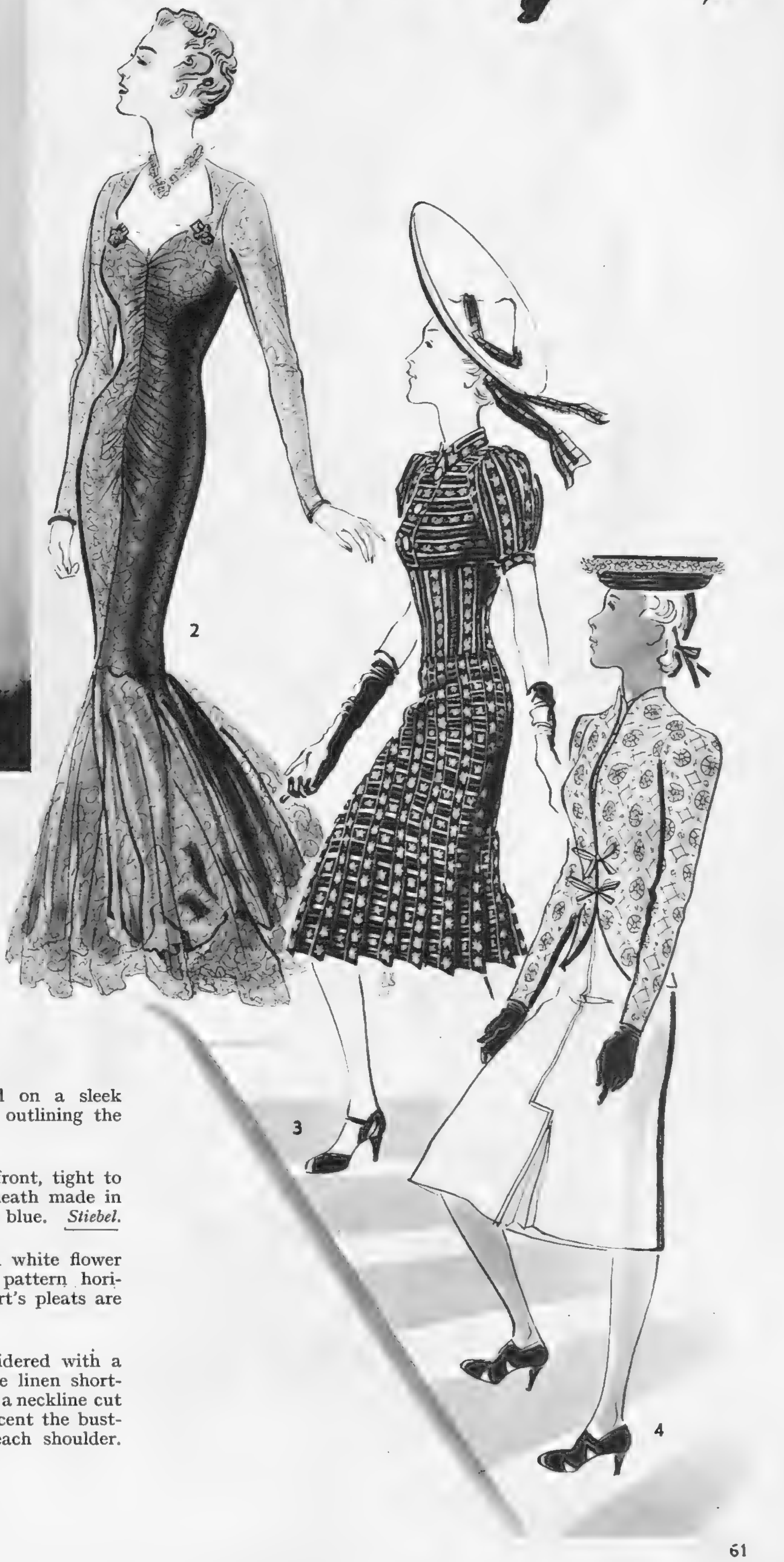
4. White linen shorts, with a raised check design, an inverted pleat front of each leg, side-zipping. Hand-knitted navy bouclé wool sun-top with a white wool halter collar, embroidered with two red stars. *Lillywhites.*

5. A new shape in swim-suits, flesh woollen shorts, a front-buttoning bare-back waistcoat top, both ribbing tightly into the waist. *Jaeger.*

Dressing Up



(Left)
The photograph is of Danielle Darrieux, French filmstar, in brief bathing bras and shorts.

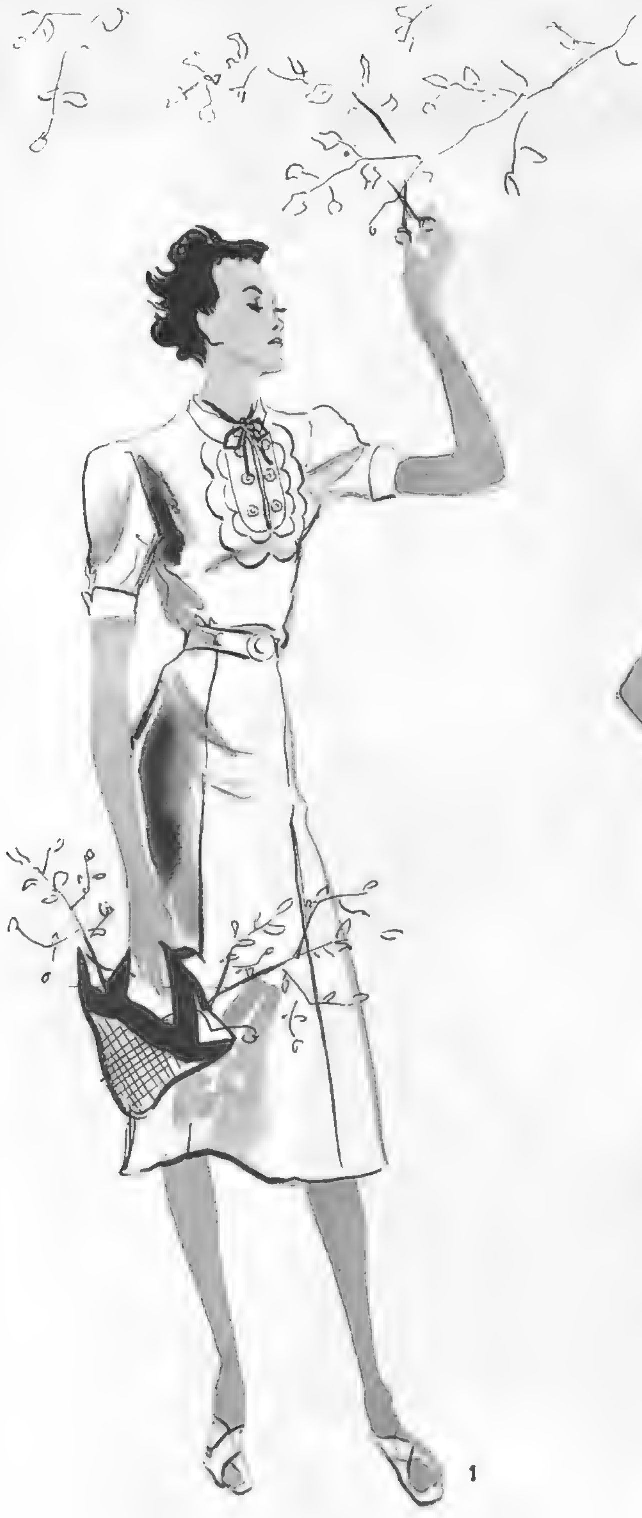


1. Tiny bouquets of flowers embroidered on a sleek lavender crêpe evening gown, green leaves outlining the décolletage. *Schiaparelli.*

2. Fine black lace, gently shirred up the front, tight to the knees then full, over a slipper satin sheath made in wide bands of pale cyclamen, duck egg, pale blue. *Stiebel.*

3. Navy crêpe, printed with a regimented white flower and line design. The bodice, taking the pattern horizontally, breaks high at the bust. The skirt's pleats are stitched to the knee. *Lachasse.*

4. Pale blue linen jacket, all over embroidered with a white lacy design. Beneath it a pale blue linen short-sleeved frock buttoning front of bodice, with a neckline cut like the jacket's. Little horizontal darts accent the bustline. White embroidery is appliquéd on each shoulder. *Barbara Blenn.*



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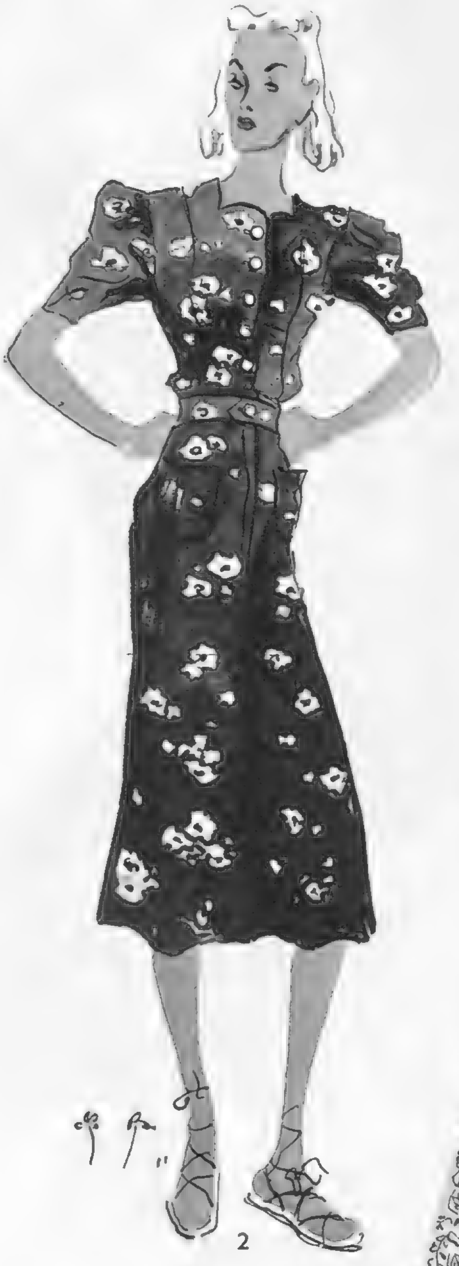

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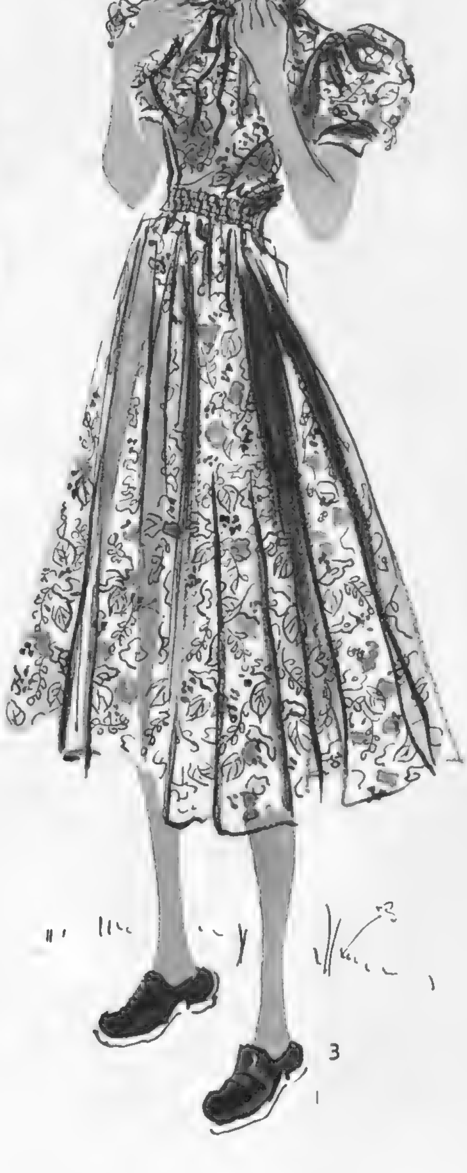
Cotton Triumph



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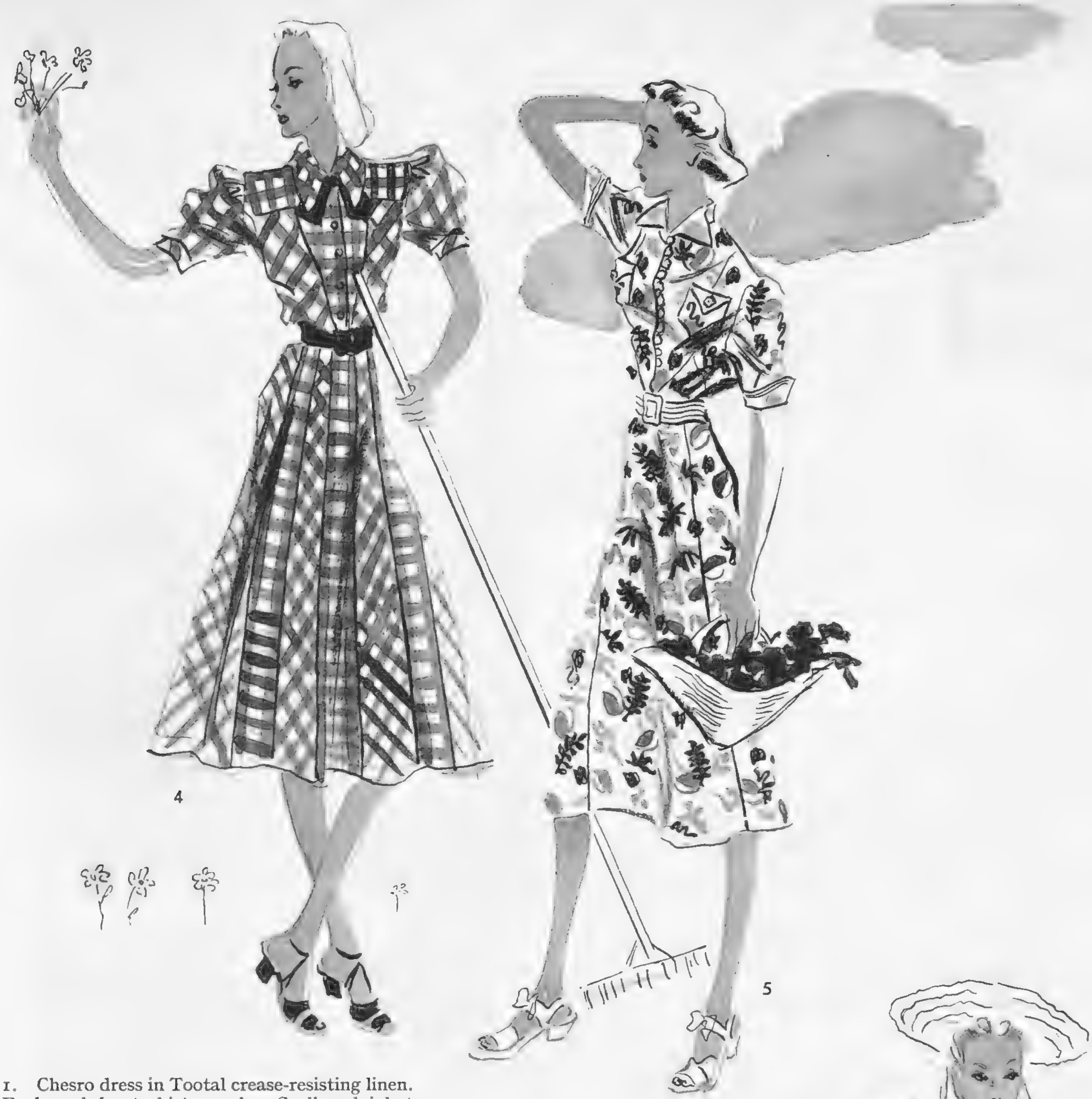

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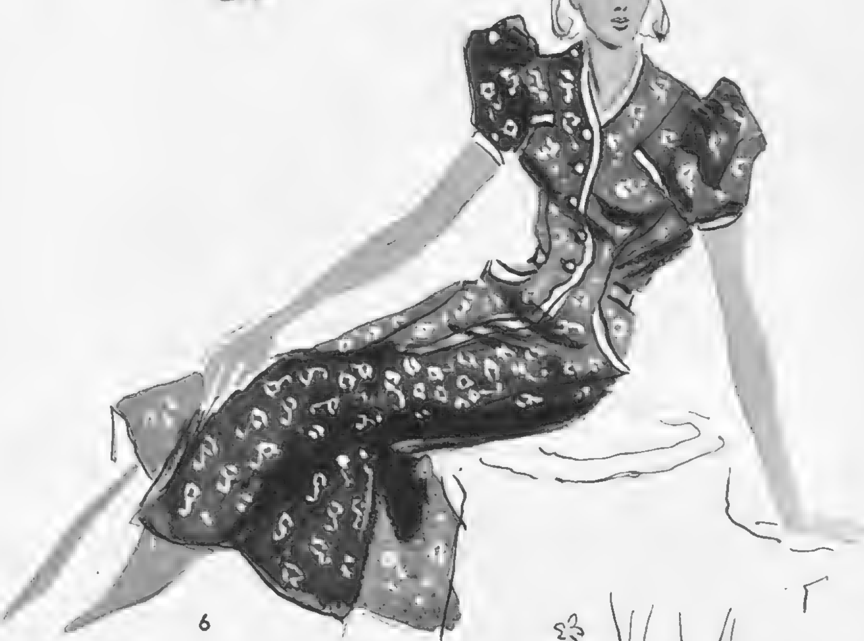


6

1. Chesro dress in Tootal crease-resisting linen. Back and front skirt panels. Scalloped jabot front, contrast ribbon at high neckline. 35/-.

2. Green linen, patterned with a large flower design, tailored to a T. Inverted pleat centre-front and back of skirt. Shaped, high neckline, deep hip-pockets. 39/6.

3. Tana Lawn dress in a flower pattern of pinks, blues and greens. Skirt gathered into the waist, fitted bodice, high gathered neckline tying with velvet ribbon. Puff sleeves. 45/-.

4. Red and white checked gingham with an all-round panelled skirt. Yoked, front-buttoning bodice, navy bow at neck, navy belt. 10/-.

5. Leaf-patterned piqué shirt-dress, orange, blue, green, black, wine, on a white ground. Shaped skirt, loop-fastening buttons, envelope breast-pockets. 12/-.

6. Chesro model in cherry and white Tootal crease-resisting linen, bound with white linen, white buttons. 31/6.

All of these dresses are obtainable in various colours and sizes. Further details on application to Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

PERSONALLY SPEAKING

By Jean Burnup

BOND STREET is happy to report that Australian visitors to London are spending lots of money in that famous thoroughfare. Dressmakers, hairdressers, beauty specialists, photographers, gift shops, men's tailors, florists, are a few of the traders who are taking in good Bush money.

One Australian bride has spent several thousand pounds on her trousseau in Bond Street.

Otherwise, Bond Street is unhappy to report that many traders are suffering from bad debts incurred by young people who secure credit, and then avoid payment on the grounds that they are minors and not liable in law.

One shopkeeper laments that once it was possible to tell whether a girl was twenty-one or not. Nowadays, he says, every woman looks twenty-five, even if she is sixteen or thirty-five.

SOMEBODY took a piece of net, slit it up the middle to within a foot of the end, then gathered it for an inch or so. This made a pretty sleeping net, with the gathered bit on top, the split ends crossed and winding turban-like round the head. It has been a great success, has proved comfortable, practical, becoming.

Now a New York fashion designer, apparently tired, as we all are, of seeing women going round the countryside and beach-side with scarves tied peasant fashion round their heads, has created a little number called "Windjammer," built on the same plan as our net bedtime friend.

It is made in all sorts of pretty patterned silks, fits any head, protects all hair from all wind, and ties up in three ways, bow at back, scarf at front, mammy bow on top.

After having a peasant scarf cutting your chin, it has a comfort beyond words.

IT is all very well to indulge in these pretty Edwardian, swept-up hair sets, if you have pretty hair growing in a disciplined way back of the head.

But the style is definitely not for women who have back-of-the-neck wisps. Unless you can brush it up smooth as smooth—and the hair has to be long past shoulder-length to do this effectively—stick to your old style.

If you saw Bette Davies in the film *Jezebel*, you will have noticed that she had a piled-up head-dress, and that her back-of-neck wisps were curled into a few tender tendrils. But it is too much to ask of modern hair that has been cut and cut for years to go curling into tender tendrils.

Edwardian hair is a definite clash with sports beach wear and holiday wear. It is only for the dressier side of life.

CYCLAX have a new make-up for those who want to look tanned without Going Through It All. They call it Romany Tan. It keeps your skin as fair as a lily beneath, so that you can have the laugh on all of us sun-tanned ones who start fading into yellow around September, but on top you are brown enough to sing "It's the gipsy in my soul."

There is romany rouge, lipstick and deep powder. You either keep to your usual lotion foundation, or, for a still heavier tan, use a special romany tan foundation cream.

With bronze-green eye-shadow and black lustrozene mascara, even your best friend wouldn't tell you hadn't just returned from Hawaii.

EVERY time I go to the theatre these nights, I seem to brush past Noel Coward and designer Gladys Calthrop, slipping past us all through some little side door, intent on getting away from the common herd. At least, I have seen them twice, and on each occasion they both touched me. So there. . . .

Normally, Noel Coward isn't a hider. He lunches frequently at a restaurant, and appears happily unaware of being the cynosure, as they say, of all eyes.

Lunch over, he goes from table to table, greeting his friends. While he talks to them, women take on a new look of quickness and gaiety, and men pull importantly at their neckties. But after staring and saying, "There's Noel Coward," nobody does anything. There is no rush, no excitement.

Probably, Mr. Coward's public appearance technique is better than Garbo's. She, so scared of the public, runs so hard that they run after her, mob her. Coward goes around like any ordinary citizen, and the ordinary citizen, flattered, treats Coward as an ordinary citizen.

Noel Coward

I WAS dozing on a chair in the Park. Near me, a group of kids were noisily playing an impromptu game of "Snow White." Their voices bit into the heat.

"Who'll I be?" . . . "Bags Snow White." . . . "I'll be the Prince; no, I'll be Dopey."

The Witch, a ravishing blonde badly miscast for the Wicked Queen, declaimed "Mirror, mirror on the wall" with faultless diction, while the rest just gabbled their lines, frantically questioning each other: "What do I do *now*?" "What do I *say*?" "Where do *I* go?"

One bossy youngster incessantly interrupted the action by his prompting. "Go on" (to Snow White), "say 'How do you do?'" Then, to a dwarf: "Go on, say 'How do I do what?'" "Go on" (to Sneezy), "sneeze."

The boy cast for Prince said his first brief lines, then sat in sulky meditation. When it came for him to kiss the dead Snow White, he refused to go on. "Haven't had enough to do," he said.

"But you *kiss* her and you get *married*," pleaded producer Bossy. The boy shrugged.

"All right," said Bossy, who had already romped through the parts of Dopey, Grumpy, the Huntsman and Sleepy. "I'll be the Prince."

So he kissed Snow White and said, "Now come with me on my horse," and hand in hand they ran off together. They came back in a few seconds, shouting "We've been married; we've been married."

"Now let's play 'Red Riding Hood,'" said Bossy. "I'll be the Wolf."

I was immediately transported to that beautiful child-world where things happen simply by saying they have happened; where, getting on all fours and stating "I'm a train," you are a train, smoke and all.

Such drive, such opportunism, such leadership as Bossy's will probably make things happen for him when he says so, in grown-up world.

I was probably watching one of our future captains of industry.

Before You Go Away

PETS HOME
MINT

Board out the Plants, Turn off the Gas . . . Cancel the Milk and so on . . .

Don't spoil a holiday with hectic last-minute upheavals.

Last year there was the gas ring, used for the thermos, and the light in the dark cubby hole where you rummaged for matches, just remembered, as you turned the corner. And you had to turn back. The year before, somebody forgot to cancel the newspapers. And the year before that . . . Well, anyway, be more practical this year. Plan a campaign ahead.

The sequence of the tasks depends on the household. First, collect the valuables, including important documents, and deposit them at the bank.

Any other silver should be rolled in chamois-leather or soft flannel and placed under lock and key.

Plants may be taken early to the nearest nursery, but there is an excellent way of keeping them well watered at home. Fill a basin with cold water and soak the bulk of a clean soft duster in it.

Arrange the plants round the basin and lead the corners of the duster to their stems, wrapping them round once. In this way the water will travel along to the plants and give them just a sufficiency of moisture.

Unless you want to get away from it all, and have no mail until you return, inform the Post Office of your temporary change of address—getting the necessary form in plenty of time and filling it in before the actual day of departure. At the same time stop regular orders, so as not to have the devastating experience of returning to find rows of milk bottles on your doorstep or your letter-box filled with newspapers.

If you are not taking your dog with you, and have no friend with whom to leave the cat, they must go to a home or boarding kennels. Prices for these vary from 7s. 6d. a week for a small dog or cat. Birds can also be boarded out, generally for 2s. 6d. a week.

Remember to see early on, that all locks and window fastenings are in good order. A leaking tap can be a nuisance and so can plugs in sinks and baths. So be sure to examine them and, if necessary, fix a new washer to the tap or a chain to the plug well ahead of time.

Where a great deal of sun falls on the carpets, protect them, after vacuuming, with newspapers or dust sheets.

Take down curtains and have them laundered in readiness to put up, on your return. Vacuum or thoroughly dust the furniture and group the pieces together without touching, then cover them with dust sheets.

Strip the beds, vacuum mattresses, pillows and quilts, shake and fold blankets, then roll them all together on the beds and cover all with dust sheets.

See that linen is left thoroughly dried, aired and well covered in the linen press, with lavender bags, cloves or moth balls.

Cover dust catchers like ornaments and lampshades, and put them in a safe part of the room. Allow the clocks to run out, and cover to protect from dust.

A little piece of cotton wool soaked in paraffin placed just inside, near the works, will prevent the dust penetrating and allow the wheels to run smoothly when wound up later on.

Kitchen equipment and utensils must be left clean and perfectly dry. The dust bin should be washed and scalded, then dried out thoroughly and sprinkled with disinfectant, the refrigerator defrosted and put out of action, the taps of the gas cooker turned off in case of accident when the meter is turned on after the holidays.

Have nothing perishable left in larder or store cupboards, and firmly destroy all rubbish. Be careful to leave nothing of an inflammable nature.

If there is a damp cupboard or larder, fill a small box with lime and place it on a shelf. This will keep it dry and sweet.

Teapots should be thoroughly rinsed and dried, and left with the lid tilted a little, while a lump of sugar inside will keep them fresh. Cutlery should be protected from the atmosphere to prevent discoloration. If the kitchen is at all mousey, sprinkle the corners with oil of peppermint.

In the bathroom, use disinfectant freely, and empty all basins and pails, washing them out with a little permanganate or a solution of chloride of lime. Then leave them with their lids off.

All chimney ventilators should be closed to prevent a blow-down.

Gas, electricity and water supplies must be turned off at the main and the cistern should also be emptied to prevent overflow and flooding.

At the last minute, go from room to room spraying with "Flit" to ensure a pleasant, wholesome and fly-less atmosphere on your return.

A little chloride of lime down the traps of sink and wash tubs, will keep these fresh, but see that it is actually put on the grid and not on the brass fitting, as it will loosen the fixing and take off the veneer.

All this sounds a big job, but if done methodically and with common sense, everything should work out smoothly with no last-minute rush.

By Elizabeth Hughes Hallett

By Joan Woollcombe

It was the search for a practical reply to the problem of a worried parent that led to the writing of this article.

"I don't know what to do with Pamela this holiday," said her mother. Pamela, aged seventeen, has a younger brother of twelve whose operation for appendicitis makes it impossible for the family to plan a joint holiday.

The idea of an independent holiday, especially abroad, appealed immensely to Pamela. Her parents, however, had no first-hand, personal contact with anyone abroad; and there are no friends or school-friends who can assimilate the girl in their own party. Actually the possibilities are more varied and arrangements much easier to achieve than any of us suspected.

So I set out to discover the possibilities of a young-girl-on-her-own holiday. These possibilities range from a few weeks of complete holiday to a slightly longer period, if necessary, taking in a combination of holiday and study.

This is an extremely good idea. So many parents find difficulty in affording the expenses of a foreign trip, even though this can be very moderate, and they feel that there should be some educational return for the outlay. This can be easily achieved.

The Royal Board of Education, in Sweden, has arranged for the last three years for the exchange of boys and girls in the summer, between Sweden and Britain.

This year it is arranged that the Swedish youngsters arrive in mid-July for about three weeks' stay with their English hosts and then all the children return to Sweden; finally, the English children arrive here again by mid-September.

Under this plan, the total cost is restricted to travelling expenses and a round sum of about £7 or £8 is suggested to cover fares and incidentals.

There are five Swedish centres for this modern *au pair* arrangement, including Stockholm, Malmo and Baltic resorts. About fifty girls have applied for the exchange from the London area alone.

In some cases, children can go out as

An international holiday for your
in their famous Chalet at Adelboden.
belongs to the little town is a delight

Girls who take advantage of the Swedish exchange arrangements, get a close-up of the town and country home life of Sweden

HOLIDAY-ON-HER-OWN

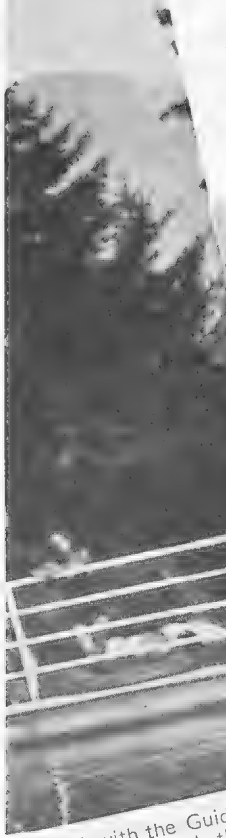
paying guests. All arrangements are handled through the office of the organisation in Sweden, which also has liaison with London through the Anglo-Swedish Society.

The Scandinavian countries are not only attractive to the British, but they have the advantage of being outside the orbit of possible disturbances. For this reason, the Danish system of holiday courses for foreign students is one that should appeal to the parents of the older girl.

There is, for instance, a course specially for foreigners held in Copenhagen during August. Work occupies only three hours of each day, leaving the remaining time free for expeditions and sports.

The fee for the course is approximately 50 Danish kroner (22.38 to the £1) and board and lodging is estimated to cost about 120 kroner.

At the same time the Danish authorities stress the organisation of their Youth Hostels. A walking or cycling tour can be arranged for two or three friends at a very low cost. For instance, a fourteen-day bicycle tour should not cost more than about £3 10s. 0d.—to which all you add is the fare from London to Esbjerg and back which works out, to members of the Youth Hostels organisation, at about £4.



elder girl with the Guides
The swimming pool that
to the Chalet visitors

Sightseeing in Pompeii and Rome. (Courtesy Messrs. Thos. Cook and Sons)

Cheerful boys and girls who are spending a short time at a German school in Baden (Courtesy Messrs. Thos. Cook and Sons)

Parents who discover a flair for languages in their daughters would do well to consider a slightly different type of vacation for the girl who can spend three months abroad, July, August and September.

Each year the Italian government offers four Scholarships at the University of Perugia to candidates who are successful in a written examination in Italian. The girl will get her return ticket to Perugia, exemption from University fees and a grant of 500 lire (94 to the £) towards her maintenance.

Actually, if contact with foreigners under ideal conditions is an aim, then this can be accomplished in a particularly intelligent manner at one of the relatively few successful international institutions in the world—the famous Chalet at Adelboden in Switzerland.

Here the International Chalet of the Girl Guides of the world receives—*for their holidays*—girls and younger women of all nations.

It was just six years back that Mrs. Storrow, an American, saw completed the international centre that she had given the Guide movement.

In the years since its opening, this Chalet has seen some 2,000 girls, of all nations, come there as cheerful young holidaymakers.

It is an incredibly

(*Continued on page* 90)

MOTHERS, *not* MARTYRS

By Louisa Kay

It seems only a step from the days when, to earn the title of a devoted mother, women were expected to work themselves to the bone.

In those days the more toil-worn you became the more your prestige as a mother increased. The more you slaved the more glory to you. Devotion was drudgery and you pretended to like it.

The result was that the middle-class mother of a small family was often a wan creature, out of touch with everything.

Possibly the idea was that all the fun life could offer to a mother was there among the bottles and the nappy-washing.

Now, thank goodness, we have put such sentimental nonsense aside. To-day the young mother is just as eager to fulfil her duty to her child, but she sees nothing more ennobling in a day's washing than a day's washing. Sacrifices, to her, are things to be eliminated where science and common sense will allow.

She takes sensible measure to preserve her youth and charm, preferring these as gifts to her child rather than the sacrifices of a weary slave.

It is partly the determination of the modern woman to eliminate the drudgery of motherhood that has brought all the resources of science to bear upon the problem. The result is that baby-minding is no longer a martyrdom.

From the very first day of its life scientific routine for the baby lightens toil for the mother. Precise times for feeding, for sleeping, bathing and waking make it possible to dovetail baby chores with the household routine.

The day goes to a time-table which, except by illness or similar emergencies, is never upset.

The baby's layette begins the good work of reducing toil. Long clothes are things of the past. Medical opinion has pronounced them stuffy and unhealthy, and mothers are happy to see the end of the extra washing they entailed.

Soft little undershirts cut in one with no tiresome buttons or fastening are covered with petticoats and dresses that just reach to his toes.

Frills and tucks that once involved hours at the ironing-board are gone. Dresses and coats are pretty and sweet, but designed for easy washing and ironing.

The toil of nappy-washing has been cut to almost half by the use of lightweight gauze, easier to handle in the wash-tub and much sooner dried than turkish towelling. Not only this, but baby is "held out" at regular intervals from his earliest infancy throughout the day.

The smaller electric washing machine is perhaps the greatest of all labour-savers for mothers. The cost of a good model sufficient for the needs of a small family is around £22, and in most small households the outlay is proved worth while since the service rendered continues as long as there is washing to be done.

Bottle-feeding, once involving the tedious preparation of foods at all hours, is now the lightest item of the routine.

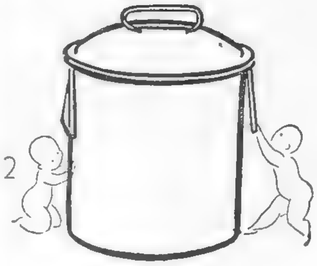
Whereas at one time a patent food had to be freshly prepared for each meal if the risk of infection was to be minimised, to-day a simple sterilising outfit prepares feeds for the day at one sitting.

Six feeding bottles are provided with the set, together with an aluminium vessel for sterilising and another for warming up the bottles which, in the morning, has been filled and sealed with a specially designed cap.

The outfit is scientifically perfect and, after the initial preparation of the food, makes the subsequent warming of each bottle the work of a few moments.

Fresh strained vegetables and vegetable *purées*—now such an essential component of the diet—are available in tins, specially prepared for infants. These save hours of labour in boiling, mashing and straining vegetables that in the end cannot be so good as those prepared under ideal conditions by the manufacturer.

(*Continued on page* 82)



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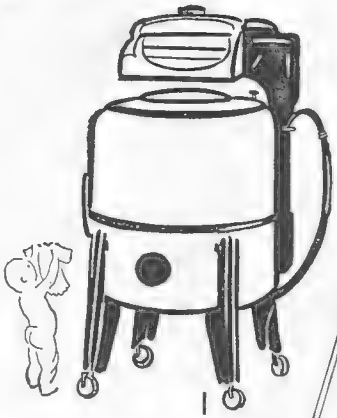

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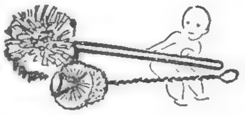

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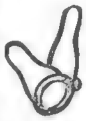

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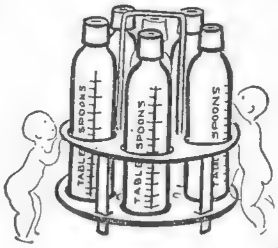

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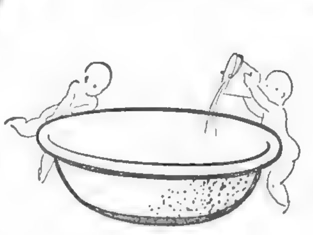

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1. H.M.V. electric washer. Eliminates boiling. Rubber rollers which adapt themselves to bulky or flimsy clothes. From £22
2, 3, 4, 5. Sterilising outfit. Feeds for a whole day, can be prepared at one time and sealed until required. Price 42s. complete. (Treasure Cot Co.)
6. Lightweight papier mâché bowl. White inside, coloured outside. Length, 19 ins. Price 4s. 9d. (Treasure Cot Co.)

"A watched pot never boils," they say. Evidently "they" have never watched a saucepan of milk on the job. George Eyston has nothing on it for speed. Take your eyes off the pan for a second and spilt milk spits furiously everywhere; putting out the fire, messing up the stove, scalding the cat.

If you have a family, or are yourself a martyr to hot milk at nights, here is a new kind of saucepan that should interest you. It is a slick little job in bright aluminium with a kind of perforated tray sunk in the top.

When it comes to the boiling point, the milk bubbles up through the holes, cools its impatience against the tray and returns whence it came, to start boiling up all over again. *But . . .* it never boils over. Clever? I think so, too. And totted up in terms of saving in spilt milk, cheap at the price; which is 3s. Larger sizes, *pro rata*.

Here is good news about a hair-curling gadget that really gives professional results; that doesn't make a pincushion of your scalp; that is quite invisible in the hair. It is a curler which curls by virtue of an entirely new and entirely automatic piece of mechanism, and is intended for *comfortable* and *becoming* night wear.

Ordinary kind of hair grips are used in conjunction with a patent curler. The grip is inserted in the curler; a twist of the wrist, and the curl is made and held in place all night by the grip.

All that you, or any other interested party can see, however, is a little head sunning over with curls. Most comforting when travelling or staying in places where bathrooms are miles from bedrooms, useful, too, when curls need setting up between visits to the hairdresser.

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW

By Mary Young

If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4

If you want a smart new face to take away on your holidays, you must learn a smart new way to fix it. That means having two of everything for the fixings. Two rouges, two lipsticks, two powders.

Yes; I'm afraid this dual make-up idea is becoming a *must* for the woman who wants to be a jump ahead in everything that is new for beauty. To this end, I have found a twin powder box that costs no more than a single powder.

The two powders are correctly harmonised so that they blend together and have been teamed up for four separate types of skin: brunette, light brunette, blonde, and dark blonde.

The lighter shade goes on first and is brushed off, then the darker powder is applied. It is a perfectly simple technique, but watch the difference it makes to your make-up. The twin powders come in a smart, flat, easy-to-pack case.

I have been looking round for some unguent for sunburn that (*a*) will protect me completely, (*b*) will not make me look and feel like a sardine strayed from its tin, (*c*) will not ruin towels and underwear, and (*d*) will pack as easily and safely as a tooth paste.

Yes; I wanted all that, and I found it.

It is a sweet smelling cream which comes in a pristine white tube with loss-proof nozzle. You rub it in lavishly if you want to keep a fair white skin; use it less generously for a honey tan; sparingly, for a rich Nassau bronze.

Best of all, it really does disappear from the surface of the skin leaving it satin-smooth and dry.

Who am I to write about the game when, to me, a rubber of bridge means an oasis in which I can sit in a corner and read, write or just sit, without being called anti-social. However, despite the handicap of writing on something about which I know less than nothing, I am going to make so bold as to prophesy enormous popularity over here for the system of playing bridge solo which has come to us from the U.S.A.

With this brilliantly conceived invention, the novice can have bridge lessons at home alone; the experienced player can improve his game, and the expert enjoy some thrilling rubbers when he cannot get together a four that makes play worth while.

The hands, which are arranged on a progressive scale of skill, have been set out by experts. The player places the deals under slots arranged round the table, the slot being slid back to expose each "card" in turn.

I recommend this new invention to all exasperated husbands and/or wives who invariably lose money to their spouses.

Talking about a satin-smooth skin (and how much easier it is to talk about it than for some of us to acquire it), I have just been trying out a new bath oil.

You know that heavenly feeling your face has when it is fresh from the hands of a beauty expert, I mean, before she puts on your make-up foundation. Your cheeks feel apple-firm yet soft like a baby's.

Well, this bath oil does the same thing by your whole body. A few drops soften a tub of water, perfuming it with the heady scent of mimosa, violet or some other delicious flower or herb, and do something quite remarkable to your skin.

Try it for yourself. I have arranged for any "Britannia and Eve" reader who writes to me, to receive a sample of this glamorous bath luxury; the only cost to them being 3d. to cover postage charges.

The other perfumes are: rose geranium, northern pine or lemon verbena.

ENGLISH CHANN

Recipes from

Better Cooking

By A. H. Adair

As you travel through a country, the food changes as much as the landscape. Journeying in a leisurely manner from northern to southern France, you keep getting the impression that you have crossed another border.

I travelled slowly through France recently on my way to Italy and had another chance of enjoying the changing scenes and the variation in the cookery. Here was an opportunity, I thought, of making a little collection of varied recipes and give them to you here.

Aubergines Basquaire (Bayonne)

Three or four aubergines (egg-plant).
A large sweet pepper, garlic, parsley.
Olive-oil, salt, pepper.

Remove the seeds from the sweet pepper, chop it and fry it in olive-oil until slightly brown, adding a little chopped garlic towards the end of the cooking. Remove this and keep hot.

Cut the egg plant in slices the thickness of a half-crown piece and fry them in the same oil, golden brown.

Put back the peppers, adding salt, pepper and chopped parsley and shake the pan to mix the contents well.

When serving, do not allow the oil to come out with the vegetables but take them carefully from the pan with a skimmer or large spoon. This spicy vegetable is excellent with plain grills or roast veal.

Sole Bretonne (Brittany)

One large sole.
Shallots, butter, salt, pepper.
Cider.

Have the soles cleaned and prepared but left whole. Butter a fireproof dish and sprinkle with chopped shallots. Lay the fish on this and pour in enough still dry cider to come level with the fish.

Add a few tiny pieces of butter on top and put the dish on top of the fire until the liquid comes to the boil, when you put the dish in a moderate oven for twenty minutes—the time varies according to the size of the fish—basting often.

Serve as it is in the same dish. Other white fish such as turbot, brill, or cod can be treated in the same way.

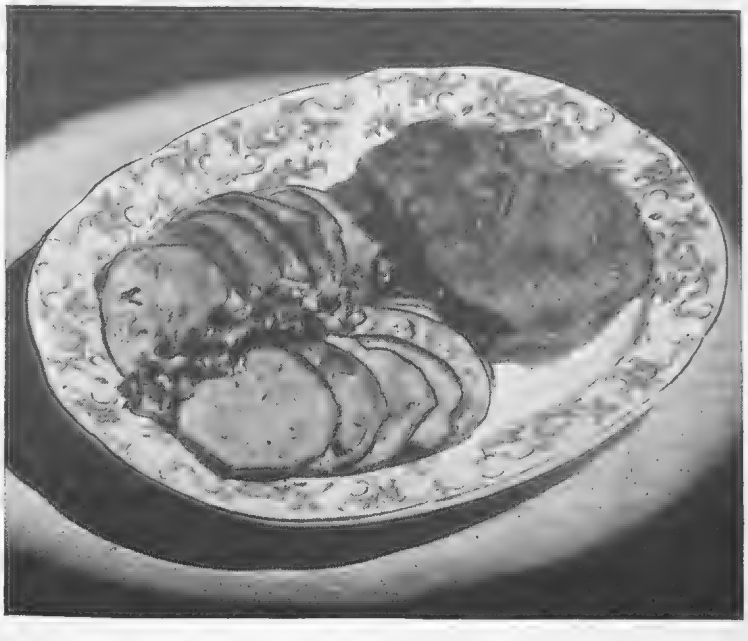
Fromage à la normande (Normandy)

For four people, four small cream cheeses.
Sixpennyworth of cream.
Castor sugar, vanilla pod.

This lovely, simple sweet is so easy and yet English people seem to fight shy of it. You simply want a cream cheese as fresh as you can possibly get it, cream, and vanilla-flavoured castor sugar.

Have both the cheese and the cream thoroughly cold (even slightly iced); mash the cheese and put it in a glass

BAY OF BISCAY
BAYONNE



AUBERGINES BASQUAIRE (a Bayonne speciality), a spicy vegetable for a grill or roast meal

From Alsace comes ONION TART made with spring onions, streaky bacon and short pastry

France and Italy

dish and stand in the refrigerator. Just before serving, pour over the cream and hand the sugar separately.

To flavour the sugar, just keep a vanilla pod in it. After using it, wash it under the cold tap, dry and put it back in the sugar.

Omelette Picarde (Picardy)

For each person, two eggs.
A slice of bacon or ham.
Parsley, spring onions, salt, pepper.
Plain iron frying-pan.

This omelette differs quite a lot from the ordinary French omelette which I have often explained.

In this case you trim and chop either bacon or ham, and cook in a clean iron frying-pan, first made hot on the stove. Beat the eggs (two for each person), adding salt, pepper, chopped parsley and spring onions.

Pour this into the pan in which you have left the cooked bacon, stir thoroughly and flatten the mixture on the bottom of the pan. Fold over once and turn out on to the hot, serving dish.

Unlike the ordinary French omelette which is white and shaped like an oval, this one is slightly brown and of quite different consistency. It is certainly easier to make.

Onion Tart (Alsace)

A bundle of spring onions.
Three eggs, a small cup of cream.
Salt, pepper, streaky bacon.
Short pastry crust.

Line a round tin with short paste, and bake it. Clean the spring onions; chop them, using most of the green part as well. Toss them in butter for a minute or two. Season with salt and pepper; add two rashers of streaky bacon fried and chopped up, and three tablespoonfuls of cream.

Put in three whole eggs and beat together thoroughly and pour the mixture into the pastry. Bake in the oven until the mixture has set and lightly browned.

Gratin Dauphinois (Dauphiné)

Potatoes, salt, pepper.
Butter, garlic, cream, grated cheese.
A fireproof oven dish.

Rub a fireproof dish round with a clove of garlic. Grease it well with butter. Put a layer of slices of raw potato at the bottom, sprinkle with grated cheese, add a few small pieces of butter here and there. Repeat the process until the dish is full, finishing with grated cheese and butter.

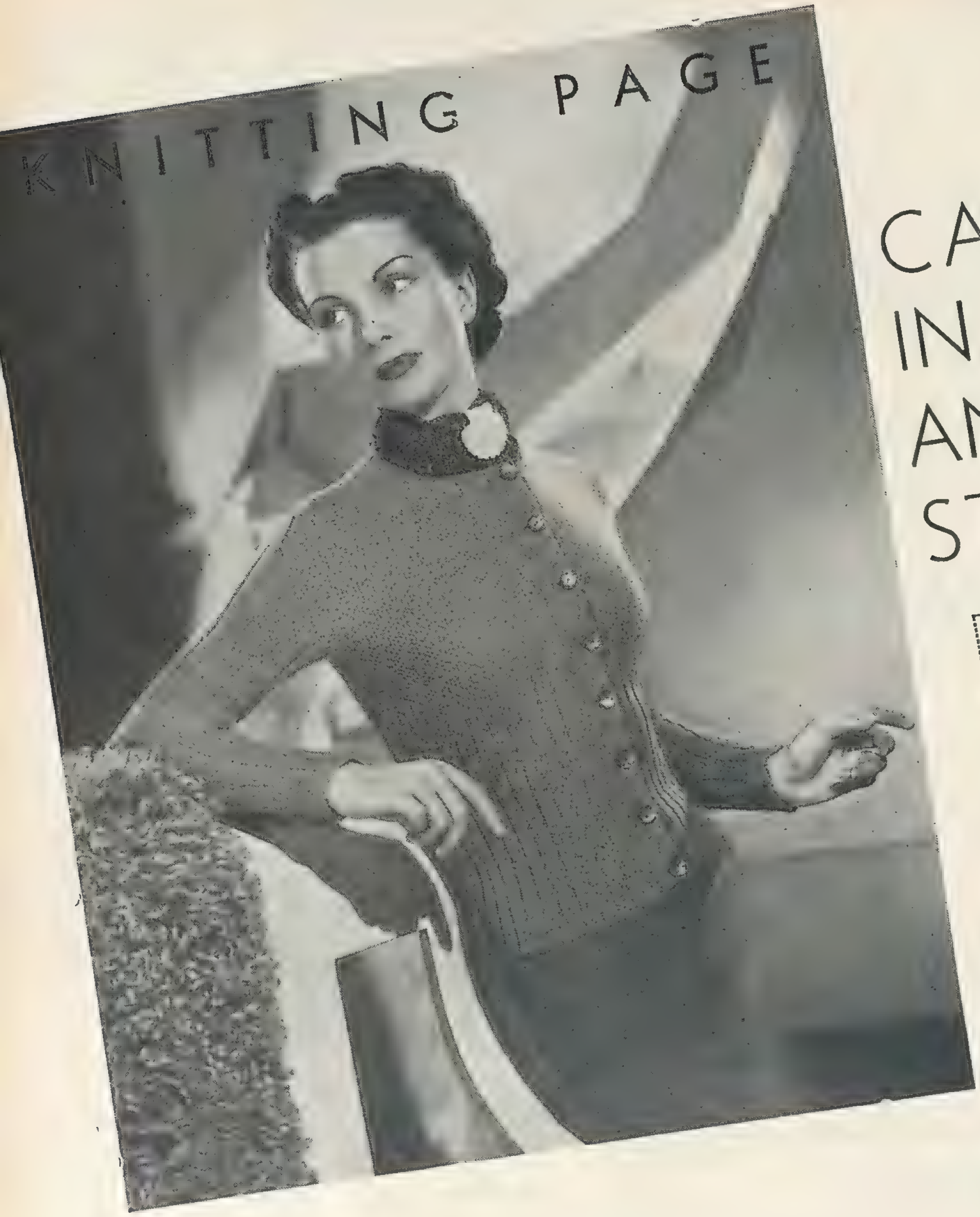
Pour in enough cream to moisten the whole, and put the dish in a very slow oven to cook until the potatoes are done, and the top very lightly browned.

I cannot possibly give a time for this, as in the country from which the dish comes, it is made in an old-fashioned oven or else sent to the baker's to be put in the oven after the bread is done, and the fires are dying out. But it should take at least two (*Continued on page* 130)

Fish, vegetables, herbs, seasoning make SOUPE AU POISSON, a delicious soup from Provence

MED
ANEAN SEA

KNITTING PAGE



CARDIGAN IN RIB AND MOSS STITCHING

MATERIALS REQUIRED

5 ozs. Copley's 3-ply Excelsior Fingering (green).
1 oz. Copley's 3-ply Excelsior Fingering (rust).
8 buttons.
1 pair No. 9 and 1 pair No. 11 pins.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder, 20 ins.
Across back underarm, 15½ ins.
Across fronts, 9 ins.
Sleeve length from shoulder, 22½ ins.
Tension for No. 9 pins: approx. 7 sts. to 1 in.

ABBREVIATIONS

K., Knit; P. Purl; Sts., Stitches; Inc., Increase; Dec., Decrease; Tog., Together; Beg., Beginning; Pat., Pattern.

BACK

With No. 11 pins cast on 112 sts. Knit into backs of 1st row. Continue in following rib (wrong side facing).

1st row : * K. 2, P. 3. Repeat from * to last 2 sts. K. 2.

2nd row : * P. 2, K. 3. Repeat from * to last 2 sts. P. 2.

Repeat these 2 rows until 10½ ins. from start, decreasing 1 st. in centre of last row only (111 sts.).

Change to No. 9 pins and work in moss st. (*i.e.,* * K. 1, P. 1. Repeat from * to last st. K. 1) until 12½ ins. from start.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows. Work 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONTS

With No. 11 pins cast on 57 sts. Rib as for back for 10½ ins. Change to No. 9 pins. Work 2 ins. moss st.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 2 sts. every armhole end row 5 times. Work 4½ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 16 sts. at neck edge. Work 2½ ins. on remaining sts. decreasing 1 st. every row at neck edge until 25 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 6 sts. every armhole end row 3 times. Work back to armhole. Cast off 7 sts.

Work another front with shaping at opposite edge.

SLEEVES

With No. 11 pins cast on 57 sts. Rib as for lower edge of jumper for 2½ ins. Change to No. 9 pins and continue in rib, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until 87 sts. When sleeve measures 17½ ins. from start, cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 15 sts. remain. Cast off.

CUFFS

With No. 11 pins and contrast wool, cast on 15 sts. Work 7 ins. moss st. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT STRIP

With No. 11 pins and contrast wool. cast on 15 sts. Work ½ in. moss st, Make buttonhole: Work 3, cast off 5, work to end. *Next row :* Work 7, cast on 5, work 3. Make further buttonholes 2¼ ins. apart. Work until 17 ins. from start. Cast off.

Work another strip, omitting buttonholes.

NECK EDGING

Sew shoulder seams. With No. 11 pins, pick up and knit 131 sts. along neck. Work 4 rows moss st.

5th row : Moss st. 10. * Take next 3 sts. tog., moss st. 9. Repeat from * ending moss st. 10.

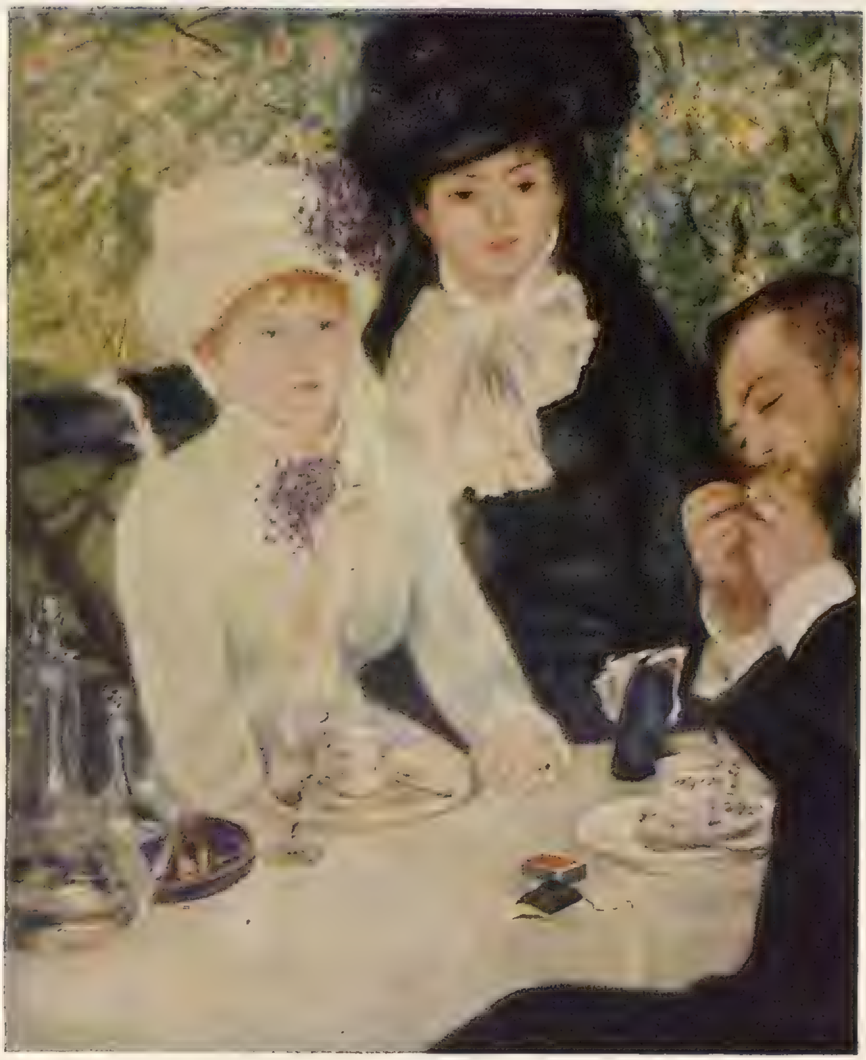
Work 3 more rows. Cast off rather tightly

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew front strips to fronts. Sew cuffs to sleeves. Work buttonholes. Sew on buttons.

A correction.—In the June issue of "Britannia & Eve" the Bolero on page 70 was incorrectly stated to have been made in Coat's Fleck Lustre. This should have read "Clark's Fleck Lustre Wool."

Who first made it a family affair?



LE DEJEUNER
PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR, (1841-1919). STÄDELSCHES KUNSTINSTITUT, FRANKFURT-ON-MAIN

Who first brought smoking out of the den, or the sanctuary of the smoking-room, and put ash trays in the drawing-room, a cigarette box on the dining-room table? May we not fairly suspect some less eminent Victorian? For that was the time when smoking became a family affair. In that most Victorian, most family, of books, Alice in Wonderland, even the caterpillar smoked. In France, too, the French began to call the dinner jacket "le smoking." Whoever it was who first passed round the dinner table those little harbingers of pleasure—cigarettes—brought a new comfort and joy, new opportunities for hospitality into the family circle.

CRAVEN "A"

CORK TIPPED

This Century's Good Cigarette

CARRERAS GIVE YOU SMOKING: CRAVEN "A". CRAVEN PLAIN CIGARETTES. CRAVEN MIXTURE TOBACCO

IN GUIANA ONE DRINKS PIWARRI *

...WHEN ONE CAN'T GET

Schweppes

* Indian tribes of the Arowack, Acoway and the Caribs hollow out the trunk of a large tree into which they grate cassava root, making a very potent, sour, fermented liquor called piwarri. Closing time at the local tree finds Schweppes in great demand—as an antidote to "evil spirits," so to speak

WHEREVER YOU ARE ... THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppes

Confidently Recommended

A bathing cap that is really watertight will preserve many a hair-set this summer, and will help diving belles to keep land-worthy in spite of repeated immersion in sea or swimming pool.

Kleinert's "Roxy" bathing cap is absolutely watertight, and is obtainable in black, white and a number of attractive colours. It is 5s. 11d. and is sold by leading stores and chemists. In addition to the inside flange which prevents water from getting in, the new season's model is fitted with a patent chin strap that cannot come undone.

The "Freshette-pads" that are given away free with Atkinsons Gold Medal Eau de Cologne are contained in a neat jaconet-lined pochette, which can be slipped into your handbag so that the pad is there ready for use whenever it is needed.

A few drops of Atkinsons Eau de Cologne sprinkled on the pad will keep their fragrance and reviving powers for many hours. A dab behind the ears and on the forehead is wonderfully refreshing when you are feeling tired and jaded after travelling, shopping, working, dancing or when suffering from tennis face or Wimbledon eyes.

Atkinsons Gold Medal Eau de Cologne is obtainable at 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d. and upwards, and is sold by leading chemists and stores.

We are happy to give editorial endorsement to these reputable advertised goods

The problem of how to tan in a becoming fashion without blistering or burning is one that is always with us as the holiday season approaches.

Yardley's offer a solution this year in a new Suntan Cream which not only gives a beautiful warm tan but also soothes, refines and protects the skin, cutting out harmful ultra-violet rays and banishing all risk of unsightly and painful burning, blistering and peeling.

A large tube of this Suntan Cream costs only 2s. 6d., and we recommend Yardley's Poppy Cream rouge and lipstick to be used with it as the ideal holiday make-up for those who want to tan.

Yardley's have recently prepared an excellent make-up chart for users of their preparations who want a little guidance in the choice of shades suited to their type.

A tube of Yardley's Suntan Cream will preserve the youthful texture of your skin and give it a warm golden glow

Lounge away long summer afternoons on your "Wrestawyle," which you can take to sea or countryside in its neat portable suitcase container

This new Suntan Cream and other Yardley beauty aids are sold by leading chemists and stores, or may be purchased direct from the Yardley salon at 33 Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

A garden lounge that packs into a suitcase, can be carried like a piece of hand luggage and taken by car or rail to distant beach or countryside, is sure to prove a popular innovation with holiday-makers and week-enders who like to laze away long sunny hours in a really comfortable manner.

Such is the "Wrestawyle," which may be obtained, with travelling case for 32s. 6d.; sun canopy, 10s. 6d. extra.

This new garden lounge has a frame of finest quality tubular steel, stove enamelled in an attractive shade of green.

Although extremely light in weight, it is scientifically designed to give tremendous strength, weights up to twenty stone being carried without any strain on the structure. The whole comprises eight sections which can be easily assembled or dismantled in a few seconds. The points where the steel shafts fit into the sockets are "Sheridized," a new process that is an absolute guarantee against rust.

The case into which the "Wrestawyle" fits measures 27 in. x 14 in. x 3 in., and weighs only 22 lb. complete.

Though we all realise the importance of fresh air as an aid to health and beauty, many of us are not so conscious of the fact that the body, as well as the lungs, needs fresh air, and that clothes should ventilate the skin, allowing every pore to breathe freely.

Aertex Cellular Fabric combines the absorbency of cotton with the air containing qualities of fresh wool, and permits correct body respiration, at the same time acting as a protection against extremes of heat and cold.

It is the result of intensive research and experiment, and its appearance on the market fifty years ago met with immediate success. Public demand for Aertex garments has steadily increased over the past half century, and there is a full range of shirts, underwear and blouses for men, women and children.

Aertex sports shirts, originally designed for men, have been freely adopted by women for sports wear, and are obtainable in a number of attractive shades and styles.

Hair, eyes, complexion, feet, hands and arms—all these come within the province of the modern beauty specialist, who will offer advice and give treatments for their improvement; but teeth are your own concern, and that of your dentist, so remember that neglected and discoloured teeth cannot be disguised by cosmetics, and that they show up to even greater disadvantage in a mouth whose lips have been carefully made up.

Visit your dentist regularly and clean your teeth night and morning with a really good and well tested preparation.

Eucryl Tooth Powder is excellent; it is antiseptic, fragrant and cleansing and really whitens and preserves the teeth. You can get it from chemists in tins at 3d., 7½d. and 1s.

THE NEW LIGHTER

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Castrol
MOTOR OIL

WHICH GRADE SHOULD YOU USE IN SUMMER ?

THE NEW LIGHTER
PATENT CASTROL XL

A.C. *1936/38*
ALVIS
ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY
AUBURN
AUSTIN *(except sports models)*
B.S.A. *(except air cooled 3 wheeler)*
BENTLEY
BRITISH SALMSON
BUGATTI *1935/36 model*
BUICK
CADILLAC
CHEVROLET
CHRYSLER
CITROEN
COVENTRY VICTOR
CROSSLEY *1935/38 Regis 10*
DAIMLER
DODGE
FIAT 500
FORD
GRAHAM
HILLMAN
HUDSON
HUMBER
HUPMOBILE
JOWETT
LAGONDA *1938 12-cyl. model*
LANCHESTER
LA SALLE
LANCIA
LEA-FRANCIS
LINCOLN
M.G. *1937/38 models*
MORGAN 4.4 *(also 1935/36 model F)*
MORRIS
NASH
OLDSMOBILE
OPEL
PONTIAC
RAILTON
RILEY
ROLLS ROYCE
ROVER
S.S. JAGUAR
SINGER *(except Le Mans)*
STANDARD
STUDEBAKER
TALBOT *10 h.p. model*
TERRAPLANE
TRIUMPH
VAUXHALL *1936 and earlier models*
WOLSELEY

PATENT **CASTROLITE**

PACKARD *1937/38 models*
VAUXHALL *1937/38 models*

THE NEW LIGHTER
PATENT CASTROL XXL

A.C. *1935*
ALFA ROMEO
ALTA
ASTON MARTIN
AUSTIN *sports models*
B.S.A. *3 wheeler (air cooled only)*
CROSSLEY *(except Regis 10 h.p.)*
FIAT *(except 500 model)*
FRAZER NASH
FRAZER NASH B.M.W.
INVICTA
LAGONDA *(except 12-cyl. model)*
M.G. *1936 and earlier models*
MORGAN *1935/37 (dry sump models)*
TALBOT *(except 10 h.p. model)*

AND ALL 4-STROKE MOTORCYCLES

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO. LTD., *All-British Firm,* Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

New Roads May Breed Engine Troubles

By The Earl of Cardigan

I WAS tremendously interested, a few weeks ago, to read a warning which had been issued by a very famous firm of motor manufacturers. This firm, although dealing in sports models of the 90/100 m.p.h. category, was beginning to be seriously concerned as to the risk of its products being over-driven.

I should explain that the cars in question have a very fine reputation, not only for speed but also for reliability. An outbreak of engine trouble, or anything of that sort, would therefore be disastrous to the prestige of the makers.

In the printed warning it was pointed out, with perfect truth, that aero engines are never allowed—except momentarily during a take-off—to develop their maximum "revs." It was shown that airmen seek to ensure complete reliability by habitually running their engines on about three-quarter throttle.

Pursuing this argument, the firm advised that its cars should not continuously be driven at more than "X" m.p.h. (The figure given, if I recollect aright, was around the 80 m.p.h. mark.)

Any sensible motorist, if he reads this, will of course point out that voluntary speed restriction is no new idea. It has always been recognised that, if a car is to give long service, it must not be driven "flat out."

What is new, however (or at least new to me), is that a manufacturing firm, building sports cars, should say as much in cold print. The old-fashioned salesman used to talk very differently. "This is a *real* motor car, old boy," he used to tell us. "Drive it as hard as you like for as long as you like, and you will never hurt it. You *couldn't* hurt it. It's a proper sports job!"

Of course the fact was that, except on Brooklands, no one was ever able to take him at his word. On an ordinary road, a sports car could never be driven at its maximum speed for more than a few moments at a stretch. After that, the driver would have to "take his foot off" for a bend.

TO-DAY the situation has changed, compelling a much more realistic attitude. Already, on some Continental roads, it is possible to run continuously at maximum speed for many miles. Within a few years, it may be possible to do likewise on the English main roads. Certainly this will be so for the smaller cars, having a top speed of only about 60 m.p.h.

What then? I think we shall inevitably see a great increase in engine troubles—not necessarily engine failures, but rather such troubles as will necessitate frequent cylinder re-boring. What is more, I do not believe that such troubles will be confined to the cheaper cars. They will be general.

Frankly, I do not believe that any engine has ever been built—other than one fitted with a governor—which it is *impossible* for an inconsiderate person to damage by over-driving. It is common knowledge that, when a highly specialised engine was designed for the sole purpose of winning the Schneider Trophy, its useful life was reckoned to be only a few hours! That was an engine which was going to be deliberately over-driven.

Where ordinary aero engines are concerned, it is worth noting that a little placard, stating both the maximum and the normal permissible "revs," is permanently fixed in the pilot's cockpit of every British aircraft. In effect, this states: "Your engine should be capable of '*x*' r.p.m. But you mustn't do it. You must regard '*y*' r.p.m. as your normal maximum."

In these circumstances, no motor car manufacturer need feel ashamed to follow suit. No doubt a few stupid people will always be prepared to say: "Fancy buying a car like the So-and-so, costing £1,000 or more, and then being told that its full maximum speed must not normally be used!" The majority, however, will realise that some degree of speed restriction is a matter of plain common sense, and that to deny the need for it is sheer bravado.

Where the makers give no instructions, the "three-quarter throttle" rule is generally sound—although a good car may perhaps be allowed to run at as much as four-fifths of its maximum speed. Taking this as a basis, we get 45/48 m.p.h. as the proper cruising speed for a 60 m.p.h. car. An 80 m.p.h. car might cruise at 60/64 m.p.h., and a 100 m.p.h. car at 75/80 m.p.h.

Be it understood that I am thinking now only of continuous cruising speeds, such as new roads may make possible. Of course, for a few minutes, every car should be able to give its full speed without suffering any harm at all. But between "maximum occasional speed" and "maximum continuous speed" there is—and always will be—a great gulf fixed.

Sparking Plugs of a New Material

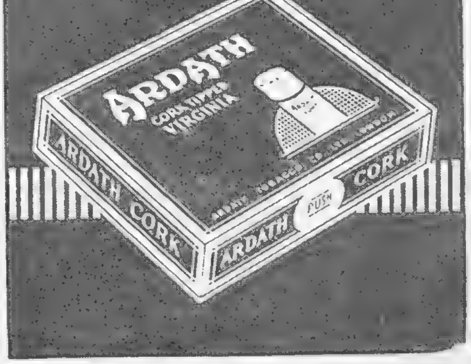
Nowadays it is extremely rare for sparking plugs to give any trouble—but there is no doubt that continuous high speeds, such as can be maintained on the latest by-pass roads, impose a very severe test on these, as on all other components of the engine.

The discovery of a material called Corundite, and its adoption by the K.L.G. Company, has therefore come at a very appropriate moment. Corundite, in the new K.L.G. plugs, takes the place of the familiar porcelain. In appearance it is similar; but it has been shown to have twice the strength, and something like five times the heat conductivity.

For PURE Enjoyment smoke ARDATH

CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

10 for 6d.



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The Silent Sports Car

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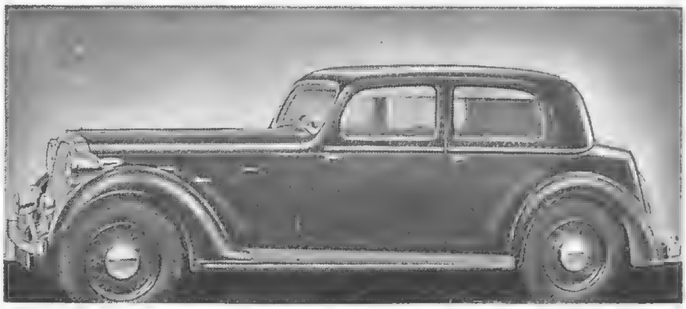
This is typical of the appreciation expressed by Eccles Caravan owners, and only goes to prove that Eccles Caravans really *are* as good as we claim. The Eccles Catalogue will give you further details. It's free from

ECCLES MOTOR CARAVANS LTD., 120-28, Hazelwell Lane, Stirchley, Birmingham

ROVER "20"



"For sweetness and silence combined with real speed, I know nothing to beat this Rover . . . It looks an aristocrat and behaves like one." Thus "Highwayman," writing of the Rover 20 in the 'Sporting and Dramatic.' In common with the other models in the 1938 range, the Rover 20 incorporates all these features—each a real contribution to more enjoyable motoring:

Powerful O.H.V. Engine
Controlled Freewheel
Clutchless Gearchange
Underslung Chassis
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Automatic Chassis Lubrication
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Nearest agent's name gladly sent on request

A Luxurious Rover Model

The 20 h.p. Sports Saloon

By The Earl of Cardigan

THE construction of a motor car is, in most cases, the outcome of a simple alliance between industry and science. It can hardly be claimed that art enters into it, except in a very stereotyped form.

There are, however, some exceptions to this rule. I cannot help feeling that there was something of the artist in the man who designed the present series of Rover cars. For consider—these Rovers have not undergone any marked exterior change for some three years, although during the same period other cars have been altered very greatly in appearance.

In spite of this, there is no car which is more pleasing to the eye. Above all, it looks *right*. One is forced to conclude that there is something inherently good in the design of it, over and above what could have been dictated either by passing fashion or by purely mechanical considerations.

It was at Blackpool that I tested the latest 20-h.p. Sports Saloon, at a time when the town was filled with good-looking cars, all gathered for the R.A.C. Rally. Among the lot of them, I did not see a comparable saloon of better proportions or more graceful lines. (And, after all, it is the lines that matter. They remain, when the glitter of new paintwork has long since worn off!)

The performance of this Rover is well in keeping with its appearance. Without, perhaps, doing anything very startling, it is a car with which really high average speeds are possible. The six-cylinder overhead-valve engine has plenty of power, in addition to being well above the average in such matters as silence and smoothness of running.

The maximum top-gear speed is around 80 m.p.h.; but a more important point is that the car will cruise in a delightfully easy manner at speeds of 60 m.p.h. or more. The rate of acceleration is also at its best between 40 and 60 m.p.h.—so that the most satisfactory results are available at just those speeds which the ordinary driver maintains during a main-road run.

The transmission system is one to which the Rover Company has been faithful for some years. There is a free-wheel, which can either be used or dispensed with according to the driver's preference. With the transmission "free," all four gears are 100 per cent fool-proof to manipulate, and it is not even necessary to use the clutch so long as the car is in motion.

With the transmission "fixed," none of the gears is literally fool-proof, although all are exceedingly simple. With a very slight degree of concentration, one can obtain any desired change quite silently—and only a very heavy-handed person can produce a genuine "crash" change. Third gear is to be noted as a most valuable ratio. When in use, it enables the car to climb at anything up to 60 m.p.h.

ROAD-HOLDING is decidedly good. The car takes its corners with marked steadiness, and the semi-elliptic springing, while giving ample comfort, is firm enough to discourage side-sway. The steering, for a fairly big and heavy car, calls for exceptionally little effort. Unlike some ultra-light steering, however, it is not too low geared. Its lightness is achieved without any counterbalancing disadvantage.

It is the same with the Rover brakes, which are designed on the Girling principle. Here again we have the advantage of light action, with nothing—such as a tendency to "fierceness"—to set on the opposite side of the ledger. A very quick pull-up can be smoothly achieved.

I have spoken of art having also entered into the Rover's composition. This is seen once again, I suggest, in the interior of the coachwork. Within quite moderate overall dimensions, all the passengers are made uncommonly comfortable, and enough space is still available for a large rear luggage trunk.

The 20-h.p. car is considerably the most expensive model of the Rover range; but even so, by ordinary standards, it is priced quite moderately. With full equipment, the figure is £425.

The 20 h.p. Rover in brief

Engine: Six cylinders with overhead valves; 20 h.p.
Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, with controllable free-wheel.
Performance: Third gear 60 m.p.h.; Top gear 80 m.p.h.
Brakes: Of efficient Girling type.
Springing: Semi-elliptic front and rear.
Steering: Accurate, very light action.
Coachwork: Luxurious, admirably planned.
Price: Sports saloon, £425.

London distributors are Henlys of Devonshire House and Henly House, where a full range of Rover cars are on view.

This 20 h.p. Rover Sports Saloon model must commend itself to the driver who likes to possess an efficient vehicle

The ROVER 20
like all other
ROVER CARS
is equipped
with
LODGE
THE BEST PLUG IN THE WORLD
Obtainable everywhere, from 5/- each

LODGE
MADE IN ENGLAND
LODGE

WORLD'S LAND SPEED RECORD
312 miles per hour
Captain Eyston used Lodge plugs in the Rolls-Royce engines of "Thunderbolt."

● A neat combined key ring and plug gap setting gauge sent free of charge to motorists upon request. Fill in and post the coupon to Lodge Plugs Ltd., Rugby.

Cut along this line

Please send me a key ring gap gauge free of charge. I enclose 1½d. stamp to cover postage.

Name..........

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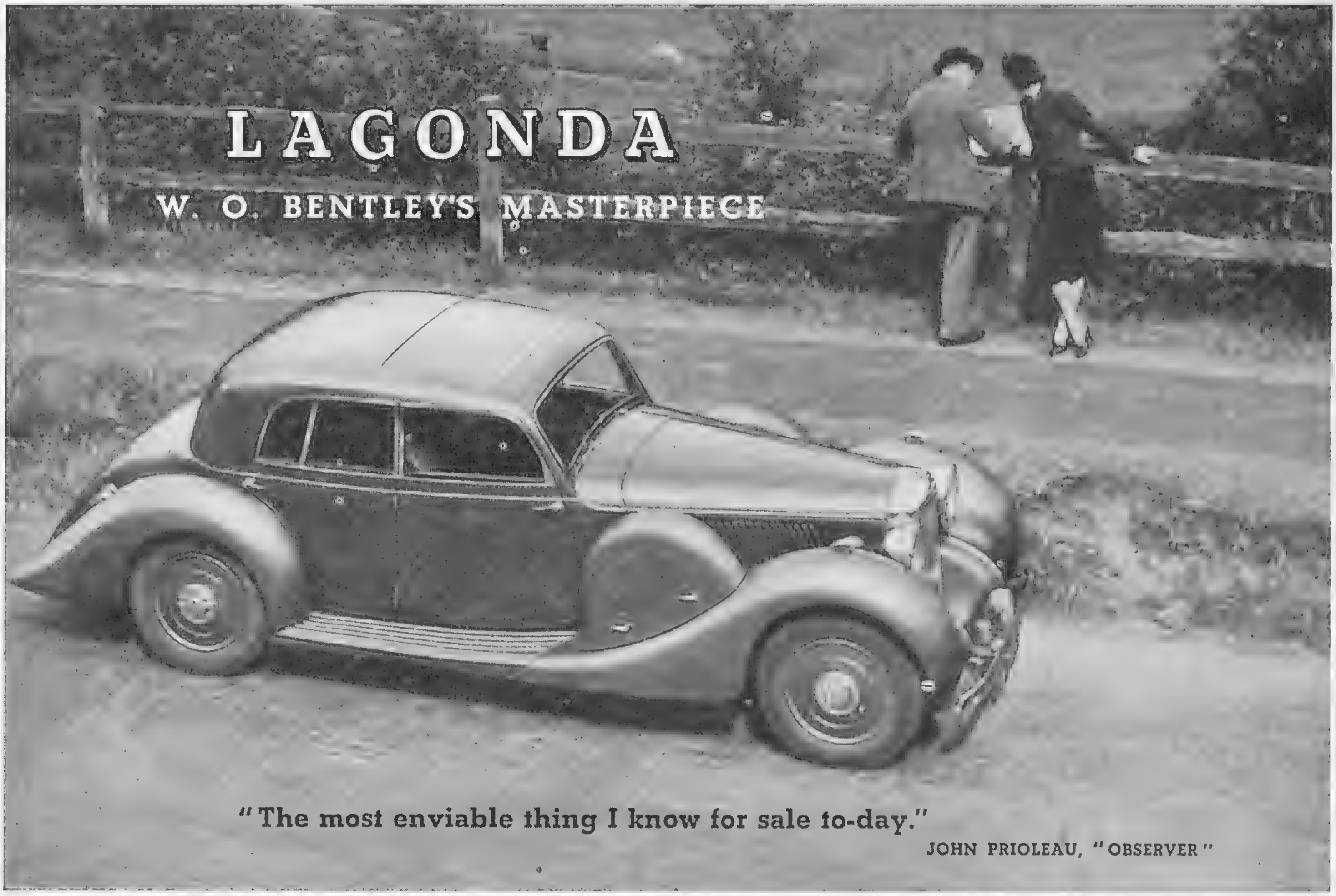
Twelve-Cylinder (10' 4" w.b.) Sports Saloon, £1,550.

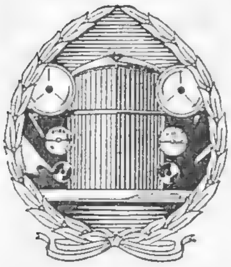

LAGONDA
W. O. BENTLEY'S MASTERPIECE
"The most enviable thing I know for sale to-day."
JOHN PRIOLEAU, "OBSERVER"

SOLE LAGONDA DISTRIBUTORS FOR LONDON & HOME COUNTIES: **UNIVERSITY MOTORS LTD., STRATTON HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1** (Gro.4141)

YOU FEEL SO SAFE IN AN ALVIS

"At 100 m.p.h. its stability is such that only one hand is necessary at the wheel"

says SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL



Writing in the "Field" he adds — "It handles perfectly" — "how splendidly the ALVIS behaved on corners" — "a really safe car to drive."
You may see and test, without obligation, the

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MODELS FROM £435

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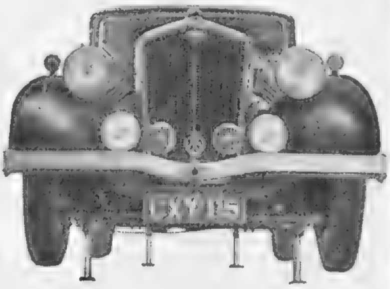
ALVIS PERFORMANCE IS TAKEN FOR GRANTED

MERELY A MATTER OF SECONDS



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In less than sixty seconds your car can be raised and lowered . . . that is, if you have Jackall Built-in 4-Wheel Jacks. The Jackall system is operated from the driving seat. You need not get out of the car until it is fully raised. Jackall dispenses with mess and bother. A wheel-change is easily accomplished and such jobs as washing, greasing and brake adjusting are greatly simplified.

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BUILT-IN 4-WHEEL JACKS

S. SMITH & SONS (Motor Accessories) LTD., CRICKLEWOOD, LONDON, N.W.2

A Car of Exceptional Character

The Daimler "Light Straight Eight"

By The Earl of Cardigan

The Daimler "Light Straight Eight" is an outstanding car; a comfortable five-seater and by no means over-priced at £1,050

The Daimler "Light Straight Eight" in brief

Engine: Eight cylinders in line with overhead valves; 26 h.p.
Transmission: Four-speed pre-selective gearbox, with fluid flywheel giving infinite flexibility.
Performance: Third gear 60 m.p.h.; top gear 80 m.p.h.
Steering: Accurate; self-centres strongly.
Springing: Semi-elliptic, with controllable shock absorbers.
Brakes: Of efficient Servo type.
Jackall built in four-wheel jacks.
Coachwork: Well planned and very roomy.
Price: Sports Saloons from £1,050.

I HAVE never had the experience of driving a steam car. Indeed, I think that the steam car had already become obsolete by the time that I began to take an interest in motoring matters.

None the less, I have often discussed with older motorists the peculiar virtues of steam propulsion—its exceptional silence and its infinite flexibility. It is not surprising that steam-car enthusiasts have survived well into the petrol era.

I found myself wishing, a few days ago, that I could have had a real old-time, dyed-in-the-wool steam-car driver to sit beside me and to help me with these notes. I was testing the latest 26 h.p. "Light Straight Eight" Daimler.

In my own judgment, this car is irreproachable in the matter of silence, and comparable only with a "steamer" as regards flexibility and smoothness. I do not think that it is any exaggeration to say this. After all, when a car is capable of 80 m.p.h. in top gear, can start from a standstill in that gear, and can crawl along indefinitely in the same gear at ½ m.p.h. or even less—it is surely unbeatable, even by steam power, in this particular department!

Of course, in addition to having an engine which—by ordinary standards—is itself extremely flexible, the Daimler gains enormously owing to its fluid transmission. In its latest form, the "fluid flywheel" (which takes the place of the normal car's clutch) has so gentle and progressive an action that one is scarcely aware of the work that it is doing.

When one wishes to set the car in motion, one merely engages one of the gears (it doesn't very much matter which!) and lightly presses the accelerator. With perfect smoothness the car moves off, gathering its speed—gently at first, but then with increasing swiftness. There is no question of "letting the clutch in carefully" or anything of that sort. The fluid transmission takes care of all that—and does it absolutely to perfection.

Naturally, it is more practical to use one of the lower gears for starting. ("Second" is usually the most convenient.) It is easily possible, however, to cover long distances, relying on top gear only. I myself, as an experiment, drove from Hendon to Fleet Street without a single change "down," although many times compelled to stop and re-start in the intervening traffic blocks.

It was a "stunt" on my part perhaps, but the vital point is that the Daimler did it all *with ease*. Also—such is the nature of fluid transmission—the additional strain on the chassis was nil!

It must not be thought, however, that this "Light Straight Eight" is outstanding only in this one respect. On the contrary, it would be an extremely fine car, even if its transmission was of the most ordinary description. Its overhead-valve engine would always, in itself, be a delight to the driver.

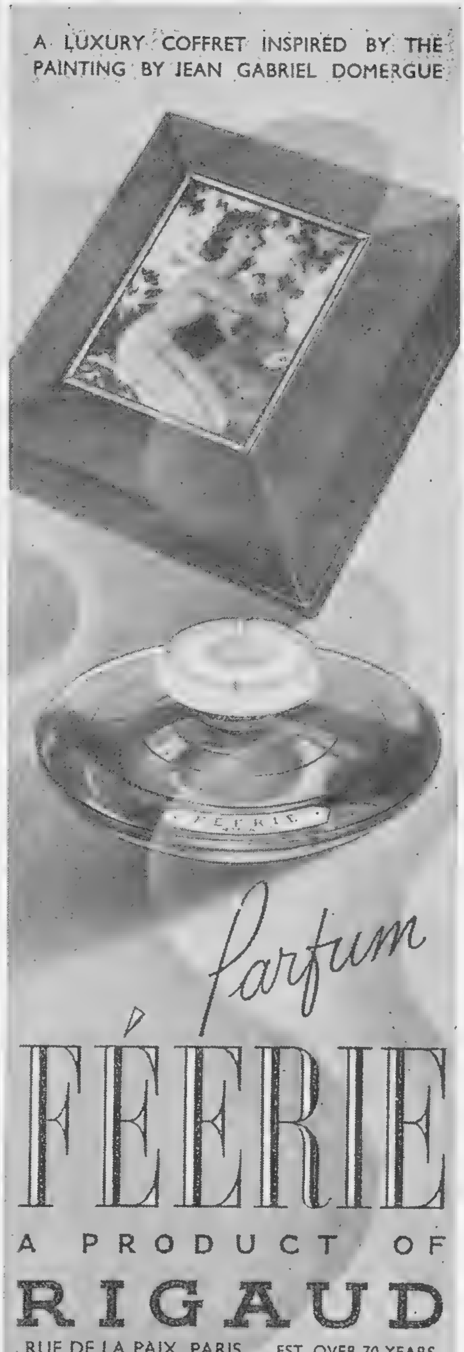
Acceleration, for example, is extremely good throughout the speed range, and a marked feature is the way in which high "revs" can be reached and maintained without any undue noise or "fuss" resulting. In third gear the maximum is around 60 m.p.h., while in "top" this Daimler can easily touch 80 m.p.h. These are good figures for a car which is built on generous and comfortable lines.

The springing is highly efficient, with shock absorbers controlled by the driver, and the servo-assisted brakes are of impressive power. I have no hesitation in saying that, if a Daimler driver is in a hurry, he can always "put his car along" in such a way as to leave the majority of other people behind.

(I should have mentioned before this that the gearbox is pre-selective. Thus every gear change is not only supremely simple, but also capable of being effected with great rapidity. Not an instant is lost, when the driver needs to get from one gear to another.)

The coachwork is most attractive, especially in the case of the Sports Saloon. This is a five-seater car, the sight of which immediately compels attention. Features of the interior are that—thanks to the worm-driven rear axle—no foot-wells break the level of the floor, while in front there are no obtrusive levers to limit the freedom of the driver and his companion. With these advantages, one is really inclined to wonder why a six-seater body has not been attempted.

A minor feature—which none the less has real value—is that both front wings are visible. Altogether, the fastidious driver and passengers of the same ilk will find this car likeable in any number of different respects. It is by no means over-priced at 1,000 guineas.



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A Ford with Attractive New Coachwork

By The Earl of Cardigan

An interior view of the Ford "V-8"

I THINK that I may safely, in discussing a car so well known as the 22 h.p. Ford "V-8," plunge immediately into the subject of its new coachwork. The general layout of the chassis is—or should be—perfectly familiar to the knowledgeable motorist. A few mechanical improvements have been made from time to time; but the original soundness of the "V-8" design has for some few years made major changes unnecessary.

In the matter of coachwork however, a great step forward has recently been made. In the first place, there is now considerably more room. The chassis has not been lengthened; but the available space has been better utilised. There is 3 inches more leg-room than before, with a corresponding increase in head-room. Also, I fancy that the seats are now set at a more comfortable angle.

In the car loaned to me, the upholstery was of leather. An extra charge of £5 is made for this variation—which however is so very well worth while that it might really be standardised. No doubt cloth upholstery has its points—cheapness being one of them; but the interior of this Ford gains enormously by the smart, well-finished appearance of leather.

Another gain to the car is that a large luggage compartment is built into the extreme rear of the coachwork.

It is a notable fact, too, that although the coachwork consequently has greater bulk than formerly, its "lines" are actually more pleasing. The car as a whole has a very well-balanced appearance, and seems to "fill the eye" better than before.

This last is an important point, for of course this Ford has an extremely good turn of speed. In top gear it can reach 75 m.p.h., and in second gear it is decidedly fast, being able to climb at 55 m.p.h.

The "V-8" engine is naturally very compact, as compared with a "straight" engine of similar capacity. Its own weight is presumably less, and the chassis in which it demands so little space is accordingly shorter and lighter than it otherwise would need to be. Altogether, the Ford's power/weight ratio must be uncommonly good—and hence it is no surprise to find that the car accelerates with more than ordinary rapidity.

Hence also the three-speed gearbox does everything that can be expected of it. The pick-up is so good and rapid, even from very low engine speeds, that a fourth ratio never seems to be needed. Both second and top gears have synchromesh engagement, so that to slip from one to the other is always a quick and easy process.

The car is well braked, and its transverse springing is very effective. (Incidentally, it is amusing to see nowadays how the transverse front spring, to which Mr. Ford has been faithful for twenty or thirty years, is beginning to regain favour in some other quarters!) The steering is geared rather low—that is, one has to make several steering-wheel movements to get round a sharp corner—but it is light, and has a helpful self-centering action.

In its present form, the car should prove even more popular than before.

The 22 h.p. "V-8" in brief

Engine: Eight cylinders in "V" formation; 22 h.p.
Transmission: Three-speed gearbox; synchromesh second and top gears.
Performance: Second gear 55 m.p.h. Top gear 75 m.p.h.
Springing: Of special Ford transverse type.
Steering: Geared low, but has self-centring action.
Brakes: Efficient, mechanical.
Coachwork: Very comfortable, with many recent improvements.
Price: Saloon with leather upholstery, £245.

The 22 h.p. "V-8" Ford in its present form should prove even more popular than before

Beds are Beautiful Again

(*Continued from page* 53)

This is lovely against faint pink walls.

Bed curtains have become practical again since delicate fabrics were made washable. The draped bed illustrated has curtains of Celanese furnishing ninon which, as everybody knows, can be bought from 2s. 11d. yard and washes like the proverbial rag.

Another charming arrangement similar to this was carried out in a young girl's bedroom with bed-curtains of Rosebank chintz having a cream ground scattered with rosebuds and a lining of rose pink percale to match their colouring.

The old-fashioned valance is now quite often used with charming effect. Sometimes a fitted cover of flowered chintz goes over the bed, reaching three or four inches down at each side. Beneath this a softly gathered valance of washing ninon or marquisette falls to the floor.

The important thing about all bedcovers is that they should fit well. Made to measure covers are best for this reason, and even the most amateur needlewoman need not shrink from making one.

A rayon-satin spread, heavily piped with a contrasting colour with day cushions to match, demands no special skill in the making. Cubaleen, the new flowered fabric which has the appearance of glazed chintz but washes and retains its finish is perfect for the matching set of curtains and bedspread.

A good, modern mattress will ensure the perfect "set" of your bedcovering to say nothing of your own comfort and relaxation when you sleep.

The luxurious softness of the modern scientifically designed mattress such as the Vi-Spring, is as vital to the appearance of a bed as to the health of the sleeper.

Mothers—Not Martyrs

(*Continued from page* 68)

The acceptance of tinned preparations for babies by the medical profession has been a long stride towards more leisure for mothers.

Indeed, every step of the way towards feeding, clothing, comforting and caring for baby has been simplified by modern invention. Equipment is designed with meticulous care for the well-being of both mother and child.

Nothing is heavy to lift. Coloured papier mâché baths, lightweight cots, even lightweight collapsible travelling equipment help towards conserving energy.

The mother of to-day studies her job with intelligence and foresight. She sees her duty to her child too clearly to waste her vitality in useless chores.

The Woman of Forty

(*Continued from page* 57)

continual sustenance. At times the skinfood can be replaced by muscle-oil at night. This is a mixture of herbs and turtle-oil, which seems to take out wrinkles as though your face were under a spell.

A pimple-remover is a boon. Just a drop—ready for you on a minute glass rod—slipped over the centre of the spot kills the germ. Good-bye, spot.

Night and day hand-balms prevent the back of the hand from crinkling, keep it white and ever-young. The day hand-balm is coloured green, so that the hand can never look red.

There is a liquid rouge which gives unequalled brilliance; nothing loud, but transparent resilience. A liquid mascara, to be applied with orange sticks, makes lashes look as long as to-day and to-morrow.

You have only to visit the salon to have make-up blended to suit your own colouring, from an individual range of twelve powders, eleven rouges—either paste, liquid or powder—and seven eyeshadows.

Each one of them are shades which sink in and tint the skin, bequeathing bloom.

Methods and make-up are the latest that science can offer. Go to this face-creator and allow yourself to look young.

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Shining suns are all very right in their way, but to really enjoy them to their utmost, your skin must be protected against their unpleasant after effects. Miss Arden's *Suntan Oil* permits you to tan gracefully and easily, giving your skin a lovely golden hue, 4/6 to 12/6. Her *Sunpruf Cream* (particularly liked by men as it is invisible) enables you to regulate your tan to the shade you wish, or if applied thickly prevents tanning altogether, 3/6, 5/6 a tube. *Ardena Protecta Cream* guards against freckles, sunburn or windburn, 5/6 to 12/6. *Eight Hour Cream*, soothes and heals your skin if you have allowed it to blister or redden, 7/6, 12/6.

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Whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined regularly by a Qualified Practitioner.

The Abominable Miss Bloggs

(Continued from page 41)

"My name's Napier, by the way: George Napier." Which obviously made it all right, because Georges are so safe.

Number 333 was rather a curious house, as befitted a man who was curious enough to ride a camel in the Park. It was a small house, wedged in between a motor car emporium and a block of flats and, at first glance, it seemed all that remained of a church which might have stood there once if the people in Park Lane ever did go to church. It had an enormous front door, in the Gothic style, covered with knobs and bits of enamelled ironware. As Vera approached, this door opened without a creak, and, standing in the doorway, she saw a manservant, complete with both side whiskers.

She turned, politely, to see if George was accompanying her and was slightly surprised to notice that the camel made a third. George, in fact, was leading him up the front steps.

"I suppose he sleeps with you?" she asked, wanting to make conversation.

"No: he has his own room," said George. "In the front, because it's hard work picking up these big doors at sales and I could only get two."

Sure enough, Bari was led straight into the front room, which seemed to make an elegant stable, as far as Vera could see. She found some difficulty in seeing at all in that house, because George had taken the slightly eccentric step of having all the decorations carried out in black, even to the ceilings.

"Frightfully good taste, of course," she murmured, "but don't you find it depressing to live with?"

He turned from seeing to the animal's comfort.

"It's a bit gloomy," he admitted, "but it never shows the dirt."

"How wonderful," she agreed, and allowed herself to be led into a back room on the ground floor, where the period furnishings of ebony and artificial flowers of jet at once caught the eye.

George turned at the door.

"Sherry!" he said to the manservant.

"Then it's not elderberry wine!" murmured Vera to herself and sat down. "Tell me," she said, "why you do these funny things. Are you a frightfully wealthy lunatic, or aren't you wealthy?"

"I assure you," said George, handing her the sheery, "that there's no saner man in London. May I say that you're adorable?"

"If you like It's rather a bromide."

"Sorry," said George, refilling his glass. "As a matter of fact I need this sherry. I'm going to get drunk. A man can't indulge two vices at the same time and what I want to do, of course, is to take care of you for ever."

"You'd better take care," said Vera, warningly.

"Perhaps you're right. Then I won't have any more sherry."

He advanced to take her in his arms, but for some reason she wasn't there and he embraced a standard lamp which toppled forward and hit him on the nose.

"These black things are hard to see," he said, grumbling slightly.

"Then why have them?" asked Vera. "Come and sit down sensibly, and tell me why you do it. Look: I've got my back to the light."

"Oh, thanks," said George, sitting down gingerly, and rubbing his nose. "Well, you see, it's all on account of my landlady."

"Your landlady?" she asked.

"My landlady," he confirmed. "She's a horrible, nasty, harridan; an ancient besom imbued with all the worst instincts so that you'd blush to hear them detailed. She probably smokes with her port, she's that kind of person. When she was younger, she used to twist the legs off her dolls to see if they'd bleed. When she got married, her husband had to have padlocks fitted to his trouser pockets. When she had children of her own, they used to dial 999 as soon as she came in the nursery. Now, she's old and toothless and ought to be killed by the kind of slow poison that ties you up in the sort of knots that can't be untied. In fact, I dislike her."

"No!" said Vera, "why?"

"Well, it's like this. I've got a lease of this house, which happens to suit me very well, and the old beldame wants to turn me out so that she can live in it herself."

"But if you've got a lease . . ." said Vera.

"Ah yes. But have you ever had a lease? If so, could you understand it? A real, lawyer's lease, with whithersoevers and heretofores on every line and heaps of expensive stamps across the top. If you have, you'll have discovered that leases sometimes contain snags. Mine did."

"What a shame!" said Vera, sympathetically, and he crept nearer to her in pure gratitude.

"The first thing that happened was that I had a letter from her lawyers pointing out that I had agreed to have the house redecorated every two years, and if it wasn't done in two weeks the lease would be forfeit."

"How terrible!" said Vera, and he came so close that he was actually touching her in parts.

"It was terrible. I went to a decorator and I said: 'If anyone told you you had to decorate your house and you didn't want to, what would you do?' and he said, without even stopping to shift his chewing gum to the other side: 'Paint it black, mister.' 'Jerusalem!' I said, 'that's a great idea. I will!' And I did. The lawyers came to see it and they went away sobered. Distinctly sobered."

"I expect they were surprised," suggested Vera.

"They were," agreed George, and moved so close that she remembered of a sudden that his braces were exposed. She drew away in displeasure.

"Don't you think you might put your coat and waistcoat on now?" she asked. "This is almost a bedroom scene. Suppose someone came in?"

"Tut, tut," he answered and hastened to make himself respectable, after which he re-seated himself and carelessly put an immaculate arm round her shouders.

"Darling," he said.

"Pet," she answered. "I was so afraid you were nuts; but I see it now. Of course you couldn't have given in. But why the camel?"

"That was their second move," he explained. "They must have written to my landlady right away, and had a reply by return of post, because it wasn't more than six weeks later that I had another letter from them. It was dastardly, simply dastardly."

"The brutes!" she muttered, between her teeth.

He squeezed her and found it was very pleasant so he forgot to leave off.

"Are you awfully rich, George?" she asked.

"I don't understand income tax, myself," he answered, "but the people who do nearly ruin me twice a year. Last time they stopped me buying a diamond I'd set my heart on. It was only ten thousand, but they wanted twenty odd which would have left me short and father always warned me against digging into capital. I hope you never do."

"Never," she assured him. "Do you like diamonds, too?"

"I'll show you mine, presently," he promised and, finding her face resting on his shoulder, he kissed it. There was no come-back, so he tried again and found her lipstick more pleasant than he had expected.

By this time they were face to face and looked set for a bout of all-in wrestling; but they were interrupted by a tap at the door and the manservant's voice, which said:

"Mr. Briggs and Mr. Lomas, sir!"

A referee would

(Continued on page 86)

"I don't mind an audience now, Jane Seymour"

She was a first-class tennis player. "But," as she said to me, "it takes away a lot of your pleasure if your face looks like a grease-spot when you get hot!"

"Well," I said, "there's no need for anyone to have a greasy skin nowadays. If you'll come to my Salon sometime, I can easily show you how to put it right."

Some days afterwards she turned up, and this is what I told her:

"Stop all greasy creams. Wash every night with Cleansing Milk instead. It tones and bleaches as well as cleanses. Then give yourself a course of Pore Cream. It refines the pores and stops the excessive oil-flow. As soon as your pores improve, use Greaskin Cream, which nourishes without lubricating. Brace your skin every morning with Astringent Lotion, and, to keep you matt while you play tennis (and at other times as well!) make up with Petal Lotion and Greaskin Powder."

Well, she adopted the treatment, and later she invited me to watch her play an important match. Certainly she got hot. But she did not *shine*—except at her game, which she won! "I'm not afraid of an audience now, thanks to you!" she told me.

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have been pleased at the way they broke out of the clinch. George dusted some powder off his coat collar, wondering how it could possibly have got there, and said:

"Come in!"

The two gentlemen who entered carried caps in their hands and wore suitings which had evidently been purchased on the convenient system which does alterations if required.

Mr. Briggs and Mr. Lomas hadn't bothered about the alterations, nor had they bothered to shave; but they touched their forelocks in unison and sang a duet:

"Arternoon, sir. Arternoon lidy. 'Opes we don't intrude."

"Well as a matter of fact, if you could come back in half an hour?" suggested George.

"Easy as kiss her 'and," said Mr. Briggs gallantly.

Mr. Lomas sucked his teeth and looked at Vera Bloggs, till Mr. Briggs plucked at his sleeve and interrupted his reverie.

Then they both turned and departed, and the door closed behind them.

"Two friends of mine," explained George.

"I thought they must be," said Vera, and inadvertently put into her look so much sex-compulsion that it was quite ten minutes before George became coherent again.

When he recovered from his loss of memory, he found he was sitting on a couch with Vera on his lap, making *crèche* noises. He winced at this, for it upset his masculine dignity to be so sat upon. He coughed, made a great effort, and said:

"Oh, I was telling you about the camel."

"Oh, Lor' so you were," said Vera, and laughed. "You won't mind, George darling, will you, but when I saw you this morning in the Row, I nearly laughed."

"It does attract some attention," George admitted, "but the poor beast must have some exercise and, after all, it's my landlady who's to blame: the old house-snatcher!"

"But she couldn't *want* you to have a camel in the house, surely, George dear?"

"No. It was like this. I had a cat. Not that I like cats as a rule, but we had mice and I couldn't find a shop that sold traps, so we got pussy. Well, when they came to see the new decorations, pussy was about the place, so I suppose they went home to Lincoln's Inn or some other Inn and drank a lot of beer and did some more lease studying. Anyhow, the upshot was that they informed me that it was against my lease to keep cats or dogs on the premises."

"Coo!" said Vera.

"Well, I did think of a coo, but a man told me about this camel, practically going for an old song because the Zoo was overstocked and there weren't any Eastern shows on in the West End; so I bought it and there you are. He's a marvellous animal really. Been trained, you know. As good as a dog, any day."

"But whatever do you feed him on?"

"Oh, dates and things. Montgomery-Hewlett, that's my man, sees to that. He only has to be fed once in three weeks: not Montgomery-Hewlett, the camel, I mean. That saves a lot of trouble if one's away. It's rather like having a car. You just fill up the tank and then keep an eye on the gauge: in this case the hump. Montgomery-Hewlett measures it with a foot rule and then he knows when its time to stoke up again. I'd no idea camels were so little trouble; but they say wisdom comes from the East. I shall never keep a cat again."

"I think you're wonderful!" sighed Vera. "Do you love me, George?"

"I'll say I do," said George, "but I'll keep off kissing for a bit if you don't mind. It makes me go into a sort of trance, and those birds'll be back in a minute. Meantime, just as a suggestion, what do you think about marriage: from a personal point of view?"

"Meaning me and you?" asked Vera, just to be sure.

"That *was* the idea," George admitted. "But, half a mo'. This is frightfully irregular. I've never proposed to a girl before without knowing her name. Any objection to telling me yours?"

"Be brave," said Vera.

"Why?" said George.

"Because my name's Vera Bloggs!"

"Bloggs!" he cried. "But dash it, that's my landlady's name. No relation, I hope?"

She put a tender hand on his shoulder.

"Prepare for a blow, darling," she said, in a tone of infinite compassion. "I am your landlady."

"Her!" he said, being rendered almost inarticulate by this disgusting disclosure. "You mean you're Miss Bloggs, that's been trying to turn me out of house and home?"

"That's right, precious. But I didn't know you then. It's all been a little plot on my part—meeting you this morning and getting you to invite me in here—a little plot to find out what sort of a stubborn creature you were. I didn't mean you to know; but now I've fallen for you like this . . ."

"You really have fallen for me?" George was doubtful.

"Darling!"

"I believe you." He relaxed. His business mind got to work. "Well, Vera, two things stand out. Number one: if we marry, you won't want to turn me out any longer. Number two: your name's overdue for changing. What do you think of Napier?"

"I like it."

"Consider it yours darling. I'll see my lawyers about it. Meanwhile," he looked at his watch, "those two chaps'll be back any minute."

"Who are they, exactly?" she asked, with true feminine curiosity.

"Burglars," he explained. "I give them a sort of pension. They like it."

"I'm sure they do. But why?"

"They pay the rent and buy sweets for their children."

"I mean why do you give it them?"

"Oh, that's philanthropy. Don't you know about philanthropy? It's all your fault, anyhow. You shouldn't have been so sticky about your old lease."

"But I don't know anything about this!" she cried. "I left it all to the lawyers. Whatever have the brutes done to you now, Georgie, darling?"

He shook himself.

"Not Georgie!" he protested, "or the wedding's off!"

"Don't you like it, pettie?"

"Not pettie, either, or I book a divorce before we start!"

"Oh, all right, touchy!"

He looked at her, but, deciding that touchy was not a diminutive, let it go.

"I must show you my diamonds before they come," he said. "You see; with burglars about the place one has to be rather careful; so I've a very special safe place. It's quite safe because it's a safe, if you see what I mean, only no one knows it's a safe which makes it safer. Look!"

He went to the mantelpiece, where there were several ornamental knobs.

"You press this one first; then you slide that one back. I wouldn't show anyone else, but as we're getting married and it's your house anyway, it's all right of course. Oh, I forgot: I didn't explain about the burglars." He stood there with his hands on the knobs, and went on: "I was filling in forms for football pools when the lawyers came: the day they saw poor pussy. They wrote and said that on no account must the house be used for any kind of business: so I wrote back and asked if it could be used for philanthropy, and they said yes. So I became philanthropical, because I thought it might annoy you darling, to have burglars all over the place, and you wouldn't be able to do anything about it. Piggy, wasn't it, but I didn't know you then, of course. Oh, dear, I seem to have been standing here too long. I wonder if I can get out?"

While George had been talking, the hearthstone had slowly sunk into the ground, so that he was now visible only as to his head. Just as his chin was disappearing, however, the machinery stopped and Vera, who had been wondering how long this sort of thing went on and having

(Continued on page 88)

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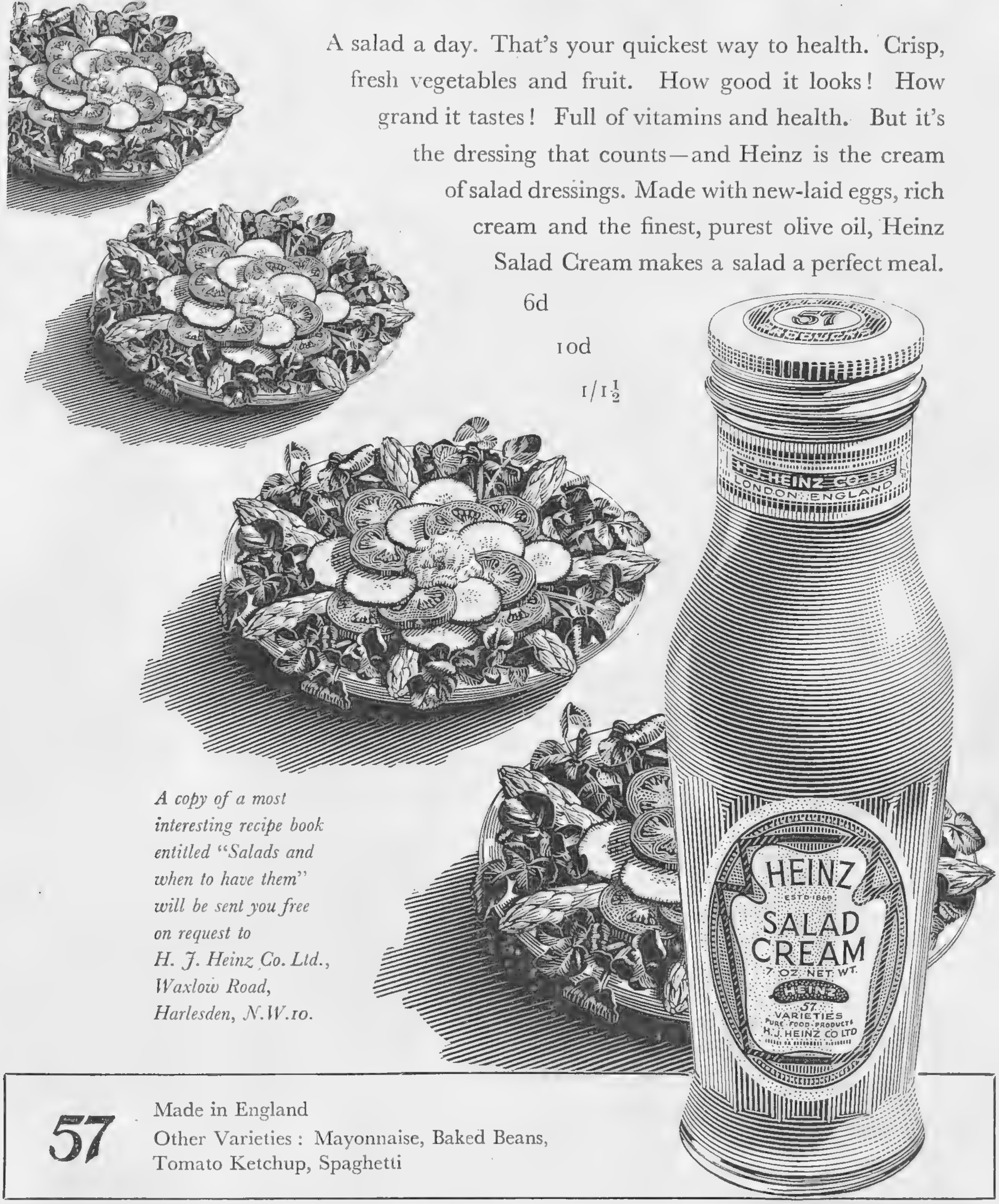
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a side bet on the result, clicked her tongue with annoyance.

"The diamonds, by the way, are here, if you'd care to see them?"

He picked them out of some recess under the floor and held them up. Two handfuls of indestructible money which glittered balefully, as other people's money always does.

"Oooh" said Vera.

"You like them?" he asked.

"Ooooh!" she repeated.

"I thought you would. There's more down there. I'll give you one or two after we're married. There are a few duplicates I don't want. Do you mind pressing those knobs the other way? Then I can come up again."

She pressed rather too savagely, and the hearthstone came up with a bump, so that George continued to sail into the air and landed down again with a bang.

"Thanks frightfully!" he said. "Oh, dear, I believe those thugs have come back. Come in!!"

Once more Mr. Briggs and Mr. Lomas entered the room, in their absent-mindedly fitted suits and their check caps, which, also, absent-mindedly, they had left on their heads.

But perhaps it was because they had not come empty-handed this time. Mr. Lomas held a rope, and Mr. Briggs a gun, which he pointed very steadily at George Napier's stomach.

"Stick 'em up!" he said.

George obligingly did the first part of his daily dozen, and stayed put; but Vera, braving worse than death, ran to the fireplace and pressed the knobs.

"You can't get out that way," said George.

"Oh, so that's where he keeps 'em!" said Mr. Briggs. "Good work, Elsie."

"Is your name Elsie?" asked George, watching his hearthstone sink sickeningly.

"Elsie Smith!" said Vera Bloggs obligingly. "You didn't really think I'd have a name like Bloggs, did you, cherub?"

"And I gather you don't love me after all?" added George, who was very quick at understanding things.

"You gathered right," said Elsie, leaping into the hole and gathering up diamonds, which Mr. Briggs noted with approval.

"Tie him up!" he ordered Mr. Lomas, "same as what you did that perishin' flunkey!"

"I wondered what had happened to Montgomery-Hewlett," said George. "Indeed I am undone."

"Your waistcoat is, anyhow," said Mr. Briggs, and George realised that he had never done it up in the urgency of his love making. He blushed.

"You needn't tie me up so tight," he complained.

"I need," said Mr. Lomas, speaking for the first time.

"Not so much lip," said Mr. Briggs, pocketing the swag and making for the door. "Good-bye, guv'nor, and thanks!"

Mr. Lomas tied a last knot and followed him. Elsie went last, blowing a farewell kiss. They were in such a hurry they forgot to shut the door as politely as they might have done; which gave George the great satisfaction of hearing Mr. Briggs shriek:

"Hell's murder!"

And of hearing a dreadful thud.

And of hearing Elsie yell: "Oh, you beast; you're killing him!"

And more yells, which were rather difficult to identify.

Then, when pandemonium had raged for five minutes, there was a banging at the door to the street, which Mr. Briggs seemed to have left ajar for a quick getaway, because a draught came through it and a voice, mighty with the majesty of the law, said:

"What's all this 'ere?"

And that was that; except that Bari got an extra ration of dates for being such a clever camel as to run amok among burglars the first time he ever saw any.

Really and truly, he was a very clever camel.

Celebration Party

(Continued from page 23)

of honour that this lady knows nothing."

"You are a spy," Adonis said in a flat voice. "You are a danger to the State. We cannot accept your word. Pardon me."

Angela said nothing further. She held Stephan's hand and watched him and thought about the days they had had together. She shuddered. He had said that everything in these days was so uncertain. He knew then what he had been saying and had expected this. Why had there to be so much shooting she thought. And then she imagined how it would be in the early morning in the full moon when it was cool and the shooting would begin.

Stephan saw the tears in her eyes and smiled. He remembered how she had said that she was crying a little for his going away. Now it would be a very long time. Well, it was the risk one took. One had to live. He had never cared before about death, but now he had known Angela everything was different. He sighed. It would have been nice to have gone on a walking tour with Angela, to have had her for ever by him. It was a pity that there had to be a war.

"We must be going," Adonis said.

Caesar and Adonis got up from the table and put on their hats and stood ready waiting. Angela and Stephan remained motionless. Then Stephan got up and moved towards the door.

"The lady must come too," Caesar said.

Angela joined Stephan at the door. She took his arm as if they were going for an afternoon's stroll. The two officers pulled their tunics straight and adjusted their ties.

"We are ready," Adonis said.

When the little party arrived in the market square, Angela and Stephan, Adonis and Caesar got into a waiting motor car and were driven away. Not a word was spoken. Hardly a soul stirred in the market place, only one or two of the more curious inhabitants came to their windows to watch the proceedings. But mostly the townspeople were asleep, too tired and hot to bother with such things.

In less than an hour the party arrived at headquarters. They went through what seemed to be an accustomed routine.

Adonis and Caesar presented papers and particulars and discussed Stephan in low undertones. Everybody was very matter-of-fact and indifferent. Not a word was exchanged between Stephan and Angela. They marched with Caesar and Adonis silently, expecting the worst at any minute.

Finally Caesar halted and spoke.

"You had better say good-bye now," he said. There was a little silence. Then he added, softly and more gently, "I should have it over quickly. It is better that way."

"And the lady?" Stephan asked. "What of her?"

"The Commanding Officer will see her," Adonis said. "I think you have nothing to worry about with her."

The two officers turned their backs and waited.

"Good-bye my Angela," Stephan said.

He took her and kissed her lightly on the lips. She did not speak, but pressed him close and held him and kissed him on the cheek.

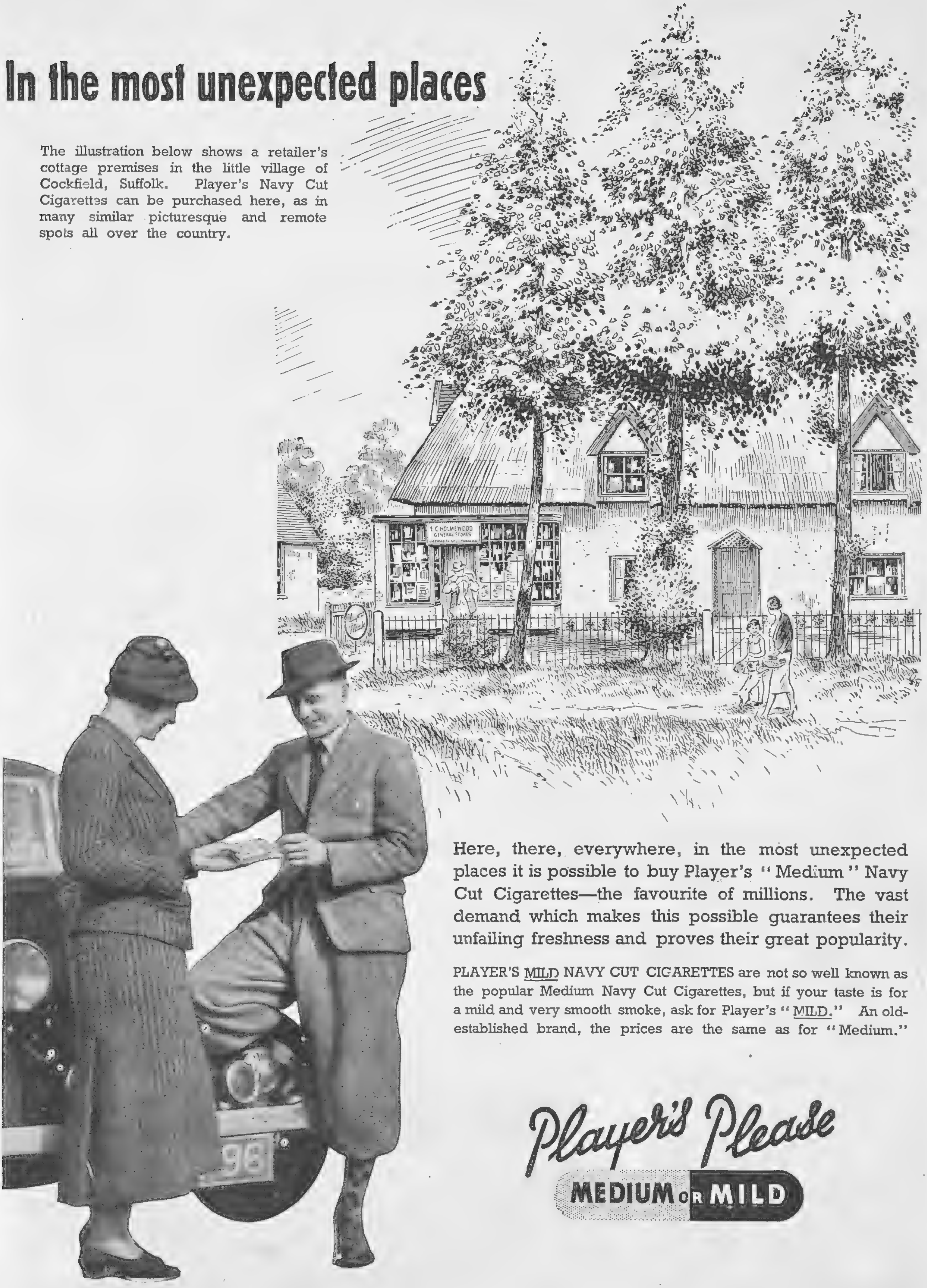
"Everything has been wonderful," Stephan said.

Just that, and she nodded. Then they kissed again and they were parted. And when the soldiers came and marched Stephan away, Angela could remember his dark eyes with the glint of sorrow in them and the drawn face and his

(Continued on page 90)

In the most unexpected places

The illustration below shows a retailer's cottage premises in the little village of Cockfield, Suffolk. Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes can be purchased here, as in many similar picturesque and remote spots all over the country.



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tight lips as he had kissed her. And she remembered the first sherry they had had together and the warm days and the fun they had had. All this she remembered and especially his last look as he had turned away while she had been taken by Caesar to the Commanding Officer.

The Commanding Officer rose from his desk and dismissed Caesar. He motioned Angela to a chair and lit a cigarette. He was watching her closely. They were alone.

Angela sat with her hand on her forehead and her elbow on her knee. She was drawn and pale.

"Will they shoot him?" she asked at last.

"Yes." The officer came round from behind the desk and drew up a chair opposite Angela.

"Will there be a trial?"

"No. We have no time."

Silence. The Commanding Officer did not take his eyes off her once, but sat there smoking and watching. Finally Angela looked up.

"It's too terrible," she said at last.

"It's war," the officer said. "All is fair in—" He stopped. Angela looked at him quickly.

"Yes," she said. "All is fair. But it's not," she cried. "It's not. I can't go on with it, I tell you. I can't go on."

The officer got up and went over to her and held her shoulders. He could feel them moving because of her sobbing and he tried to pacify her. He was a soldier. Such things were difficult for him.

"Now, now," he said.

"I've finished," Angela said at last. "I've finished I tell you. I can't go on with it any more. It was different before, but this time—oh, Stephan."

The officer poured out a glass of water and offered it to her. She refused. The officer put the water-glass back on the table and offered a cigarette. She refused. The officer sighed.

"You did a good job," he said at last. "He was a most dangerous man to us." He paused. "You will be decorated with the highest military distinction," he added.

"I don't want it," Angela said. "It's all so cruel, so useless, so silly. Why did I do it?"

"It was your duty," the officer said. "We all have our duty. You will forget. Now take a little rest and later some dinner. And this evening we will have a party for you."

And Angela remembered Stephan as he had turned and said good-bye, and then she thought about how it would be in the early morning in the full moon when the shooting would begin.

The officer pressed a bell.

"Have a nurse sent up," he said to the orderly. "The lady here has fainted."

END

Holiday-On-Her-Own

(*Continued from page 67*)

cheap holiday. Bed and board varies from five to a mere two and a half Swiss francs (21·70 to the £1) a day and parties of English Guides (getting railway and other facilities) can get a fortnight's holiday for under £9 each.

There is a marked absence of uplift and a definite efficiency in the running of the winter sports and summer recreations. The work of the house is done by a highly competent cook and two domestic workers, and the different parties of girls do general domestic work, in rota.

Our English girls meet there Danes, Czechs, French, Hungarians, Norwegians, Americans.

Obviously, the parent of the lonely child asks how so fine a holiday can be managed if that child is not already a Guide. The answer is that—very occasionally—outside visitors are taken, but that (if the girl be that way disposed) nothing is easier than to write to headquarters and join a suitable section.

If you know nothing about suitable private families or schools for the almost grown-up girl abroad, you can get advice and help from an astonishingly efficient organisation within the framework of a famous travel headquarters.

There they have personal knowledge of about 5,000 suitable schools, homes, and holiday centres for children of all types and ages. The manager of this organisation travels quite 50,000 miles each year, visiting these places and seeing the children for whom she has made arrangements, and with whom she keeps in touch.

Personal knowledge of families and schools and holiday centres makes it actually possible for this organisation to match-up the child with the destination and to assess just that necessary mixture of holiday with study that the parent has in mind.

There are certain finishing schools and study homes abroad which also make holiday arrangements for additional girls when they have vacancies.

There is, for instance, the Study Home of Madame Jean Boue in Paris—in Auteuil.

Here girls can, for a reasonable monthly sum 3,000 francs (178 to the £1) take a short course that is available during the summer and when vacancies occur, which gives them, in this time, a close-up of the French language and a knowledge of home life in Paris.

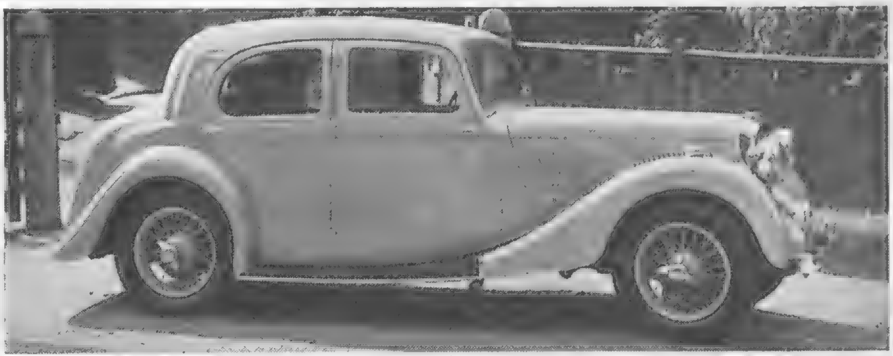
For parents who have limited means there are the various holiday centre systems so efficiently run under the Polytechnic and the Y.W.C.A., among other organisations.

THE holiday-house at Montreux-Clarens, run by the Y.W.C.A., is ideal for the lonely girl-student. The cost is under £11 for fifteen days.

The National Union of Students can arrange *au pair* posts for university students from eighteen to twenty-six years of age. At the same time they have a wide range of tours of all types arranged, including walking and sailing tours.

In this country we are beginning to learn the range and possibilities of the Youth Hostel Organisation, and to realise that they are ideal for small parties of girls and boys walking for a holiday or cycling through Britain.

The Youth Hostel National Office can also supply the handbooks that contain information about similar organisations in other countries. There is a system of exchange coupons for use on holidays in Germany.



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C.r.H.

If Your Son Were a German

(Continued from page 11)

find work at twenty-one, or of having to worry lest in those more difficult years these boys commit some indiscretion likely to hurt their futures.

Unlike in Italy, Hitler does not allow the use of arms and armdrill to the boys of Germany. Of this they learn nothing, not even in the Labour Camps, until they enter the army, as it is hoped, pure both mentally and physically.

In the next two years they become trained and efficient soldiers and then they pass out, the majority of them to earn their own living in whatever profession or trade they are ready to specialise in.

All this system has its drawbacks. In the old days a long apprenticeship was necessary for the chemical industries and similar callings. That training is still required and the Germans have not the time to give to it; at twenty-one they are often too old to start. There is therefore a great shortage to-day in such trades. Moreover, the German boy, educated as I have described, has not got the mental capacity to want to study anything that is very abstruse. It will be said that he has been educated for a military career and a military career alone. But even that is not correct. Brains and education are needed in the modern mechanised army, and the army officers complain of the appalling drop in the mental standard of the recruits.

What is to be done about it? Nobody is certain, but there is much alarm in Germany. The Government is starting vocational competitions like sporting competitions to try and get young men more interested in trades.

I HAVE said earlier on that morals are better, but even that is being questioned. Lack of Christian teaching and lack of respect for parents, is producing a schoolboy whose main principle seems to be "not to be found out," and the natural rebel instinct in boys, or if you prefer it, the instinct for reform, is not being allowed for sufficiently. Discipline to the State is losing a little of its glamour, and the boys who will soon be men and have now had five years of this life are not all turning out as docile as was expected.

What will happen when these boys enter industry? That question too is being anxiously asked by the few parents who are in the position to know the facts.

When the boy joins the Labour Front, as he must do, and enters the trade or the factory chosen, he will find himself working for a smaller salary than in England, but by the payment into a fund for an organisation called the Strength Through Joy Movement, he will be able to have travel holidays and sport that would be quite impossible for him to contemplate in Great Britain. In his factory there will be a special Labour Front organisation to see to it that he does not grumble or spread discontent. At the same time he will know that the factory owner is not allowed to make an unreasonable profit, nor to run his factory on any lines not in accordance with Nazi ideology. Moreover, the head of the factory will himself soon be of an age to have gone through a Labour Camp and to understand the new classless German mentality. The publicity of the Four Years' Plan, the feeling that the work in the factory is being done in spite of opposition from abroad; the resultant feeling of patriotism, and the constant efforts to distract the worker from any possible discontent, all go to make the young man feel he is better off than the young man elsewhere. Yet in spite of it there is discontent, for the thousand and one influences formerly in the working man's life cannot be eradicated so easily.

This does not mean that Hitler's methods are not succeeding; on balance it would seem that they are definitely forging ahead. The young man has much he never had before.

First there is the competition for physical fitness. Each year over 300,000 people, mostly young men, are awarded a Reich sport badge for passing certain tests in physical fitness. It takes nearly a year in a man's spare time to train for this badge. If you go on taking and passing the test each year, you will get a silver badge soon, and finally a gold badge. You must pass a test in one sport of each of five categories. The first category covers swimming; the second, all forms of jumping—even ski-jumping in the Bavarian Alps; the third covers sprinting or long-distance running; the fourth, discus-throwing, shooting, canoeing, sculling or weight-lifting; and the fifth category is for horse-jumping, motor-cycling, marathon walking, ski-ing, skating and bicycling. Special tests are made for blind people and men who have only one arm or leg. There is a theory in Germany that everything must be for this life, and if you are deformed, your other limbs must be developed so that you do not feel your inferiority.

It can be seen how wholesale sport on these lines can keep the young men very busy. Groups of the same class are not encouraged to go on holidays together. Two friends of mine, sons of army officers, wanted to go with three other friends for winter sports from Potsdam to Bavaria. It was very broadly hinted to them that that would not be a good idea. Only three must go and they must take as the other two, two working-class young men. Such is the new Germany for young people. Some parents like it, others don't. Almost all are agreed however, that for the working classes the Strength Through Joy Organisation, copied from the Italian After Work Institutions, gives the young men and young working girls chances of holidays and sports and sightseeing they could never otherwise have imagined.

A special holiday island is being developed for these people off the north coast of Germany. Special cruise ships, the biggest over 25,000 tons, have carried in the last year nearly a quarter of a million workers for cruises in the Baltic and 8,000 workers were taken to Madeira, for a cruise in the Adriatic and down to Genoa by train. None of these people are allowed to land in democratic countries. Whole theatres are taken for them once a week in large towns, special medical treatment is accorded them, all this to a people who have always liked to be led.

We hear there is a shortage of certain foods to counteract all this pleasure. That too is true, but there is no shortage of food as a whole, only of certain foods which we in England might at first consider essentials. The German housewife evidently does not. She carries on and she answers every criticism I have put to her with the query, "If we were to rise against the present regime, would your countries help us? Did they help us before? Can you guarantee that we would not sink into the conditions of Communism and disorder we were in before Hitler came? Now our children are at least healthy and cheerful, and there is law and order and our daughters can go out in safety."

There is no doubt the sons feel the same, and so do many mothers in countries neighbouring Germany where things are not going well. But all the advantages I have enumerated can be got outside Germany if only an effort is made, without the drawbacks the Germans suffer. And there is above all this big danger for your son if he is a German. He is now convinced that he is better than anyone else, he has almost blind faith in a man and a system and these may one day let him down. After that he has nothing and the culture and the ideals of his parents are as a closed book to him, a book it is possible may never be opened. The old patriarchal essential Germanic idea of family life is dead, has anything that is lasting been put in its place? No one has yet the right to say for certain, "Yes" or "No," the experiment is still in too early a stage, but it is a very dangerous experiment for children, all parents will agree.

END

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Woman of the East

(*Continued from page* 13)

militarily ill-advised resistance. Madame Kung walks, acts, sits in repose in typical Chinese manner.

The wife of a foreign advisor who frequently stays with the sisters in Hankow had mentioned to me that even when she thought no one was around Madame Kung would walk as quietly, with that Chinese calm, swaying movement, as when she crossed a room full of people. Whereas Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, so poised in public, would relapse into a hurried step when unobserved. She has all the eager energy and activity of the American, and has brought many American tastes and ideas from Wellesley College where she graduated. This same foreign lady told me that Madame Chiang Kai-Shek enjoys Western food, and that nothing pleases her more than American and European dishes, which the Generalissimo does not like. He prefers Chinese food.

The Soong sisters practise what even to a Western woman might be considered exaggerated cleanliness. That they have laundered every day all their lingerie is quite natural, but my foreign friend told me that much to the *amah's* (maid's) concern she herself protested against the daily tubbing and scrubbing of her expensive satin and elastic corsets. She added that staying with the Chiang Kai-Shek household was no different from staying with Americans or Europeans.

Madame Kung has a stronger face than her sister. She is credited with being the shrewdest and cleverest business woman in all China, and with being in finance what her sister is in politics and statecraft. With evident pride, she spoke of her own four children, two handsome daughters, and one of the sons, not a general in the field fighting the Japanese invader, but at the age of twenty-two or twenty-three already a director in one of the big Government banks controlled by his father, which has established its headquarters in the much safer British Hong Kong. Her sister, she remarked incidentally—or was it incidentally?—had no children.

Among conservative and old-fashioned Chinese, from the lowest to the highest, there is no greater reproach to a woman, whatever her rank, position or wealth, than that she is childless. That accounts for the fact that Madame Chiang Kai-Shek's name and fame is vastly greater throughout the world than it is in China. Many a Chinese turns up his or her nose at the mention of her name because she has not given the Generalissimo a son, not even a daughter, notwithstanding her far greater services to her country.

As Chinese tea was served to us in covered cups, Madame Kung remarked, "My sister came from Hankow to visit me, and to get some much-needed rest. To-day is the first day that she is receiving anyone."

That explained to me the large number of motor cars parked in the front. Madame Kung did not tell me what I knew—that there had been numerous Soong family councils in Hong Kong in the last days in which Madame Chiang Kai-Shek was the Ambassadress of her husband, the Generalissimo. She was trying, amongst other things, to establish better family accord. Also she wanted to patch up things between the Generalissimo and her brother, Mr. T. V. Soong. The latter would not come into the Government, except on his own terms and conditions. Those the Generalissimo would not accept. "TV" was persuaded by his sister to come to Hankow where he had a talk with the marshal, but evidently it was not wholly satisfactory, for he did not, as was forecast, take over the Finance Ministry.

Madame Kung came out of her reserve as soon as she began to tell me about her interests in the refugees, and the home she maintains for four hundred war orphans in Shanghai.

"My problem will arise when they get well enough, or old enough, to leave to make place for others. What shall I do with them? Adopt them all, perhaps! I suppose that as I have four children myself already, another four hundred would not make so much difference!" she said smilingly.

At this point Madame Chiang Kai-Shek came into the room. Dressed in all black like her sister, the sober Chinese-style gown was enlivened by diamonds, or what I took to be diamonds, clips and ear-rings. I was rather surprised that she was not wearing jade, the beautiful emerald-green jewel, which Chinese women usually prize far beyond diamonds. I remember in 1927 spending the day with a Chinese official and his four wives in Peiping. While the Number One wife wore jade, ate with jade chopsticks valued at £2,000, the Number Two wife had to be content with mere diamonds and ivory chopsticks decorated with gold, and the lesser wives with ivory chopsticks decorated with silver. Madame's diamond ear-rings, and they certainly looked precious, were not ostentatious in size. Later she sent word that they were "merely glass," and not diamonds, as some other visitors had described them.

Personally, I could see no reason why the wife of the Generalissimo of all China's armies should not wear modest diamond ear-rings if she were so minded. The importance given to this very futile matter was no doubt a reflexion from her youthful environment and missionary training.

The "Woman of the East!" Is that characterisation of her a true one?

There flashed into my mind, my friend Madame Sarojini Naidu, the fiery woman political leader of India, and Gandhi's chief lieutenant. Handsome, with flashing eyes, always gorgeously dressed in the richest and most colourful tissues of her country, Madame Naidu moves like a queen. Gandhi himself told me, "Madame Naidu can achieve anything she sets out to do—she is wonderful. She can hold thousands with her voice and eloquence. She can accomplish anything—the most delicate diplomatic mission. She is a great woman, because she has the judgment to combine her more than a man's share of statesmanship, determination, endurance, knowledge of the world, diplomacy and oratory with every asset of femininity, and she never makes the mistake of trying to deny her femininity."

At another time, Gandhi in philosophical mood, speaking of what he called the "New Era," told me that, "Many of the great personalities of the future will be women. Women will lead men."

I thought, too, of Madame Zaghloul Pasha, widow of Saad Pasha Zaghloul, Egypt's greatest political figure since Mohammed Ali. I was with Zaghloul Pasha and his wife a great deal during the stormiest years of his career and realised the rôle she played behind her Moslem veil.

After the Pasha's death Madame Zaghloul became the focus of his party and the "Mother of Egypt." Neither of these two truly great women have had the world's spotlight turned upon them, and people know little about them. Madame Chiang Kai-Shek charms, but does not impress one immediately with suggestion of inward strength and magnetism as do the other two. The incident about the ear-rings, which she was so anxious that the world should know were "glass," confirmed my conclusion that she is no Cleopatra, conscious of her power and confident of her position, but that she dreads and fears criticism.

I may be unjust, since her technique of "power" is one of the exceptions which have proved the rule down thousands of years. There have been other famous women like her, but they are rare.

Madame Chiang Kai-Shek seeks none of the glory for herself, she turns it all over to her husband. Her self-imposed rôle, or one which she would prefer, is more that of an elusive shadow—the Lady of the Courtyard—pulling strings in the background, a slender finger in every pie.

(*Continued on page* 96)

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FOR THE CHILDREN — **TEK JUNIOR 1/3**

She comes and she goes. One moment she is in the blaze of world limelight, the next she has materially vanished, leaving only the starry galaxy of her name to conjure and command with. It needs but a crisis, however relatively small, to provoke a reappearance in a whirlwind of passionate activity, American impatience of delay, confusion or hesitation, plus the Chinese woman's aggressive positiveness and, when circumstances justify it, ill-concealed fury at frustration.

Her extraordinary anxiety to "build up" the reputation of her husband, to withdraw in his favour whenever credit is due, to hand him all the bouquets even for what she knows very well the world knows is her own work, tends to make one wonder whether the Generalissimo is really the strong man, the great man he is claimed to be. Or whether she is fighting to maintain him on the pedestal upon which the Chinese have placed him, even to raise that pedestal, since the fate of China depends upon a leader, and that leader to-day could never be a woman. The Generalissimo is far from modern-minded. "Medieval-minded" is a term frequently applied to him. Steeped in the ancient theories of indirect Oriental methods, I know that Madame Chiang Kai-Shek with her American background has often been obliged to crash through tradition and precept, both of diplomacy and war. Her deliberate and methodical upbuilding of the Hope of China suggests a motive more heroic than mere wifely devotion. In that she is a great woman. One of her foreign friends told me that the Generalissimo always loses weight when his wife leaves Hankow, and that he is not happy or at ease until she returns.

The last time I talked with madame was in her simple little summer home in Nanking, at the foot of the great white tomb on Purple Mountain of Sun Yat-sen, whose state funeral I attended in 1929.

The "Garden House," as she called it, was little more than a sprawling bungalow surrounded by trees. "We like it so much better here than in the official residences," she told me at the time, "it is not a real house, for no architect designed it. From a couple of rooms it just grew with our needs."

Over afternoon tea, as lavish and daintily spread as anything I have seen in America or Europe, Mei-ling, as Shanghai and Nanking society still thought and spoke of her then, talked freely about her girlhood in America, and the shock she experienced when she returned to China and the realisation of China's plight. "As a carefree college girl, I had forgotten all those things. But when I came home and saw what a tremendous work there was to be done, I solemnly dedicated myself then and there to my country's service." An undertaking she has indeed loyally carried out.

Later in that conversation, when I asked her a few questions, she became restive, silent and almost resentful, though my questions were quite general and only calculated to present her to my readers as the fine personality she is. Having begun so wonderfully, and myself having been so deeply moved by her sincerity and humanity of purpose, I was shocked to say the least when she broke out nervously, "I don't want to be interviewed. I won't be interviewed." It sounded so childish, after all the noble sentiments she had been expressing. The years since have added to her poise, to her maturity and even to her beauty. Far more sure of herself, she still reveals the inhibitions natural to the narrowness of her missionary education.

The other day in Hong Kong she said the things she would be expected to say. Most of them she had written, or they had been written for her and widely published, especially in America. The wisdom of that propaganda sent out under her own name has been questioned by many. No queen could, or would, have done that, and to many millions of young and old women—even to many men—Mei-ling is Queen of China, the "Woman of the East" fighting desperately against the "Emperor of the East," as General Ian Hamilton characterised the ruler of Japan.

She admitted to me there could be no peace in the Far East without respect, friendship, and a certain amount of co-operation between China and Japan. "But this must be on a mutual basis of equality, not from Japanese efforts to dominate China. China's history is older than that of Japan. We cannot, and will not, become the slave-people of Japan."

Madame Chiang Kai-Shek is chary about talking politics other than spirited defiance to the "Emperor of the East." That is where she becomes fidgety and nervous if you press her with questions. She feels that what she says may reflect upon her husband. She does like to talk about the "New Life Movement" started by her and the Generalissimo. A philosophical and ethical movement. Its purpose is to revive and regalvanize old Chinese virtues, and to adapt them to modern life, thereby raising the moral and ethical standards of the Chinese. But even in this, she has none of the spell-binding oratory of Madame Naidu of India, but an appeal quite her own.

Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, whether she be or not the "Woman of the East," holds the most unique, the most extraordinary and the most powerful position of any woman in the world to-day.

Until the other month, she was the first and only woman Minister of Air in the world. She cannot fly herself, and knows little about flying. She gave the order to sink the Japanese flagship *Idzumo* lying in front of the Japanese Consulate in Shanghai, which resulted in the death and horrible maiming of more than two thousand of her own people and some Europeans, when the Chinese bombers dropped their bombs on the International Settlement instead. Her orders, too, sent her Chinese bombers to sink Japanese troop transports and by mistake they bombed the American Dollar Liner *President Hoover.*

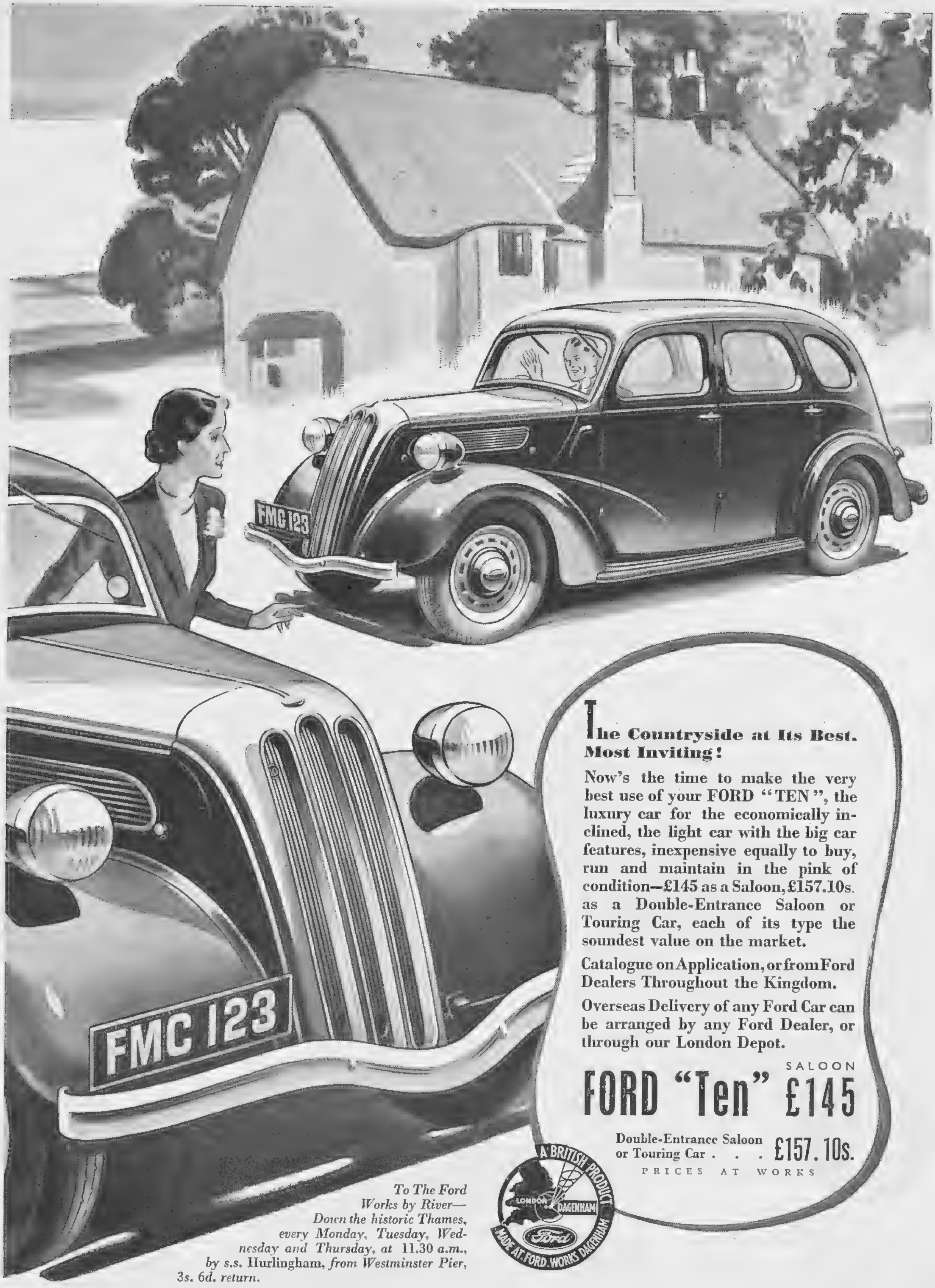
These two incidents were a crushing disgrace, from which the remnants of the Chinese Air Force has not yet recovered. In spite of this, madame will not admit that China's Air Force was a failure. You could not expect such an admission. The facts are eloquent enough. Moreover, the fault lay not with her. She did not have the training of the Chinese pilots.

I have often wondered why she did not order the bombing of some of the populous cities in Japan in retaliation against the outrages perpetrated by the Japanese invaders. Perhaps it was because she had no suitable bombers for the purpose, but I like to believe that it was because she is a woman and merciful to the helpless and defenceless. In any case, the first woman Air Minister in history led in humanity and moral progress, where men can be proud to follow. And certainly not from motives of timidity or weakness.

It was characteristically courageous of her to plunge into the tangle of graft, corruption, intrigues, favouritism and slackness of the Air Force as Secretary-General of the National Aviation Commission. The war came on too quickly for her to accomplish what she wanted to do, yet she did succeed in breaking up rings, members of which had been making fine incomes from the purchase of aircraft and other war equipment. She unmasked war profiteers operating in the guise of patriots. A few "heads rolled."

The incredible Air Force tangle ended with her persuading Mr. T. V. Soong, with the approval of the Generalissimo, to take over full control of all purchasing of equipment, her own resignation as Secretary-General—which in effect was that of Air Minister—and the Air Force being placed under the control of the General Staff instead of operating as an independent force. It was madame herself who led the bitter fight for that change. By remaining on the National Aviation Commission as a member representing the Generalissimo, and with her brother as shield-bearer for her, madame cleverly avoided surrendering any of her power.

Though not officially a member of the Cabinet, she is next to her husband the most important member *(Continued on page 98)*



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of the Government, and exercises many of the functions of such a high official with a fearlessness that a real official would not dare. For a time she took over the censorship. She fought the anti-Chiang Kai-Shek military crowd, which would have sacrificed the Generalissimo in the famous Sian kidnapping incident. With the help and advice of Mr. W. H. Donald, she probably saved the life of her husband. Boldly she flew to his aid. In China, that is considered her greatest achievement.

The "Woman of the East" is the champion of the wronged. Their pleas for justice pour in upon her like a torrent. She is asked to intercede for foreign claims. She is asked to intercede with the Generalissimo against abuses of office and authority, against graft and malfeasance. The director of the National Health Service is now in Hong Kong for reasons of his own, because of charges. If a missionary has been kidnapped and held for ransom, or a mission is in danger, it is to madame that the appeal for help is directed.

Madame is against, and fights "face"—next to "squeeze," the greatest curse and weakness of China and the Chinese. With her American mind, she has little patience with "face-saving," which influences Chinese thought, deeds and policy, family and national, so strongly. She detests *mai-yu-fah-tze*, the Chinese "impossible," so quickly advanced in China. She scorns the evasion of responsibility, another Chinese weakness.

The severe check to the Japanese in Shantung, on the Lunghai Railway, and at one or two other points is largely traceable to the influence and the subtle mind of the "Woman of the East."

Despite her utmost efforts, and to her great distress, the advice of General von Falkenhausen and his staff of German military experts, which includes three other German generals, against defending Shanghai and Nanking, was ignored by Chiang Kai-Shek. The latter's attitude was dictated in part by a desire to "save his face" before other Chinese generals. After those military blunders which revealed that the Generalissimo is no military genius, there was danger that the staff of German officers would leave China. Such blunders and defeats did harm to the prestige of German military science which presumably had been applied. General Speeman declined to renew his contract. He had been seven years in Chiang Kai-Shek's service. At the urgent request of the Generalissimo he remained till April. Captain Lorenz, another German staff officer, resigned, and was on the S.S. *Scharnhorst* en route for Germany. I saw him in Hong Kong just before he embarked.

Madame unceasingly argued with the Generalissimo to give von Falkenhausen and the German staff real authority, and that their "advice" should become "orders" which must be obeyed. Finally, she persuaded her husband. The Germans were given far-reaching command authority for the first time in all the ten years that there has been a German military staff in China. The check to the Japanese was "German made." It came through the intervention of madame in one of her many rôles.

In all her work she has the help and advice of Mr. Donald when she needs it or calls for it. Probably no white man in China to-day knows all the subtleties of the Chinese mind as does this simple Australian, a former newspaper correspondent. No one else knows the inter-relations within the "Soong Dynasty" as he does. In the Sian kidnapping of the Generalissimo by the young Marshal Chang Shueh-liang to whom Mr. Donald was for some years adviser, he played a big rôle in the release.

I have heard Mr. Donald praised, but more often denounced. In foreign diplomatic and consular circles, I have heard him described as "China's evil genius," as the "British Intelligence Service key-man in China," or again as the man who "prevented China from accepting Japan's peace terms" when they were presented through the German Ambassador, Dr. Trautmann, in Hankow. If feminine intuition means anything, then Mr. Donald is serving China honestly and sincerely, and gives the Generalissimo and the "Woman of the East" the best advice of which he is capable. That conviction that he is serving China, and not foreign interests, is strengthened by the very denunciations of him in foreign circles.

Madame Chiang Kai-Shek receives stacks of letters from abroad. A regular "fan-mail" reaches her. While I was with her, she rejected a small fortune for a lecture tour in America. She would very much like to go to the United States, and she would not be a woman if she did not know that she would be received there like a queen.

"The Generalissimo does not want me to go, and I feel that I must stand by him in these critical days," was her closing remark to me.

END

Where Are They Now?

(*Continued from page 27*)

when glamour had to be suggested, as you may note in the story of the two cleaners, gazing at a life-size photographic enlargement of Wilson Barrett in very *decolleté* armour outside the theatre where he was appearing as Claudian in *The Sign of the Cross*.

"'Er?" said one of them. "'Er? Why I noo 'er when she was Connie Gilchrist."

Her fame eclipses the fame of all the Gaiety girls of her time. The name of Rosie Boote, who sang *Maisie Gets Right There* in *The Messenger Boy*, hasn't become legendary although her marriage to the fourth Marquess of Headfort caused a great stir in 1901. Their home ever since has been Headfort Hall, Kells, County Meath.

Likewise the marriage of Sylvia Storey, another Gaiety girl, to Earl Poulett at St. James's, Piccadilly, in 1908, did not stay in the public memory. But memories of that romance revived three years ago when her son married Oriel Ross.

MANY idols of Edwardian musica comedy are now cherishing the memory of the happy life they had then—both on and off the stage. Gaiety girls stayed together when their week's work—not work as it is understood by the acrobatic "hoofers" of a modern musical—was over. The upper reaches of the Thames were their favourite Sunday haunt. "I wish I could give some impression of the river in those days," Constance Collier writes in her lively autobiography, *Harlequinade*. They had to start very early in a high dog-cart or perhaps "a bicycle made for two" to get there for lunch. By rail the journey was exciting because the train "was packed with the most celebrated and amusing people, and the arrival on Maidenhead station was like a first night at a play." Actresses in light muslin dresses and large floppy hats, looking like butterflies, met on Skindles' very exclusive lawn where waiters rushed about with lobster salad, champagne and flowers. Then each pair drifted downstream in a cushioned punt while the twilight was falling, with "dragon-flies shooting about, and the little moor-hens dipping in and out of the water, and sometimes under the trees, in the shadows, the beady eyes of a river rat looking at you—nervous eyes, but not unfriendly!" One night, while moored near Quarry Woods, they heard an exquisite voice in the darkness. "It was magic with the beauty of those woods all around us and the soft river lapping against the boat, accompanying the song—Melba was singing!"

They lived in luxury that would not last because careers in musical comedy were short. Miss Collier who quickly chose the more arduous life of drama, tells how some of those girls,

(*Continued on page 100*)

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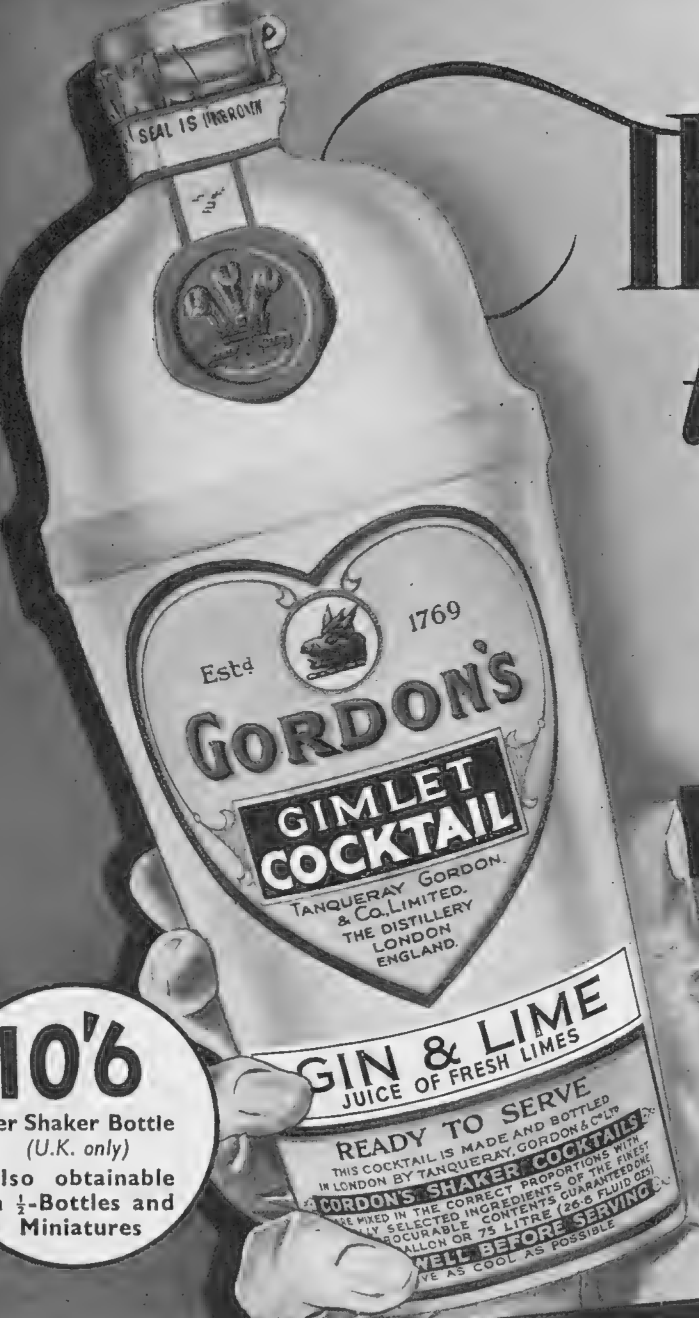
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when their beauty began to fade, "hid their shabbiness beneath fur coats and jewels." She met one of them, during a heat wave, in the Strand, and teased her because she was wearing a £200 fur coat. "Tears came into her eyes. She opened the fur coat and showed me a very thin, threadbare little dress. 'This is all I've got,' she said. 'I have pawned everything else, and I haven't had a thing to eat to-day.' But she wouldn't sell the fur coat—for the sake of appearance."

Is it surprising that musical comedy became known as the marriage-market? Even the most dazzling beauties left the stage without a sigh of regret although they had become wealthy enough not to dread the future like the failures Miss Collier writes about. Several found the stage to be "the gateway to the Peerage," but many more found that it led to a happy marriage without rank or title. Louie Freear was one of these. As one of her friends, I can vouch for her contentment away from the footlights. "May I ask you to contradict a report that I have died from drink? I can hardly write for laughing," she once wrote to me.

As her letter contained an invitation to see her indulging in her hobby of being her own "charwoman," I went at once to her flat in Westbourne Park. While she bobbed gooseberries, I sat under a huge portrait of herself in the uniform of a drummer in the Guards. That was how she appeared on tour with her own company in *Boy Bob* nearly forty years ago.

I had to promise not to tell Cochran, then engaged in dieting his young ladies to make their figures plump, that she was alive. "He may want me," she explained, "for his beauty chorus. I weigh twelve stone and am four foot nothing. I grow 'wider still and wider.' All the theatre doors will have to be broadened and the streets expanded if Louie shows her nose down West." When I asked her whether she could remember her first appearance on the stage, she recited and sang her part in the pantomime of *Bluebeard* staged in 1882 at Lord George Sanger's Circus building which used to stand just across the river from the Houses of Parliament. It was in 1896 that "Miss Tich," as the gallery called her, made her name at the Duke of York's, in *The Gay Parisienne*. Five nights later she was thrown out of her pony trap when it collided with a homecoming funeral procession in St. Martin's Lane. She was taken to Charing Cross Hospital in the hearse!

At the first opportunity she gave nurses and doctors the slip and ran back to her dressing-room. The dance had to be performed by her understudy, but she herself sang *Sister Jane's Top Note*, a song that was the talk of the town. Though her popularity reached far greater heights in *The Chinese Honeymoon*, which broke all records for musical pieces by running at the Strand for two years, she had no illusions about the glamour of stage life. "Another year of it," she says, "and I should have been in Broadmoor." She has been very happy during her past twenty-odd years of married life. Looking after her husband is her labour of love, although if anything should happen to him she would have to start all over again. "If everybody believes me dead," she adds, "I haven't a leg to stand on."

Another star of the 'nineties whose name everybody knows, came into the news as the hostess of a milk bar. Ada Reeve told a newspaper reporter that she had taken to this work, because she didn't want "to finish my life huddled over a fireside thinking what the past has been." She wanted some distraction to counteract the gloom of watching the London she knew disappear. The destruction of Daly's was a heavy blow. There in the 'nineties she took over from Marie Tempest the part of San Toy. Like dozens of other players of her generation she began as Little Willie in *East Lynne*, and at the age of fourteen became a single turn at the Alhambra with the song, *I'm a Little Too Young To Know, You Know.* Having been a musical-hall turn before she became a musical comedy actress, she has always been independent of the vagaries of theatrical fashion, and only her acceptance of a post in a milk bar makes it reasonable for us to place her, temporarily, among the ranks of those who have retired.

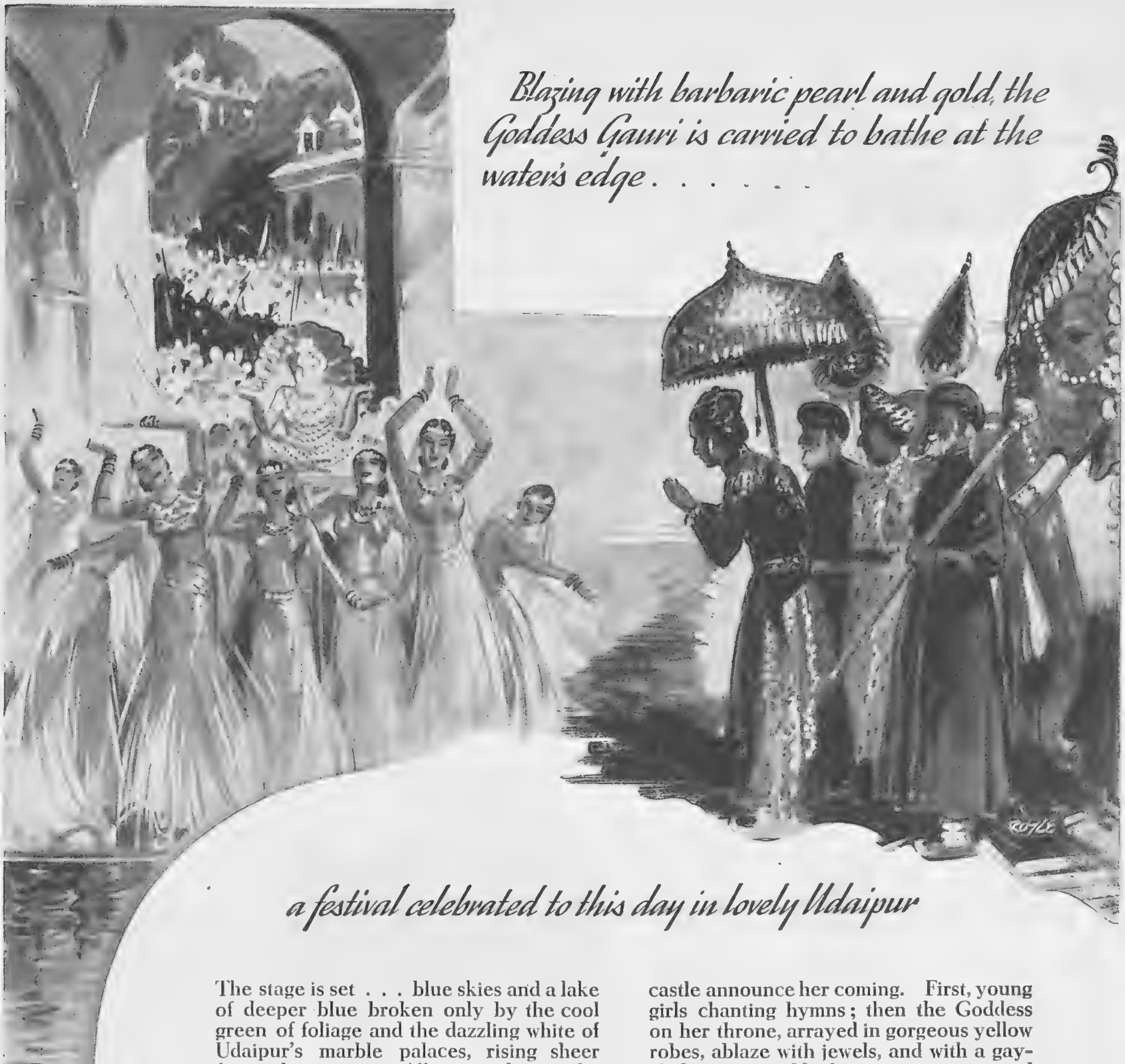
What an amazing array would be presented if all the stars now shining in retirement would come together for a dinner in their honour! One of the most eagerly awaited, of course, would be the Hon. Mrs. Lyndhurst Bruce who endeavoured to win the Grand National this year with Royal Mail. She will always be remembered as Camille Clifford, mainly because she brought to life the "Gibson Girl" in *The Prince of Pilsen* and *The Catch of the Season.* But in *The Belle of Mayfair* at the Vaudeville in 1906, she created a still greater stir. That was because of her song, *Why do they call me a Gibson Girl?* to celebrate her figure, acquired by dint of indefatigable exercise, to match the drawings of Dana Gibson, the famous American black-and-white artist. The leading lady was Edna May, the original "Belle of New York." Her sudden resignation during the run owing to a dispute over this song, caused a newspaper sensation. She retired altogether from the stage a few months later and has figured ever since as Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn, in the social news of New York, London, Ascot and the Riviera. Camille Clifford's marriage took place in 1906 in secret—but the public soon heard how the bridegroom had bought a motoring business in Lambeth in order to make his own way in the world, how he had driven down to Longwood at night in order to present his bride to his father, Lord Aberdare, how they arrived before dawn, and how the paternal blessings were eventually won.

Whether Mabel Love would be entitled to a place at such a function as I have imagined, is doubtful, for she acted a straight part at the Embassy Theatre earlier this year. While away from the footlights for twenty-five years, she kept so "fit" that whenever she has been seen diving or swimming there have always been eager enquiries to know who this graceful athlete might be. Ever since her daughter's marriage, she has been giving a thought to Hollywood where her fame as an actress with Tree, Waller, and Loraine, and as a dancer in pantomime at Drury Lane, and opera at Covent Garden, should appeal to the film magnates. At first nights, at a Gallery First-Nighters' debate, and other stage functions, she attracts many of us with her magnetic personality.

The most elusive of all Edwardian favourites is Gabrielle Ray. She lives so quietly in the country that the many who fell in love with her during her triumphant reign on the stage, ask where she is in vain. What a contrast this is with a stage life so dazzling that she easily won first place as picture-postcard favourite! Vast numbers of Mabel Love's photographs were printed because hers ornamented thousands of chocolate boxes, from the twopenny size upwards. But she was not the "most photographed" because the same portrait was used over and over again. If bracketed together the Dares would claim the record, but neither separately posed so often before the camera as Gabrielle Ray. I have scores upon scores of different picture postcards of her, but I feel sure the collection is incomplete. Her career began as the che-ild in melodramas and as Cupid in pantomime, and she toured for several years in musical comedy before George Edwardes brought her to the Gaiety as an understudy at the age of eighteen. During her West End career of ten years she rarely, despite her fame, played the leading part. She retired after her marriage and reappeared from time to time when it was dissolved.

We have heard very little of Pauline Chase since her marriage to Mr. Alexander V. Drummond, the banker. She was born in Washington, and won her place on the New York stage in boys' parts. Her first big success was as the Pink Pyjama Girl—at a time when pyjamas were still thought "daring." Barrie, with his discerning eye for Barriesque players, chose her to be First Twin in *Peter Pan* and Columbine in his *Pantaloon*, before

(Continued on page 102)



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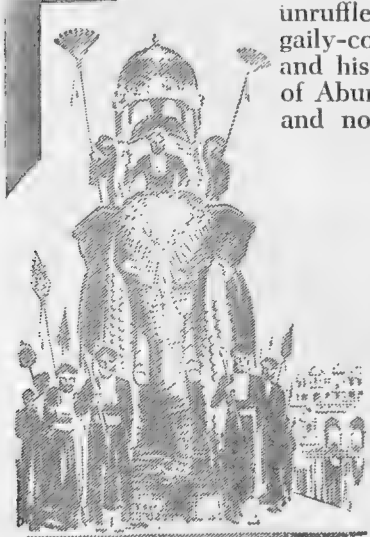

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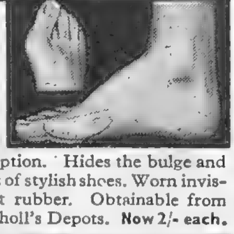

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she became the most celebrated of all Peter Pans from the Christmas of 1906 onwards. In Barrie's honour she called her home in Bucks "Tree Tops" as though she would always be the boy who never grew up.

There is no exhausting the list of these "bright particular stars." One of the principals of *A Gaiety Girl* in 1893 was Decima Moore. After her marriage to the late Brigadier-General Sir F. Gordon Guggisberg, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of British Guiana, she was engaged in work of such national importance that during the War she was created C.B.E., and during the occupation of Cologne she was honorary director there of The British Empire Leave Club. Later she became the honorary exhibition commissioner for the Gold Coast at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. I said that the fates of the heroines of this survey would prove diverse. There are also Unity Moore from Galway, who married Captain Nigel E. Haig, M.C., and Carrie Moore, from New South Wales, both idols of the West End stage in George Edwardes' day.

Bring back the original cast of *The Merry Widow* to mind. It requires an effort, does it? That is only because so much has happened in between. Most of that lively company, including the composer, are alive and kicking, although George Graves is the only one who is acting at this very moment. Joseph Coyne and Lily Elsie were before the public not so long ago, but what of the others? Robert Evett, who went into management at Daly's and the Gaiety, has now definitely retired with cricket as his chief hobby. But I have no news of the stately Elizabeth Firth.

I met Clara Evelyn who took over Lily Elsie's part in *The Merry Widow* and created "Jane" in *The Girl in the Train*, at lunch not long ago. She seemed to be far less interested in the stage than in music—she was, I believe, a pianist and a singer before she ever thought of acting. Nina Sevening, whose reign at Daly's wound up with *The Merry Widow* occasionally comes to first nights.

But there is no completing the list of musical comedy stars upon whom the blaze of publicity beats less fiercely—mainly from their own choice. Eva Carrington, one of the Gibson Girls in *The Catch of the Season* retired when she became the Baroness De Clifford. Denise Orme, one of the *Little Michus* at Daly's, retired when her husband succeeded to the title of Baron Churston. Kitty Gordon continued her stage career after her marriage to the Hon. H. W. Horsley Beresford, without eclipsing playgoers' memories of her in *The Duchess of Dantzig*. Nor can I forbear to remind you of Jean Aylwin, who was Minna in *The Girls of Gottenburg*, and May de Sousa, who was Elsa. Then there is Millie Legarde, another Little Willie in *East Lynne* at the start and later Betty in *The White Chrysanthemum*. All of these we have loved long since and lost awhile.

END

The Inventor's Wife

(*Continued from page* 37)

him by the shoulders and shook him with all her strength. "Gwynne," he muttered, "where are you Gwynne?"

"Here, darling. Speak to me . . . speak . . ."

"My notes Gwynne . . . danger . . . secret safe . . . go now . . . right away . . ."

Gwynne pillowed his rolling head on her breast and held it firmly. "Don't bother about them now John. You're sick. Wake up . . . try to wake up . . ."

But his head dropped heavily against her and his breathing grew rapid and harsh. Billyboy's whimpering rose to a sharp imperative wail. Gwynne fought down a rising terror. The telephone bell rang. She eased John's limp body down on the cushions of the settle and went to answer it. The engineer spoke to her: "Sorry lady, Dr. Rogers is out on a maternity case. He can't come. So I called Dr. Meyer at Lyme Regis and told him it was an emergency. He'd said he'd come at once so he'll now be on his way."

"Thank you," she said fervently. "It was good of you to take the trouble. Thank you . . ."

"No trouble at all," said the casual voice and cut off the connexion.

Gwynne went and picked up her neglected little baby. Her hands shook as she unfastened his clothes and made him clean and dry and comfortable. Soothed and gurgling, he submitted to being returned to his cradle while she put the milk on to heat for a bottle. The slow minutes plodded on. She looked at the clock. Five minutes past nine. Twenty-five minutes since the linesman had called the doctor. How long would he be? It was about twenty miles from Lyme Regis to the farm. If he drove fast he should be here any minute.

She fixed the baby's bottle in the cradle so that he could take it comfortably. Then she thought of the notes that John had told her to put in the secret safe—the formula for the precious gas he had now perfected. She stood hesitant. They were unimportant at a time like this, but when John came round he would scold her if she had ignored his wishes. Reluctantly she left the kitchen and ran to the laboratory and snapped up the light. A few torn pages from a note book, black with letters and figures were all she could find lying by his retorts on the zinc counter. Gwynne gathered them up, coughing with the acrid taint that lingered on the air. She looked round. No, she could see nothing else. The front door bell pealed reassuringly through the house.

As Gwynne opened the front door, the moon was just coming over the trees and she glimpsed the dark bulk of a man sitting in the driving seat of the doctor's car in its vague uncertain light. A tall man waited on the doorstep. "This where the patient is?" he enquired brusquely.

"Yes," said Gwynne thankfully. "This way please doctor."

The doctor put down his bag and peeled off his heavy overcoat as he entered the warm kitchen. He did not, however, wait to remove his gloves. Gwynne took the coat from him, and held it absentmindedly, watching him as he bent over her husband. He repelled her in spite of her frantic relief. He was a taciturn, unsmiling man with cold eyes and a haughty voice. His English suggested a foreign origin, although it was precise and perfect. He raised the eyelids of the inventor's eyes. "Narcotic," he said, "did you try walking him about?"

Gwynne felt unreasonably angry. "How could I? He's heavy and quite helpless. I'm here all alone."

Dr. Meyer straightened up and looked her over. "Yes, I know that. Well, we're all set for business. He'll sleep till morning."

A thrill of alarm raced along Gwynne's nerves. She hugged the thick overcoat in her arms as if it would steady her heart's sudden wild jumping. But she said calmly: "Is it all right to leave him like that? Aren't you going to bring him round. I'll do anything I can to help you doctor?"

"So? That is very sensible of you. Sit down on that chair please."

He took the overcoat from her and threw it on the table. Gwynne sat on the chair he indicated—a wheel-back chair of maple. She had no doubt whatever now that John's illness and this intrusion were part of one of the sinister and incredible conspiracies her husband had foreseen when he fortified the house, and she had considered a cause for gay and youthful mockery. Resistance however, was out of the question. John was unconscious, the telephone as useless in the presence of the

(*Continued on page* 104)

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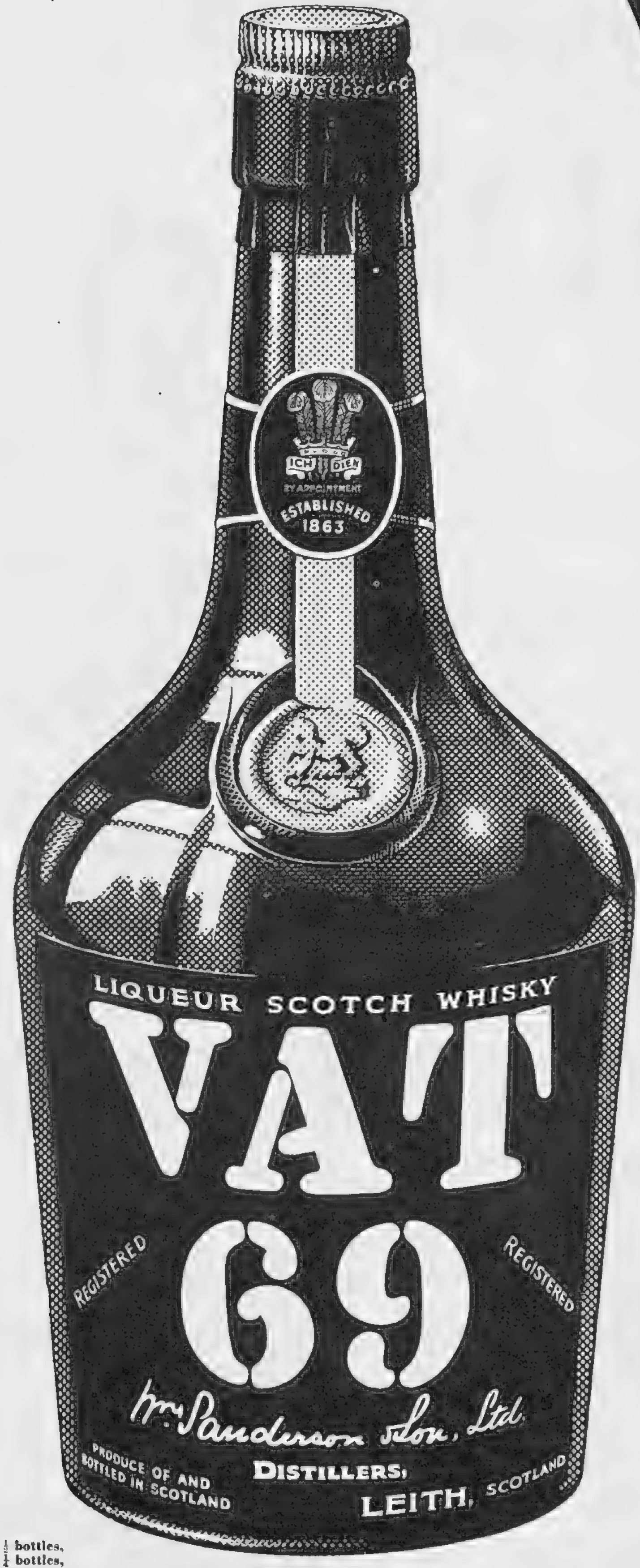
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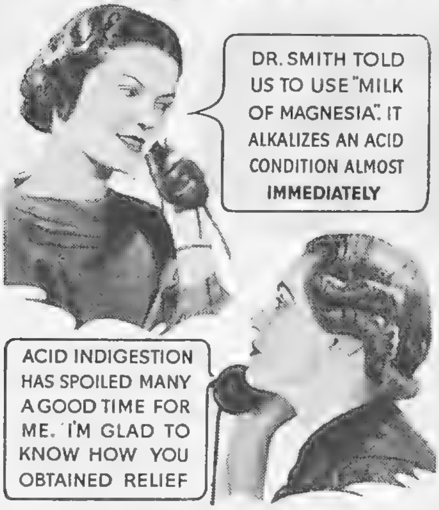
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intruder as if it didn't exist and a scream would be heard by no one but the baby and the dark shadow who had come in the car with the mysterious stranger.

She caught her breath sharply as he put his hand in a pocket of his overcoat and drew out a bundle of webbing but when he told her to put her hands behind her back, she obeyed without a murmur. He said: "I can see you have been prepared for something of the sort."

"I've read about hold-ups," Gwynne evaded. "It's life I suppose, and no use worrying. But I would like to know if my husband is in danger."

"None whatever. He'll sleep from twelve to forty-eight hours according to his susceptibility to the dope, and then he'll wake up very much alive, and also very angry, Mrs. Brunius."

Gwynne made no protest as her ankles were tied firmly to the chair legs. Billyboy had lost his bottle and he began to cry again. He was a very good baby, but he was not accustomed to having his supper thrust at him in this fashion, and he was feeling unfairly treated. "This isn't really necessary Dr. Meyer—or whoever you really are," protested Gwynne mildly. "I won't interfere with anything you plan to do if you will be so kind as to let me take care of my baby."

The stranger had been admirably impersonal in his handling of her, and he remained extremely suave and polite. "I don't doubt it Mrs. Brunius. But naturally I want to know what you are doing while you are out of my sight."

"There's nothing I *could* do except make a call on the telephone. It would be very easy for you to pull the connexions out."

Dr. Meyer smiled as his hands went over her body, meticulously searching her. "The wire is already cut. My assistant out there in the car has been taking care of your calls all day. It is a very elementary matter to cut and plug in on a line."

He searched her shoes, her hair and ruthlessly probed her thin clothes. "This isn't fair," Gwynne shouted hotly. "What do you think I could hide on me? It's . . . it's absurd . . ."

"Nothing is absurd in my profession," said the stranger shortly. He went out of the kitchen then and left her. She heard him find his way into John's laboratory.

Billyboy's crying subsided into a tired fretful little whimper. Gwynne shut her mind to its nerve-harassing persistence and concentrated on the faint sounds of the intruder's movements with all her might. There was no indication that he had found John's cleverly hidden safe. After a long time, the deliberate unhurried footsteps came down the passage and went up the stairs. She heard the methodical determined search going on overhead.

The baby's whimpering ceased as he reluctantly succumbed to sleep. Now the kitchen was quiet except for John's hard unnatural breathing. Gwynne heard the alien feet descend the stairs and the stranger stood in the doorway. He said: "And now, Mrs. Brunius, you must tell me where your husband keeps his records."

"His records?"

"Precisely. The records of his work."

Gwynne looked at him with wide-eyed innocence. "Maybe he does keep records. But if he does, I wouldn't know."

The man who called himself Meyer advanced towards her and sat on the edge of the table. His eyes were cold grey glass unwarmed by his unpleasant smile. "I think you know very well Mrs. Brunius. We have been getting on excellently, so far. Suppose you avoid any unpleasantness by telling me right away."

Gwynne licked her dry lips. "You found the drawers in the laboratory where he keeps his pencils and scribbling pads?"

"I did. But where that paper goes when it is written on is the important thing. The thing I now intend to find out."

"He doesn't talk to me about his work," persisted Gwynne. "I don't understand it, you see. I can come and help you to look if you'll untie me, but I can't tell you anything. . . ."

There was an ominous silence. The cold eyes glanced at the limp body of John Brunius stretched on the settle and then rested on the baby sleeping in his cradle. The cold voice said: "I wouldn't care to kill a child—not that I have any sentiment towards children—but if it would make you talk I might go so far as to start him out in life with a little disability—say a twisted limb . . ."

Gwynne cried out sharply. "I'll tell you—I'll tell you all I know. There's a hidden safe. Under the tiles below the laboratory sink. It has a combination lock."

"The combination please?" he enquired in a tone that indicated she had better know it. Gwynne gave it to him.

He departed and returned shortly, his hands full of notebooks, phials, small boxes and odd scraps of paper. He opened his medical-looking black bag and stuffed the labour of John Brunius inside. He took up his overcoat and struggled into it. "You're a very sensible girl, Mrs. Brunius. Such dry activities are not worth one thought of a pretty woman's head."

"I've always thought so," she said unexpectedly. "But anyhow you haven't got everything."

"No?" He stood looking at her, distinguished, tall, beautifully dressed, arrogantly handsome.

"No. He gets a lot of ideas in the night. And he pushes the papers between his pillow-case and the pillow. I never remove them. You will probably find what you most want in the bathroom among his shaving things or in his bed. . . ."

Her voice trembled on the edge of hysteria. Dr. Meyer's expression was by no means warm enough to be called human, but it was tinged with interested speculation. "There's something peculiar here. Now what can it possibly avail you to send me on a wild goose chase through the house? You're not going to pretend you want me to find all these things?"

"I'm not pretending," said Gwynne desperately. "Set me free and let me show you. I want to revenge myself. I hate the life he compels me to lead. It's unnatural—monotonous—thankless—*lonely* . . ."

But he did not set her free. He shrugged his shoulders and went up the stairs again. She heard his footsteps and knew he was at John's bed shaking out the pillows. There were a few of John's characteristic memos in his hand when he came down.

Then he stood in the doorway staring at her with the most cryptic expression on his face she had ever seen. He looked definitely interested now, but in a patronising way as if she were an unusual museum specimen. He added the scraps he had found to his haul in the black bag, buttoned up his coat preparatory to leave. But he still lingered as if fascinated as a cat is fascinated by the antics of a mouse. "Then I take it you're disappointed in your rôle as consoler and mainstay of a scientific genius?"

He lit a cigarette from a flat diamond-studded platinum case and the fragrance of a rare, fine tobacco filled the raftered kitchen. Gwynne wondered what his hands were like. He had never taken his gloves off. "I'm sick of it," she admitted defiantly, "I hate it—and I hate him . . ."

Meyer raised his eyebrows and his tight smile was one of contemptuous amusement. There was no hurry. Everything was perfectly safe. He was successful at his work because he was immune to the charms of women, but he found the folly of the human female endlessly entertaining. There was nothing he so much enjoyed watching. Things had gone smoothly, and a little comedy thrown in was worth waiting for. "You'd prefer, no doubt, a handsome gigolo to your earnest gas manufacturer, even be willing perhaps, for a kiss from an interesting stranger. . . ."

The lids fell over Gwynne's youthfully clear, darkly-blue eyes. She said: "I'm not such a silly little

(*Continued on page* 106)

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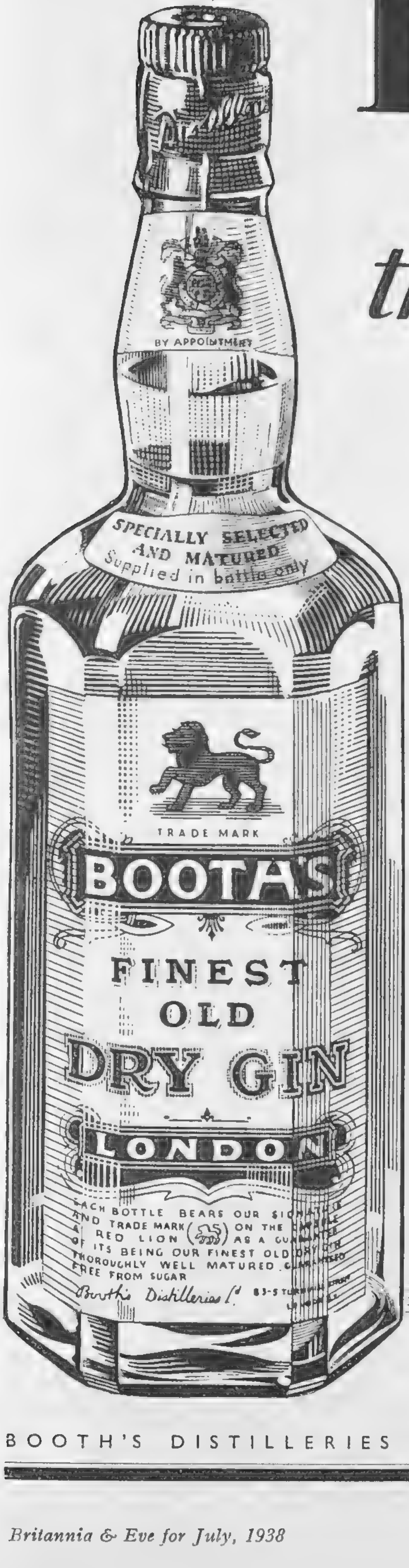
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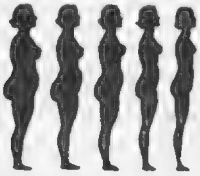

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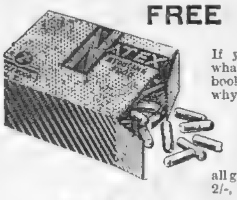

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fool as you think. I know you are laughing at me."

The smile died on his face, only his cold eyes gleamed with mockery. He crushed out his half-smoked cigarette fastidiously in an ash tray on the dresser, stood in front of her, raised her chin and placed a light passionless kiss on her lips. Gwynne caught a whiff of the mingled fragrance of expensive toilet water, Russian leather and his rare tobacco. She kissed him back with a warm fervour.

"Good-bye," he said at the doorway. "The sooner you leave him the better—for him I mean. . . ."

"Dr. Meyer," cried Gwynne desperately, "please don't go away and leave me tied. My baby will wake soon and cry all night—perhaps all day to-morrow—for food. I can't do you any harm. I have no car and no telephone. You'd be miles away before I reached the village if I went. I wouldn't anyhow, if I could. . . ."

He hesitated, shrugged his shoulders, picked up a knife from the pile on the dresser and slit her bonds. He had taken possession of the one small automatic he had found in his thorough search of the house. Gwynne stood up and stretched her cramped limbs. "You're a curious girl," he said morosely. "You must admit it's a little unnatural to kiss a man who would maim your baby."

Gwynne laughed softly. "That didn't take me in. I wanted you to have the things in the safe. I could read you like a book. I knew you wouldn't do it."

"So?" said the stranger thoughtfully. "I live and learn." He picked up his bag. Gwynne followed him in silence to the front door. "Give me another kiss," she whispered huskily, "something to remember. . . ."

"Vile creatures—women," said the man cynically, "but certainly if it will give you any satisfaction. . . ."

She stood on tiptoe and put her arms round his neck in the darkness. She was young and round and warm, and suddenly his arms closed on her. For a long minute he kissed her savagely—hungrily—bruising her mouth. Then he thrust her roughly away and was gone without a word. For an instant Gwynne glimpsed the car outside, a dark bulk against the gleam of the Channel. It moved away without lights to reveal its number. She shut the door and leaned there, tired and spent. After a while she replaced the heavy bars, no longer any use, went back to the kitchen and took up her baby.

"Billyboy," she sobbed a little, holding him tightly, "my tiny little precious Billyboy. . . ."

A dreadful weariness crept over like a dark tide. She put him back in his cradle, made up the fire, packed a soft cushion under her husband's limp head, curled herself up on the other settle and went to sleep.

When John Brunius woke her, the kitchen was filled with a wan grey light from a Channel fog. His eyes looked like those of a stranger and he was unsteady on his feet. He stood swaying over her, one hand to his head. "What's all this, Gwynne?" he asked testily. "What are you doing down here like this? Haven't any of us been to bed?"

Gwynne sat up blinking, then instantly became wide awake. "No darling, you passed out on drugged tobacco just like a plot in a movie, and *they* came to rob you of your secrets while your wife was defenceless and you slept."

Brunius sat down abruptly as his knees gave way. "Mrs. Brunius, I hope the day will never come when you're forced to take this very real hazard seriously. . . ."

"But I *am* serious, John. That day came yesterday. You passed out and I called the doctor. A strange man came instead. He tied me up—there's the stuff he used still lying on the floor. He made me tell him how to open the safe by threatening Billyboy with something awful. . . ."

John Brunius let out an unaccustomed oath. "My poor little Gwynne—the last person in the world to cope with such a situation! So I suppose he took everything in it? . . ."

"Yes, darling. Is it really so disastrous?"

Brunius dropped his head in his hands. "There was nothing in it that mattered—except the formula for my new gas. But that's colossal. The discovery of a lifetime. I know how to make it, but the fact that it's in the hands of an enemy power is simply unbearable." He groaned in his agony. "I could kill myself, Gwynne—really I can't bear it. . . ."

Gwynne interrupted him. "Wait—John. You mumbled about the notes you were working with before you completely passed out. I was in the lab about to put them away when the door bell rang. I was so anxious to let the doctor in, I slipped them in my blouse and rushed to the door. But almost at once I knew something awful had happened—that some imposter had got in. I didn't have time to think. I had his overcoat in my arms. I knew in a minute he'd be all over the place searching us and the house. I put the notes in one of the pockets . . ."

John's eyes looked as if her were going mad. "That's the formula all right. But what of it, crazy child? He'll know what it is when he finds it. They've got it—they've got it . . ."

"But you must listen, John darling. I want to tell you all that happened. He went to his coat to get the stuff to tie me with. I nearly had heart failure, but it was the other pocket. He was an awful man—like a fiend—with eyes like dirty ice—and the soul of a devil. But I didn't let him know I knew. I nearly went mad thinking of ways to make him set me free before he went off with the notes in his pocket." She laughed a little shakily. "He was so pleased to take those little puzzles you make up in bed. He despised me for telling him where to find them, but I let on I liked him. He hates women. He would never fall for a girl's looks—or anything about her. I thought I was going to fail, but I didn't. I guess he was sorry for me or something—but he let me loose—and I—I made him kiss me good-bye."

She put her hand in her bosom and produced the precious crumpled notes.

END

Books :

(*Continued from page 42*)

volatile, witty, difficult and interesting—during the time of his rise to preferment in Potiphar's house and later we see the inevitability of the unhappy passion which was to engulf Joseph and his master's wife.

The antiquity of this story is forgotten as we read it, for the author has re-created it with such delicacy of perception that he presents it in its truest form—that of an ageless and deathless romance.

DID I mention the racing news just now? Well, now we come to a book which is bang in the centre of racing news—the authentic story of one of the world's greatest racing stables.

The Aga Khan's Horses is by R. C. Lyle, racing correspondent of *The Times* and B.B.C. commentator on the Derby.

The book is published by Putnam at 15s., and is exquisitely illustrated by that master of equine art, Lionel Edwards, R.I.

In his much-loved book *Brown Jack*, Captain Lyle gave us the saga of a lion-hearted horse, here he records the seventeen years' history of the rise of a famous racing stable which has produced a number of the greatest racehorses that have ever appeared on an English course.

The princely and invincible Bahram; the scarcely less famous Blenheim and Mahmoud; the brilliant "flying filly" Mumtaz Mahal, fastest filly in the annals of the turf; Teresina, Rustom Pasha, Dastur, Firdaussi, Udaipur, Theft and many others almost as outstanding are made to live over again in these pages their illustrious victories and their gallant defeats.

(*Continued on page 108*)

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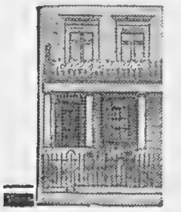

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When a charming girl asks you for a cigarette and you've only one left—your last precious Gold Flake—what should you do about it ?

Try the Solomon act. Offer to cut it in half. She'll never let you. She'll more likely produce some of her own and solve the problem that way. Women have learned to appreciate a *man's* cigarette, you see. Men have always smoked Wills's Gold Flake for their distinctive flavour — the flavour of fine Virginia tobaccos. So do women, now.

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GOLD FLAKE

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N.B. You can get Wills's Gold Flake Cork-tipped as well as Plain. Ten for 6d. Twenty for 1/-

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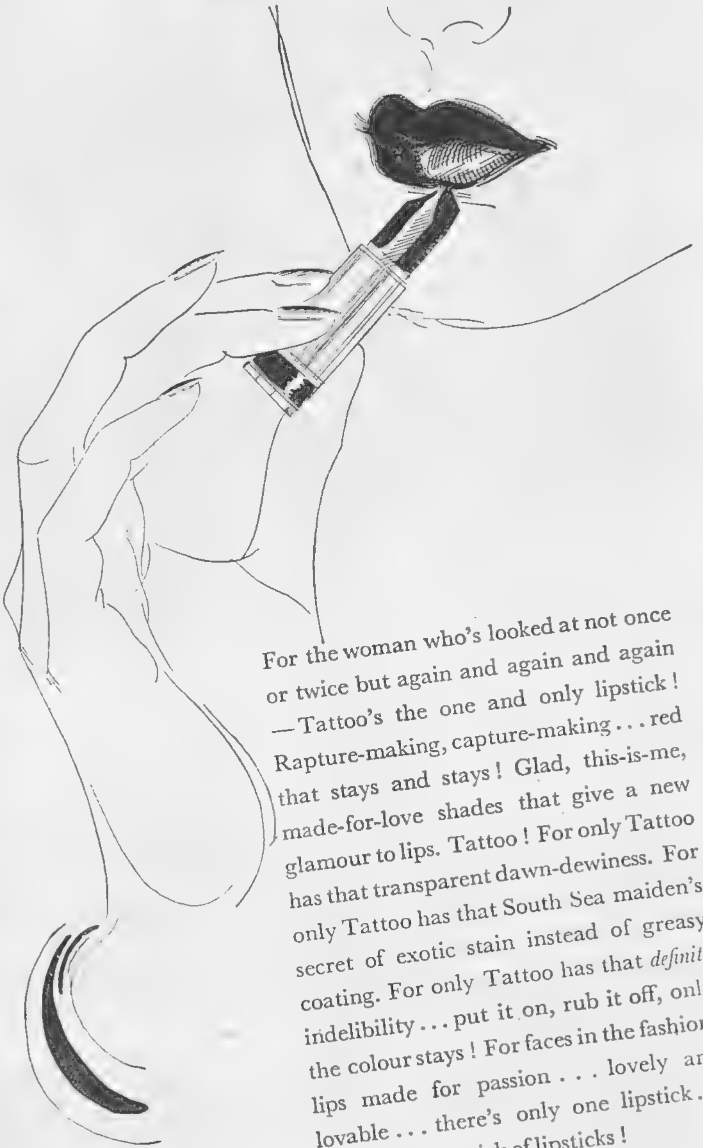
There's only one . . . transparent, rapture-making, capture-making . . . Tattoo !



For the woman who's looked at not once or twice but again and again and again —Tattoo's the one and only lipstick ! Rapture-making, capture-making . . . red that stays and stays ! Glad, this-is-me, made-for-love shades that give a new glamour to lips. Tattoo ! For only Tattoo has that transparent dawn-dewiness. For only Tattoo has that South Sea maiden's secret of exotic stain instead of greasy coating. For only Tattoo has that *definite* indelibility . . . put it on, rub it off, only the colour stays ! For faces in the fashion, lips made for passion . . . lovely and lovable . . . there's only one lipstick . . . Tattoo, the lipstick of lipsticks !

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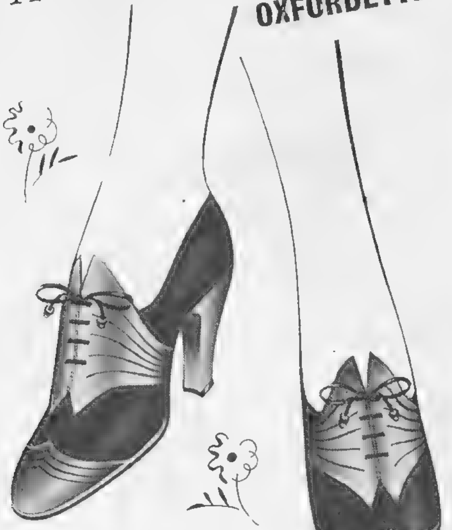
A dashing black suede
'OXFORDETTE'



A.41. An elegant black suede 'Oxfordette' with toe-cap and saddle in stitched black kid - - **29/6**

Fashion has celebrated this year a marriage between suede and kid. And in the trim little shoe illustrated you see that velvety suede and gleaming kid make a dashing pair. And we need only whisper the word Arch-Rite for you to know that these fashion shoes are made to the demand of the most exacting feet. For Arch-Rite shoes are built on lasts designed for comfort and good fit.

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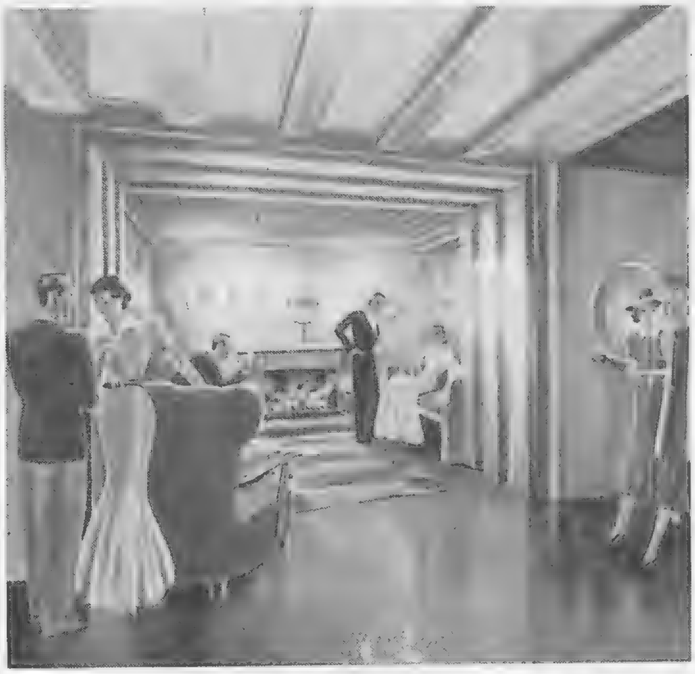
To Norway by Luxury Liner

FEW people of these islands lack the questing, adventurous spirit, but, such is the tenor of our way, so much is there to see within the limits of our own sea-girt land, we forget at whiles how close to us are our Scandinavian neighbours, how easy they are to reach, and what a host of new experiences they have to offer.



The first-class smoking room in the new motorship "Vega"

Norway these days is particularly easy to reach, thanks to the introduction by the B. & N. Royal Mail Line of their new 8,000 tons 21 knots motor vessel *Vega*, the largest ship regularly operating between Britain and the Continent, which makes the open sea passage in only eighteen hours, and from now on will be running a shuttle service between Newcastle and Bergen or Stavanger with the 7,000 tons M/V *Venus*.

The *Vega*, a handsome streamlined liner with Diesel motors developing 15,000 i.h.p., reaches from the point of view of comfort a very high standard for a craft of her size.

She has six decks, with lifts to serve the needs of both classes of passengers, and the spacious sun-deck together with the modernly decorated saloons extend the whole width of the ship, while the observation saloon forward is a distinctive feature.

As an increasing number of motorists are spending holidays touring in Norway, the *Vega* has a large garage built in her, thus making the conveyance of motor cars a matter infinitely simpler than heretofore.

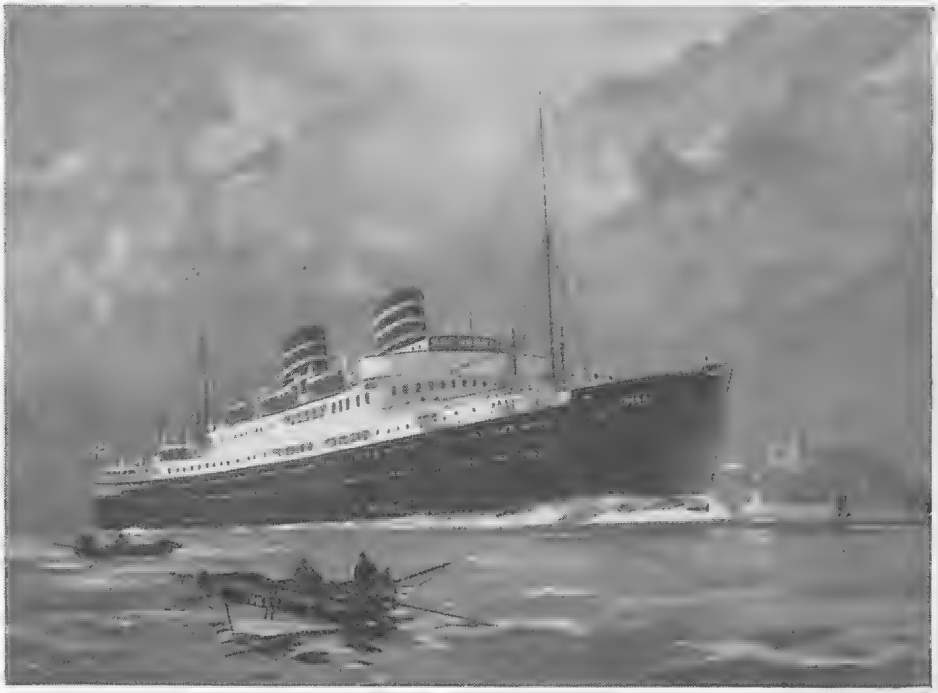
Norway is one of Nature's favoured lands. In its winding fjords, wild and rugged peaks, its glaciers and crystal-clear lakes and rivers that mirror the snow-capped mountains looming in the background, it has an undeniable beauty. The soft light of the northern summer nights gives the scenery a fascinating charm, impressing upon the beholder an unforgettable picture.

Notwithstanding its northerly situation, Norway enjoys a remarkably high temperature owing to the warm sea currents of the Gulf Stream that flow along the coast. Its summer only differs from the English summer in that the sheltered valleys enjoy a more equable climate, and the highlands, ranging from 2,000 to 4,000 feet, have the clearest, driest bracing atmosphere.

The travellers' main means of transport throughout the beautiful tourist routes are the motor car, the coast and fjord steamships.

Roads in Norway are continuously being improved and extended, and road transport by regular services of cars and omnibuses is available everywhere.

One of the best ways to gain a first view of the country within the space of a short holiday ranging from five to seventeen days is to take one of the excellent, independent tours arranged by the B. & N. Line, whose London address is 25 Whitehall, London, S.W.1. These are extremely comprehensive while the inclusive cost from Newcastle to Newcastle is most reasonable.



The M/V "Vega" passing the piers at Tynemouth at eventide

No space for a proper kitchen—yet she cooks PERFECT MEALS

Stop juggling with a gas ring. Get a *proper* gas cooker . . . a Flavel Elf . . . designed for small spaces but capable of big things. Oven big enough for medium-sized joint; full-sized grill; boiling burners; warming chambers for plates. Now every Kitchenette or Bachelor Flat can be equipped with a *real* cooker able to produce a perfectly cooked dinner for four. Simple bracket fixes to wall, or cooker can be supplied with stand. If space is a consideration or if a standard-sized cooker is too large for your needs, then the Flavel Elf is just the cooker you require. The low price will surprise you.

FLAVEL ELF GAS COOKER

The bijou cooker with a big capacity

FLAVELS of LEAMINGTON
Stove Makers since 1777

★ You are invited to visit the showrooms of Sidney Flavel & Co. Ltd., at 38 Welbeck Street, London, W.1, where there is a permanent exhibition of gas cookers, gas fires and fireplaces.

ASK TO SEE IT AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS

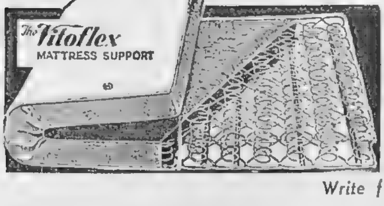
As sure as Night follows Day just as surely will you enjoy luxurious rest on a *Vi-Spring* OVERLAY *Mattress*

'Good Night!' Does this 'off to bed' wish always materialise with you? Or is it that your night's rest is only sometimes good, and sometimes bad or indifferent?

The surest way to make that 'good night' wish come true is to sleep on a 'Vi-Spring,' the overlay mattress that is specially designed to give you sleep of the most restful kind. Don't forget that during your hours of sleep you are at the mercy of your mattress. If it is inclined to be hard or lumpy, or if it tends to sag, you are the sufferer. If, on the other hand, it has that delightful 'Vi-Spring' resiliency, that luxurious 'Vi-Spring' softness, sound sleep that really refreshes and builds better health can be taken for granted.

Nearly 40 years reputation as 'The Best for Rest' has led to many unreliable imitations of the 'Vi-Spring.'

When buying, make sure that your purchase is a genuine 'Vi-Spring' by seeing the label bearing the registered name 'Vi-Spring Mattress.'



THE VITOFLEX MATTRESS SUPPORT is the most efficient base for any spring-centred overlay. It entirely eliminates sagging and provides a firm yet resilient surface which fully supports each individual spring in the Overlay Mattress. It is the support which should be used to ensure the maximum comfort and durability of the Vi-Spring or Vito Overlays.

THE VITO MATTRESS. The moderate price of the Vito non-pocketed spring overlay, makes it the mattress for every home. So sturdy, so reliable for comfort. The unique shape and assemblage of its wonderful spring centre prevents the springs from ever becoming displaced and ensures comfort and durability far in excess of that obtainable from the stuffed mattress or ordinary spring-centred overlay.

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HOW PALE NORMAN LOOKS BESIDE YOUR JOHN! AND I SIMPLY CAN'T GET HIM TO EAT PROPERLY. I'M GETTING WORRIED!
NORMAN'S A 'NERVY,' HIGHLY-STRUNG CHILD, MARY. IF YOU'RE WORRIED, YOU SHOULD TAKE HIM TO SEE A DOCTOR...
ALL THESE TROUBLES OF NORMAN'S CAN BE TRACED BACK TO NIGHT STARVATION, MRS. KNOTT. YOU SEE, CHILDREN GROW DURING SLEEP
HEARTBEATS AND BREATHING AT NIGHT ALSO USE UP ENERGY. IF ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED DURING SLEEP, NO WONDER NORMAN GETS 'NERVY,' 'FADDY' AND DIFFICULT. HE NEEDS HORLICKS FOR THAT
AND SO EVERY NIGHT
I LIKE THIS CHOCOLATE-FLAVOURED HORLICKS AWF'LY, MUMMY!
IT LIKES YOU, TOO, NORMAN. I CAN SEE IT'S DOING YOU GOOD
SIX WEEKS LATER
NO PALENESS OR TIREDNESS ABOUT NORMAN NOW!
NO—AND HE EATS LIKE A WOLF SINCE DOCTOR PUT HIM ON TO HORLICKS
HORLICKS

Norman's mother was worried — very worried about him. He was 'nervy,' pale and highly-strung. He tired easily and was finicky over food, until . . .

When making Horlicks, be sure you always use the mixer. Horlicks mixed this way tastes even nicer. Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS at bedtime builds appetite, and strengthens nerves, by guarding children against Night Starvation

"Dawn"

(*Continued from page 17*)

The girl stopped on the step and looked gravely down. She had very quiet eyes and though her face did not change, there was first recognition in them, then interest, then something remarkably like friendship.

Dawn looked away quickly and blew out smoke.

"Come along, Jane," said Mrs. Reginald petulantly from the carriage.

The girl's grey-shod feet hesitated by Dawn's elbow as if the girl were about to speak, then quickly went down the steps.

Dawn watched her enter the carriage. Mr. Reginald took the uncomfortable seat with his back to the driver. The whip cracked, the *cocher* made uncouth, unconsonanted noises. The horses trod delicately round in a half-circle and the whole equipage slithered down the road. Dawn threw her cigarette away with sudden fury, danced on it with her bare feet, went into the house in a blind way, seized a cloth bag, thrust a Venetian shawl in it and a few things he had given her, and walked the twelve miles down into Mentone.

Mr. Earnest Tollmeyer Reginald was tremendously upset. He realised, of course, that the girl was right and had taken the only course open to her. He had his decision to make and it was immensely to Dawn's credit that she had made it possible for him to decide wisely. But he wished, sometimes, that she had not been quite so precipitate. Without his having done anything, it seemed at times that he had been put in the wrong.

So he travelled rather miserably to England and bought a seventy-three years' lease of a house in Ennismore Gardens, married his charming Jane Grey whom he had known since childhood, and became an Associate of the Royal Society of British Painters in Oils. He became president of that august body and five years later he became Sir Earnest Tollmeyer Reginald and purchased a coat with a fur collar and a small black retriever. In the meantime two sons and one daughter had been born to Lady Reginald, and all five of them were absolutely and completely happy.

Now, rather a strange thing happened. Something very peculiar happened to Art. On the sober walls of the R.S.B.P.O. the hanging committee, naturally, took no cognisance of this thing whatever. Nevertheless, there it was. In England and in France and in Germany certain young painters instituted the strange proceeding of painting, not what they saw, but what they wished they saw. So long as they wished they saw a red-faced mayor in his chains of office, or a nice middle-cut of salmon, or a rainy landscape near the railway sheds and the canal, nobody quite understood that a revolution had taken place. But presently these people began to wish they saw the most surprising things. They longed for women with purple flesh and *encephalitis lethargica*, evinced a burning desire for passionate episodes with biblical characters who had become unaccountably cubed, and even lusted after simple triangles.

The result was inevitable. The geometrically-minded intelligentsia suffered when they looked upon "Dawn." They said that it was photographic, pretty and sickeningly idealistic. They said, in two words, that it was "chocolate box," and very soon the writers of novels who wished to indicate a sordid suburbia in which worthy half-wits suffered from economic nonfulfilment and repressed sex, were careful to mention the copy of "Dawn," along with Mr. Landseer's "Stags at Bay" and Mr. Watts's ineffable "Hope."

The passing phases of art-criticism concern us here only insofar as they affect the personal fortunes of Earnest Reginald. Twenty years after he painted "Dawn" he went down to Christie's and bought it for two hundred and fifty pounds, and hung it up on the stairs.

His eldest boy, David, said: "Good God,

E.T.R., whatever made you stick up that frightful daub?"

His daughter said: "Help, E.T.R.! Are you going nudist?"

His younger son stared at it, and said: "Is that thing a woman?"

Lady Reginald took his arm, and said: "It's extraordinarily like her . . ."

"H'm," said E.T.R., and took his retriever for a walk.

Unfortunately the family attached an undue and malicious importance to the episode. It assumed, in the Reginald household, the statue of a major occasion, comparable to Marjorie's mastoid and the time when Rupert set fire to the drawing-room and Ennismore Gardens became filled with large red engines.

"Rubbish!" Marjorie would scream, over the breakfast table. "I tell you you're talking nonsense! 'Desire' was six months after 'Came the Dawn'!"

"But 'Came the Dawn,'" argued Rupert, "was in February!"

"My *dear* Rupert, am I a fan of the Dietrich or am I not?"

"Probably blinded with glamour. I tell you it was at least six weeks pre-'Dawn.'"

E.T.R. was very good-natured about this sort of thing. He liked to be ragged by his children. His wife was shocked sometimes, but he enjoyed it. He acquired the habit of glancing at the picture every time he went up or down the stairs, but he felt no cheap modern emotion at the sight of it. He was a man who, once in his life, had been faced with a great decision, and had decided rightly. There were no regrets, not even over the painting of that picture. He was a man now who looked back on life with some justification of self-satisfaction. He had a nice wife, nice children, pleasant habits, and he had been a good painter. He had achieved distinction. He had earned a *place*. As he walked up Ennismore Gardens with Sally flapping at his heels and the sweeper saluted him, "Morning, Sir Earnest," and he said, "Good morning, good morning, good morning," and stopped for a little chat about rheumatism, he knew that he had done a finished piece of work with himself through life. He was an entity. He fitted in. As the policeman touched his helmet and stepped into the road with arms upraised, he looked at himself with the policeman's eyes, and saw that he was good.

'Oh, thank you, constable. . . ."

No regrets? That one short five years thirty-odd years ago beckoned to him sometimes with a disturbing call. If he had chosen otherwise, if he had never gone from the South of France without her. . . . But he found it completely essential to forget all that Besides, it was too late now. He was an old man. It was the *picture* he wished to remember, he told himself. Not the episode. He was old-fashioned, perhaps, but he still thought "Dawn" was a good picture, and certainly the best thing he had done. Yet she had been queerly beautiful, sometimes, on the parapet.

So it was that when a woman touched his arm:

"Yes?" he said. "Yes? What can I do for you, madam?"

"I'm Dawn," she said.

He was shocked. He turned to stare at her inferior finery, at her dyed hair, at her drawn face with its uncertain smile. He was profoundly shocked.

"Dear me!" he said. "You oughtn't to have spoken."

She made a little face. It was a horrid vulgarisation of the same face she used to make when her face was beautiful.

"Sorry, E.T.R.," she said. "I couldn't help it. Well, how are you?"

"Oh, thanks very much. I find this weather rather trying." He tried to speak with a chatty impersonality.

"Successful, aren't you?"

"I've had my mead," he admitted. "I've had my mead." His eyes wandered to another part of the park, to the iron railings, to the distant Serpentine. There was no one who knew him, but he wished that the interview could be closed. Not abruptly, of course. He had (*Continued on page 114*)

MISCHIEF
SAVILLE

Goodnight Sir. Goodnight milady!

She isn't a 'milady' at all . . . but she has such an air about her that the Commissionaire (who knows a thoro'bred filly when he sees one) is taking no risks. And can you blame him? For she's a Personality. More, far more than a mere adorable bundle of 'cuteness' in wizard clothes. More than merely lovely. More than graceful, smart and gracious. For to her other charms, she adds the magic breath of "Mischief"—the desperately smart new perfume that Mayfair has taken to its fashionable and fastidious heart. Exciting, disturbing, glamorous. And yet in perfect taste. No wonder the best-looking Bachelors in her very exclusive circle are looking daggers at each other—and wearing out her telephone in endless efforts to make a date!

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CVS—42

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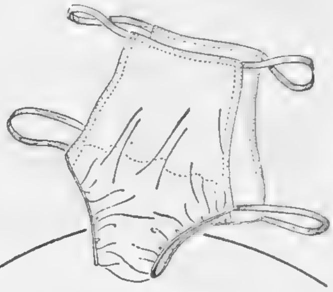
TAMPANTIE No. 915. In Celanese Locknit with Feathernap Protection. Flesh only, Small, Medium or Large each **2/11**



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no wish to hurt her. He was sympathetic. Too sympathetic. The thing was unfortunate.

She was still talking. "I've read all about you. President of the Royal Society. Two boys and a girl, haven't you? One of them's at Harrow. The other one's at the varsity."

He hated the word "varsity." "Yes," he said, "yes. . . . Everything's gone very well."

Her eyes wandered too, but with a fluttering motion, and she bit her lip. He wondered if he had been too abrupt. The pause became awkward.

"Well," he said, "and what have you been doing since I saw you last?"

Her eyes narrowed. "You don't really want to know?" she asked.

"Oh, but I assure you—that is, er—Sally! Sally! Come here!"

She watched the obedient return of the retriever without noticing it.

"Well," she began, "I took up with that chap at the Imperial first. I lived with him till about April, then he had to get back to Eastbourne, I think it was. Then I got a job at that *chantant* place down by the old pub. Sometimes there was a gentleman at night, but there wasn't much in it. I mean, speaking financially. Still, I managed to scrub along till Mr. Warble came—American, he was. Of course, he was a bit *old*, but he did have a yacht and things. You know, I enjoyed that, in its way. Sailing through all the Greek islands. Some of the sunsets were beautiful. I thought of you then. And Egypt! Ever been to Egypt?"

"Well—yes, as a matter of fact."

"My word, they knew a thing or two. No place for a nice girl, believe *me*! But, of course, *I* was all right. I'd got Mr. Warble. Tried to take me into America, he did, but there was trouble in Ellis Island."

"Oh, indeed?"

"Yes. Make me sick, those Americans."

"Stop!" he ordered. "I'm sorry, Miss—er—but really——"

"Oh, it's all right," she said. "They kept me for a bit and then shipped me back here. And here I've been ever since. Leicester Square, Hyde Park, all that. I'm not complaining. You meet some quite interesting people, you'd be surprised. Trouble is, I'm getting a bit old now."

"This is terrible," muttered Sir Earnest, glancing in all directions in the hope of rescue.

"Funny thing was, you know," she went on in matter-of-fact tones, "I loved you all the time."

"Dawn!" he said. "For God's sake! Dawn!"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Very unfortunate," muttered Sir Earnest. "Most unfortunate. I feel in some way responsible——"

For a long time they both stared about the park. The dog, Sally, had lain herself down and prepared to sleep.

"I suppose you couldn't spare something, find me an occasional bite to eat. I wouldn't ask, only——"

"Stay there!" he told her. "Will you promise to remain in that exact spot?" He pointed to the ground beside her.

"For ever, E.T.R."

"For ten minutes," he cried. "Sally—come, girl!"

She watched him potter earnestly across the grass, clamber over the foot-high railings, leave the park. The policeman marched into the road.

"Thanks," said Sir Earnest absently. "Thanks."

He went down Ennismore Gardens. The sweeper looked at him in surprise. The old chap must be ill. He took no notice of the sweeper. He entered the front door with his key, stealthily. He crept up the stairs, fetched a chair from his dressing-room, mounted it, and lifted down the picture from the wall. He carried it into his studio and hastily covered it in brown paper. A minute or two later the sweeper saw him come with the canvas under his arm. His eye cleared. Old boy only gone back to fetch something. For the third time the policeman averted the oncome of an omnibus.

He found her where he had left her.

"This," he said gruffly. "Sell it. It's worth some money."

She took off the wrapper and looked at it, at herself. He did not watch her. She gave something that might have been a snigger, or perhaps some kind of sob.

"No fear," she said, "I'm keeping this!" And she clutched it to her absurd satin.

"Don't be a fool!" he shouted roughly, stabbed the path with his stick. "Sell it!" Then his voice softened. "My dear," he said, "I'm awfully *sorry*——"

She made that same face again. "Oh, that's all right," she mumbled. "The world wags that way."

He nodded abruptly. "Well," he said, "if you'll excuse me now. I—er—have my two miles to put in. I—er—come along, old girl." And he walked away, followed by his little dog.

* * *

"Gone!" cried Rupert. "Swallowed up! The earth has opened and engulfed the undraped woman. The space on the wall!"

Lady Reginald looked in astonishment, and touched her husband's sleeve. "Why, *Earnest*," she murmured, "whatever——"

"I was tired of it," he said.

"What, '*Dawn*'?" cried Marjorie. "Tired of 'Dawn'? Tired of the rose-tipped, sweet-scented innocence of the virgin day? Tired of all our yesterdays? Tired of all to-morrows? It's old age!"

"It's a tragedy," said Rupert.

"It's a mystery," said Marjorie firmly. "Now then, E.T.R.! What have you done with her?"

"Produce the daub!"

"Shut up, you fool! What is it, E.T.R.?"

"Don't say it! You've gone surrealist!"

Sir Earnest Reginald smiled. He liked to be chivvied, as he called it, by his children. He held up one finger, archly.

"I'll give you two thousand guesses!"

They fell on him with eager absurdity. He laughed. Lady Reginald smiled. She liked to see her husband happy.

He read, later, that the picture had been sold for seventeen guineas.

END

David and Mahaut

(*Continued from page 31*)

"How are you, old man? I'm down here for a short while. What do you say to having one of our matches?"

"I was going to suggest it myself. To-morrow?"

"Right."

"And we can talk a bit too." For a moment his mouth, which with him was as expressive as his eyes, was twisted as if by some utter despair.

I stared in dismay, but it was impossible to say anything with the other fellows all round and the servants offering us cigars. I went back to my place and joined as best I could in the general conversation with my host. After dinner I was asked to take a hand in a four of bridge. I did not exchange a word with either of the Foleys until they were leaving.

WELL, David called for me in his little car next day about two o'clock. As soon as we were moving, he said:

"I'm sorry I didn't write to you."

"I got your *one* letter."

"Yes," he said, "but I mean, fully. I should have explained. After all, you were the only real friend I had in Rangoon. You knew everything about me. I wanted to write to you, but I couldn't bring myself to do it."

"Don't worry about that, old boy," I assured him. "And if there's anything I can do now, why just let me know."

"There's nothing," he said. "It's too late."

Then he told me the whole story. We had reached the links before he got well into it, and as we went round he continued in snatches—we played a poor sort of game! and on the drive (*Continued on page 116*)

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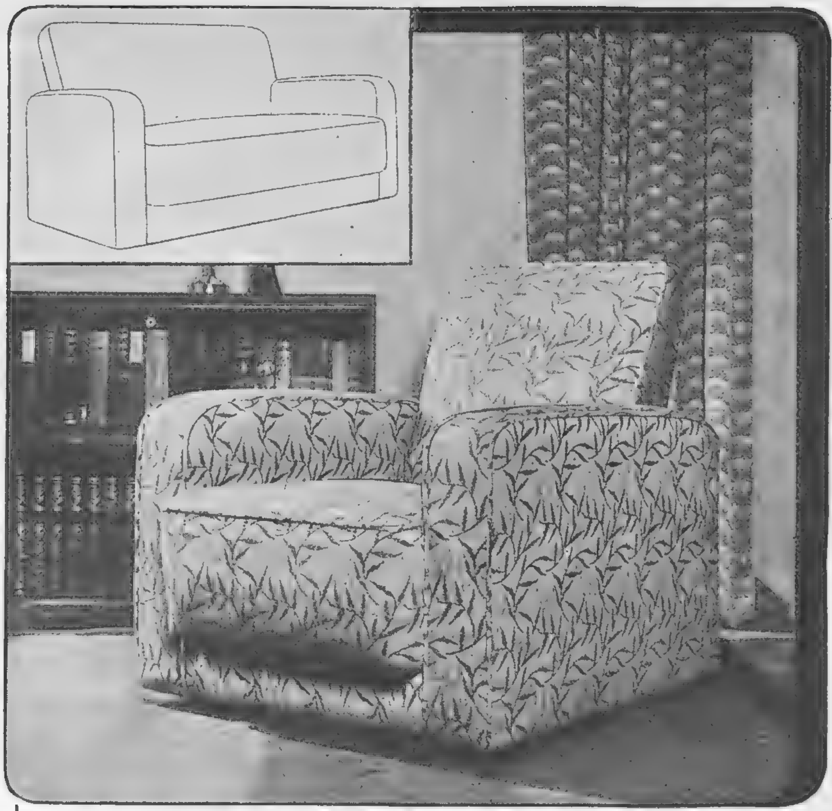

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home he finished what he had to say. It is no good my trying to reproduce his words, they were all jumbled, and I shall tell you what he said in my own way.

When I had bade good-bye to him on the wharf that March morning fifteen months before, he belonged to Mahaut body and soul. She was a lovely creature, playful and tender, with the black hair and big eyes of her race. She never said a dull thing, for what she said came straight from the heart, fresh and trembling. She had read a little, but it was good and she had felt it. And she had high spirits and loved fun. Her very position was another attraction for Foley. It aroused everything which was chivalrous in his nature. That her birth made her like an outcast in Rangoon seemed a shocking thing, that because of her mixed blood she was not considered good enough for people, who in England would have been wholly insignificant, enraged him and made him love her not only for herself but for the principle which she represented. As he had never gone very much into society, he had few friends among Englishwomen in Rangoon and when his infatuation for Mahaut became known, they all laughed at him, cut him, until it was unpleasant for him to go anywhere and he spent his whole leisure with her.

As soon as she realised that he was harming his prospects—for that in practice was what it amounted to—she expostulated with him out of the goodness of her heart.

"It isn't worth it, David. I'm not worth it. You're still engaged to Norah. Don't see me so much now and when you get home you may find that she is the one you love best."

"You're talking nonsense, Mahaut. I love you like anything."

"But you're still engaged to Norah."

"Well, I haven't told her; letters are so hard to write. But if I go home, I shall. And you'll marry me when I come back."

Mahaut did not answer. He had not fully understood her. She was not bothering about his engagement in itself, was not trying to suggest that he should break it off. But she wanted him to be quite certain in his own mind before he took a step which might affect his career, for her love was remarkably unselfish. Besides, in the first days of their friendship he had talked so much about Norah and of the long understanding which existed between them. Before he could turn his back on such promises he must be really sure. That was her idea of fairness and integrity, both for him and for herself.

But, of course, he refused to see less of her and met her daily as before, though he agreed to go home when his leave came round.

On the eve of his departure she said to him:

"I am not going to write to you when you are away."

"That's cruel, darling. How am I going to live for six months if I don't hear from you?"

"I want you to be quite free, and if then you come back to me, I shall feel justified."

"But it's not necessary, Mahaut. Surely you know I am coming back. I'm only going because I feel I owe it to Norah to explain everything."

For all his pleading she insisted that it was better not to write, though it hurt her cruelly to hold out. When she parted with him next day they were both in tears.

He reached England as the leaves were falling. Norah met him at Victoria. They taxied across London and jogged home in the slow train which landed them after dark at their little village. His father and mother were on the platform.

In a couple of days he was swallowed by that life. It was a lovely yellow autumn. Norah and he went for long country walks. He enjoyed the cool air, the plain nourishing food, and missed Mahaut less than he had expected. The change was so great, he was with old familiar things. His affection for Norah was old and familiar. During the first week he had resolved daily to tell her everything. Once, when he had screwed himself to make the cruel confession, she happened to take his hand and prettily asked him to admire a flower. Another time he was about to speak, but he saw a dryness in her face. If she had looked more understanding he might have blurted it out, but her very insensitiveness served her well. At the end of a fortnight he gave up trying to tell her.

Then a date for the wedding began to be discussed. His leave in England only amounted to four and a half months. There were arrangements to be made. A day had to be fixed soon. He realised that unless he told her about Mahaut, he would have to agree to a day, because it had always been understood that they were to be married during his leave and he had said nothing to suggest that a postponement might be necessary. To begin at that late stage and invent reasons why she should wait another term of years was impossible. But he still procrastinated.

By every mail since his arrival he had written to Mahaut, protesting his love and giving her an account of what he was doing, but without hinting at the impasse into which he was drifting. True to her word, she had not written to him, and so he stood alone, as she had intended, to face the decision which was rapidly approaching.

As often happens in situations of the kind it was a trifling matter which determined the event. Norah had noticed no change in his attitude towards her. Perhaps there was little change. He had never been much more than gently affectionate and he was affectionate still, particular in manner when he thought of how he might be obliged to hurt her. If he was backward in naming the day, she supposed that it must be his niceness, his desire not to hurry a girl who had not seen him for five years. So one morning she went to his father—they were to be married in his church—and asked him to read the banns the following Sunday, giving him to understand that David and she had settled it together. This was perhaps a little sly, a little managing, but she told David coyly immediately afterwards. He recognised that the moment had come to speak or that forever afterwards he must hold his peace.

He did not speak.

I remember that when he reached this point in his story I asked him point blank why he had allowed things to drift so far. He replied that he could not explain it. It was true that he shrank from a scene. He was extremely sensitive to any unpleasantness. Yet he assured me that there was something more than that. He loved Mahaut enough to endure a shocking scene. In Rangoon he had not cared what people said. But in an English country village, surrounded by the associations of his boyhood, Mahaut seemed improbable, as if she belonged to another world of being, a happier, richer, wilder world, some deepness of the soul, which for the life of him he could not bring up into the ordinary light of day.

So he married Norah and did not write to tell Mahaut that he had done so. He did not write to her at all. He discontinued his letters.

Norah and he went on a short honeymoon to London. Whenever Mahaut came into his thoughts, it gave him a stab of pain and he could not understand what he had done. But he managed not to think of her very often. After the honeymoon Norah and he returned to the vicarage. There were Christmas parties, a hard frost came one night and the pond was frozen; once he awoke to find the garden under snow. Every sight and sound spoke to him of his boyhood and he yielded himself to a countryside where he knew the smell of every field. The moods which he had explored with Mahaut were dormant; he rested from the wild converse of love.

About this time news came from Rangoon that the house, which they were expecting to get, would not be available. Formerly he had lived with other fellows in his firm and it was now arranged that he should return to Burma by himself and when in a month or so, as was anticipated, a house fell vacant, that Norah should join him. He set out in February on his long journey.

When the ship was out of sight of land and he was quiet with his own thoughts, his home and Norah began to grow indistinct;

(*Continued on page* 118)

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by the time he entered tropical waters his marriage had the mistiness of an hallucination. He found it difficult to believe that he was married. How had he done such a thing? Mahaut, her manner of speech, her sudden fun, filled his cabin; her tenderness again seemed to surround him. With a sinking heart he awaited the end of his journey. What would Mahaut say when he told her everything? Could he undo what he had done? At Colombo he sent her a cable. Four days later he saw the Shwedagon Pagoda on the horizon. His agitation was now extreme and as he stood at the rail straining his eyes towards the land, it seemed an eternity before the ship was moored.

Mahaut was not on the quay and, though he supposed that she had thought it indiscreet to come, a panic seized him when he did not find her. Without waiting to see his luggage through the customs, he hailed a taxi and told the man to drive to Mahaut's address. She lived in a boarding house near the old racecourse. It was a Saturday afternoon, about three o'clock, and he knew that she would not be in the office. He walked into the hall; there was no one about and he ran lightly up the stairs. A curtain was drawn across her doorway.

"Mahaut," he called softly, "Mahaut, I've come."

When there was no answer, he drew back the curtain and peeped in. Mahaut was lying on the bed asleep. He tiptoed across and knelt beside her.

"Mahaut, my own, wake up," he whispered.

She opened her eyes slowly, gave a little start and recognised him.

"David! I must have fallen asleep waiting. My darling, you've come back."

He lay down on the bed, kissing her on the lips and repeating her name. When she returned his kisses, the tears gushed from his eyes and he clung to her, not in passion but as if for succour. His whole body was shaking with sobs.

"What is it, David? Why are you crying? Are you unhappy, my darling?"

He could not answer, only saying hoarsely: "Mahaut, Mahaut." She took a handkerchief and dried his eyes, murmuring:

"Tell me now, sweet." She was frightened.

Suddenly he burst out wildly: "I've married Norah!" and shutting his eyes hid his face on her breast.

For a moment she looked down on him darkly, the blood leaving her cheeks. Then gently stroking his hair, she asked:

"Did you love her so much?"

At that question he raised himself and cried: "I did not love her! Oh, I don't know how it happened! It seemed that I could not hurt her. As long as I was there, it was not so strange, but now it is strange beyond belief."

They both fell into a long silence.

At last he said: "Do you forgive me, Mahaut?"

"There is nothing to forgive; I told you to go."

"Then you love me still?"

"I love you."

He took her into his arms and pressed her body to his.

"Thank you, my dove, then all is well," he sighed.

She released herself. "Where is your wife?"

He trembled at the word. "She is not here. I have come out ahead. But now that I see what I have done, she shall not come out."

"You cannot undo what you have done." She looked at him with compassion.

"Why not?" he cried. "We love each other. I love you, if possible, more than I did, far more. I understand better now. You are life to me."

"You have made everything impossible." She began to weep.

He stared at her in consternation. "Why, why?" he demanded.

"Don't you see?" she said in great distress. "You have married Norah—married her. How can you now, just after giving her every reason to expect you to stand by her, do what you shrank from doing when you were only engaged?"

"I shall do it," he said desperately. "I shall tell her all, leave her. I could not live with her now."

"You cannot do it. It would be a monstrous thing to do."

"I shall," he repeated. "I must, life without you is now unthinkable."

She shook her head. "*I* cannot do it."

That she might have objections had not occurred to him. The revelation terrified him. He got up from the bed and moving about the room began to beseech her.

"Listen, Mahaut! It is all a terrible mistake. But our love is not touched. That is all that matters. If you think it right, let her come out, but I must see you as I used to before. If she did not know. . . ."

"The whole of Rangoon knows about us already. It could not be concealed."

He relapsed into a dismal silence, striding up and down.

Presently she left the bed and, approaching him gently, put her hands on his shoulders. She was outwardly calmer.

"Leave me now, David," she said. "You should not be seen here. People will soon be about, it is nearly tea-time."

"Come out with me to-night," he begged. "I shall call for you after dark. If we talk it over quietly, we shall find a solution. There must be some way. This cannot be the end."

"No, no, and you must hurry," she answered, pushing him towards the door. "Living with you was paradise and if it was only myself, I'd go to the end of the world with you—but I cannot this way—it is too much. We could never hold up our heads again."

She kissed him and, restraining her tears, sent him away.

"I have not seen her since," David told me in conclusion, his face very white and drawn. "I wrote next day, but she did not answer. On the Monday when I reported myself at office, she was not there. I inquired and was told that she had taken leave. I spent two nightmare months and Norah came out. She appeared to me a complete stranger."

"But you are getting over it now," I urged. "Emotion dies away, mercifully, or where should we all be?"

"I feel absolutely alone," he said wearily. "And everything seems to frighten me. Even Norah frightens me. I long to tell her. If she could comfort me, I might get better, I might even begin to like her a little. But if I told her, she would not comfort me, she would not know how. Only if she loved Mahaut could she do that."

"But, my dear boy, flesh and blood, you know—aren't you asking. . . ?"

"If I had loved Norah and lost her, Mahaut would have known how to share my grief."

Before we parted, I persuaded him to take three or four days off. "We'll play golf and go about. It will do you good."

He promised to do so, but next morning Norah rang up.

"David asked me to tell you—he's got a touch of fever and is lying down."

"I'll call in later," I said.

I went round after tea. It was a pouring wet day. David was in bed and I didn't like the look of him very much. He seemed too inert.

"What does the doctor say?" I asked Norah.

"Oh, just gave him a mixture, you know, and said he'd call to-morrow."

Next day when I rang up, she said his temperature was higher. The doctor couldn't tell what sort of a fever it was. In the ordinary way I should not have bothered much; people were always getting fever in Rangoon. But I knew that David's resistance must be pretty poor. And Norah and the doctor were ignorant of his state of mind.

THE week passed slowly. It rained a great deal, was dark and damp in the house. Golf was impossible. I killed time at the clubs and Willie had card parties for me.

On the Saturday I telephoned after breakfast. They had engaged a nurse and it was her speaking. Mr. Foley, she said, had passed a bad night and was very weak. No, they couldn't yet say exactly what the fever was. I called later on.

(*Continued on page* 120)

Jeanette was once a doleful lass,
She couldn't face her looking-glass:
But now she greets the sun with glee,
She drinks good health at dawn, you see
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Norah did not seem alarmed, said he would be all right in a day or so, that the crisis was over.

That night I had a message to say that he was sinking. The doctor told me afterwards that he had never known a healthy young man crumple up so quickly; it was as if he had no desire to live. The end came just before dawn.

In the tropics there can be no parley with dissolution. Word was sent round that the funeral would take place that afternoon. A good many of us turned up. It was a melancholy affair. The grass in the cemetery was rank and wringing wet; there was a pool of water at the bottom of the grave. We all went home very much depressed.

Norah decided to leave for England at once. There was a boat sailing in a couple of days. I offered to see her safely on board. She was distressed, of course, upset, disappointed, but she was not less dry and matter of fact. Far from suspecting that grief had had a hand in her husband's death, she was not even aware that he had undergone any mental suffering. I confess that I was very glad to say good-bye to her.

THE next day was my last before returning to duty and, in the course of a solitary walk after tea, I decided to have a look at David's grave. There was a flaming sunset when I entered the cemetery, one of those monsoon effects when the green of the foliage is made so livid by the red sky behind it that the scene becomes strangely unreal and theatrical.

As I approached the grave, I saw the figure of a girl kneeling beside it. No one else was in the wide churchyard except us two and I came to a stop, fearing to disturb her. She was in great grief, swaying her body. When I perceived who she was, I thought for a moment of disclosing myself, but her grief was so much greater than mine that I felt unworthy to intrude upon it. Yet I came nearer and stood not far from the grave's head and looked down at her face. In that light, so charged with colour, it was very beautiful and despite myself I murmured, "Mahaut." But it was spoken too low for her to hear or she chose not to hear it, for she did not lift her eyes and remained absorbed; I saw her lips moving. Soon all red left the sky and dusk, thickened by vapours from the lake, divided us. When her form became indistinguishable, I could still see a bunch of white flowers, which she held in her hand, and for a long time I heard her crying in the darkness.

END

Men to Man John Bull's New Air Fleet

(*Continued from page* 39)

in use; and bombing classes being set exam. problems relating to bomb aiming at speeds beyond any they had experienced in school or Service machines. I was also politely banned from flying in a two-seater combat plane, because the observer's cockpit contained a gun-turret on the secret list.

The machines impressed me—and I am a man who has always been interested in machines. But the men impressed and interested me more.

Most people think of Britain's new air fleet in terms of machines. This is mainly because it is the machines and not the men (unless they happen to be breaking records) who make news. Machines matter. Maybe they matter more than men. The finest body of fighting airmen on earth cannot do much sitting at the controls of inferior machines. We found that out in the first world war. Lately, they have re-discovered the fundamental fact in Spain.

No. 74 Squadron, the "Tiger" squadron, went into the war in France with S.E.5's at the end of March, 1918. In those last seven months of the war they destroyed 126 enemy planes and sent down ninety "out of control." A total of 216 enemy machines, at a cost to the Tiger squadron of only sixteen killed, three wounded, and five taken prisoner.

True, this squadron had first-class pilots, trained for fighting by the celebrated Captain "Mick" Mannock, and commanded by Major Caldwell, a fighting leader. But with inferior machines, what could it and its dashing air warriors have done? Probably no more than the squadron whose sole surviving original pilot I met last month—he now commands a bomber squadron station.

This survivor told me that at the end of three months in France their squadron, one of the early ones, had lost all its original observers (observers were officers then : now they are leading aircraftmen, or corporals), and all except two of the original pilots. The explanation? "Ninety-mile-an-hour machines," said the old-timer with a grim smile. "We attracted the Boche like fly-paper lures flies."

But superior machines flown by inferior men, in the technical or the human sense, are not much good anyway. Machines and men make up the new air fleet on whose wings, beak, claws and fighting spirit the destinies of this empire, encompassing a fourth part of the earth and a fourth of the inhabitants thereof, now largely depend.

The men are good. The ground personnel are organised in four groups and thirty trades—some 56,000 of them now, against approximately 26,000 three years ago. In addition the number of boys or apprentices under training has risen from 2,300 to 7,200 in the same period. Nearly 5,000 pilots have been added to the fleet since the expansion began in 1935. The number is increasing now at the rate of nearly 2,000 a year. Last year, 1,750 were taken in for training as air warriors. Of those, 1,300 came from ivil life, from public, grammar and secondary schools, and 450 were selected from R.A.F. airmen volunteers (the latter become sergeant-pilots, and may command a five-man-crew bomber, or a fighter sub-section).

Start at the intake end of the assembly belt, and follow the embryo air warrior through from A.M. Form 696 to the point where he says good-bye to the commanding officer at the Flying Training School and takes train for his Service squadron.

A.M. 696 is the application form. Educational and personal references are taken up by the Air Ministry, and those candidates who are considered to be up to the required standard are invited for interview with the selection committee.

So here he is, at 11 a.m. (the board sits from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. on most days of each week) walking with a firm step and confident manner (he hopes) into room 273 on the second floor of Adastral House, the Air Ministry building on Kingsway corner.

He finds the board not so formidable as he had imagined it in more nervous moments. No uniforms, no grandeur. Just two middle-aged and one youngish man sitting at a blue baize-covered table. Still, a disconcerting quality about the quiet voices and watchfulness of these arbiters. Two of them are retired R.A.F. officers; the chairman a group captain with a matchless experience in quick judgment of the possibilities of young human material for R.A.F. purposes; the youngish man a civil servant who is secretary-member of the Board and checks on educational qualifications.

The youngster who wants to become an air warrior for five years anyway, sits down fronting the three men at the long table. They waste no time, having to vet, and approve or reject from sixty to hundred applicants every week. What games did you play at school? Were you a prefect, or monitor? Read any flying papers? Ever been up? And the Civil Servant chips in with a nasty one testing you on mathematics and maybe deflating your prowess on rugger field, your eminence in your school hierarchy, or your record as a private flier (I have seen a young man with 150 hours of solo flying turned down, partly on lack of essential educational qualifications on the maths side, and partly because he was not officer material).

When I was present at a Selection Board (the Board rejected

(*Continued on page* 122)

The Questioner

Why is sugar always sweet?
Why are lemons sour?
Why do sixty little minutes
Always make an hour?

Why does tickling make you laugh?
And onions make you cry?
Why is salt like Cerebos
Always crisp and dry?

There are so many things to learn
So long as you're alive
And I'm already getting on,
You see, I'm nearly five.

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Why? Because we're terribly hard up. Why? Because we've a very large family to support—over 600 Blind persons are in our care.

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Will you help? Please be extravagant and send a little more than you can really afford. Our blind youngsters must be cared for.

The Chairman

SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND

SWISS COTTAGE - LONDON, N.W.3

four out of seven applicants as unsuitable that time) the president made a point of team games. The Board prefers the youngster who has the team spirit and shows it in his choice of games. I saw the point, but when I mentioned this to the C.O. at one of the Flying Training Schools, that officer (an Irishman with a sense of humour and an Irish passion for individualism) chuckled.

"He is right," he said; "but one can push that team-game business too far. Now, I have had a lot of experience training these youngsters in flying school, and in my job one becomes very interested in human beings. I'll show you a boy I snatched from the discard. I'm sending him to the fighters. He'll do well."

In Mess he called over a fair, thin youth, with a bird-like eye and neck. Alert, quick, agile; and pleasant and assured, withal. He spoke with a slight French accent. British-born, of British parents. His father, a business man with interests in France, had married again soon after his first wife's death. The second wife was a Frenchwoman. They had made their home in Paris. In the family, they talked French. The boy had been brought up in a French atmosphere from childhood, and had gone to school in France.

The Selection Board blinked a little at his accent when he came before them. The chairman wanted to know about games. Oh, he was sorry, he played no games. What—no games? No—well, unless one called archery a game. He was proficient at archery.

The chairman left the subject of games, and questioned the youth about his reading (choice of reading helps to give one a line on a youngster). Had he read Rudyard Kipling? The applicant seemed uncertain—he read so few English books—but he was very fond of Wordsworth.

The chairman suggested that he retire for a minute while the Board deliberated. Then the board's heads went together. Social and educational qualifications—good. Interest—keen. Personality—good. But—no games! "Give him to me," said the F.T.S. commander, who chanced that day to be sitting on the Board. "I'll take him."

So there he was, just another fledgling among fifty others in one of John Bull's air-fleet training schools. "He's taken to football with zest," the C.O. informed me, "and he wanted to introduce archery—he argued that it is good for the eye and all the muscles one uses in controlling an aeroplane. But I remembered what happened to poor old Harold at the hands of Duke William's archers, and I said 'No'."

Five minutes, ten at the outside, settles the fate of the air warrior aspirant. If he is O.K.'d, he is handed a slip for the Medical Board at Astor House, down the street at Lincoln's Inn. There, it is a couple of hours' job. The specialists pass the aspirant from small room to small room, testing this human machine, from eyes and ears, down by way of nose and lungs to his very foot soles—they test nerve reflexes down there.

Lung capacity? "Blow down this tube." You blow, and a pointer moves over on a dial. "All right. Now blow down this one and hold it." You blow, and a column of mercury rises to sixty. You hold it a minute and nearly burst while the medico checks on your pulse. "That's very good."

"What would be bad?" you gasp.

"Under forty-five."

"Step up on this chair, and step down, again, ten times." You obey, and at the end the heart man feels your pulse.

"Lie down there and put your legs in the air. All right."

In the nerve room the neurologist taps your elbows and knees and gives you a pencil and a ruler and tells you to balance it on the ruler and hold it out straight. You gingerly obey and pray that you haven't a hand tremble, because if you have it will find you out more surely than the chalk-line test convicts a drunk.

You wait for the spinning chair you've

heard so much about, but it does not materialise. They don't need it now . . . Eyes O.K. Ears O.K. Heart O.K. Everything O.K.

The applicant who passes all the tests successfully has at least the consolation of knowing that he is better than the insurance company's "Class A" life. He is good raw material for John Bull's air fleet. But only raw material—a mere pupil pilot, at 16s. 6d. a day, and mess bills to pay out of that.

Off goes our fledgling for a couple of months to one of the Civil Flying Training Schools. Lynx-eyed Service instructors watch and size him up all the time he is going through his elementary flying instruction. Fifty hours flying instruction he has, in dual, solo and instrument flying; and there are almost no casualties in that stage.

A commander of heavy bombers laughed, telling me of how he learnt to fly. It was in 1916. Some fellow had the knack of it so they made him an instructor. Up they went in a crate, and the instructor yelled at him: "Look, this is how you do it. At least, that's what I do. And that's how you fly. Get it?"

"I got it," said the survivor from those pioneer days, "more by luck than judgment. I knew that if I didn't get it, I was done!"

Passed out of civilian F.T.S., and equipped with the elements of flight theory, engines, armament, plus fifty hours of flying, half dual-control and half solo, the fledgling goes off to R.A.F. depot for a fortnight's disciplinary course, lectures and drill. He gets his uniform and commission as acting pilot officer on probation; and he dines in mess for the first time.

Then, twenty-eight weeks at the Flying Training School. The fledgling learns there how to fight as well as fly a warplane. He makes the acquaintance of Service-type aircraft, and formation flying—starting with a two-span space between machines (it is narrowed to not less than one span with squadrons). He has his first taste of night flying, the blackness of the nocturnal sky, the business of judging distance at night and landing by the hooded Glim light line.

In the hangar of one light bomber squadron I visited a sergeant was in conference with a fitter and his rigger mate under the nose of a machine which was minus its engine and propeller.

"Looks a bit like the morning after the night before, sir," said the sergeant, "but she's not as bad as we thought."

"Engine all right?"

"Not a scratch, sir."

A pilot had over-run at night and gone into the hedge, and up-ended. The propeller was smashed to bits, and there were sundry dents and scrapes on fuselage and wings. They had taken the engine out to check over. I saw the pilot in mess that evening. He had a piece of sticking plaster over his nose, but otherwise he was all right.

Our fledgling learns to bomb, and to shoot machine guns in the air. He discovers the meaning of speed, not merely in flying an air machine, but in shooting from one at an enemy who is trying to kill him in an aerial duel at a velocity so high as to approximate to the comic relief in the tragedy of air war—and in hitting a target with bombs aimed from heights all the way down from the heavy bomber's 20,000 feet to the light bomber's dive-bombing height of 1,000 feet.

But he does not learn all, because he does not get his fledgling training on the latest types. He can only guess what it means to exchange shots from a 400 m.p.h. fighter with a 250 m.p.h. bomber, or an enemy combat plane with a speed in excess of 300 m.p.h.

Two 300 m.p.h. planes passing exchange shots at 600 miles an hour. A 400 m.p.h. interceptor plane power-diving at a bomber travelling 250 miles an hour can be shooting at 650 miles an hour.

Shooting at a thousand miles an hour is not an academical problem: it is among the practical problems on which technicians and armament school instructors are working to-day.

In a coastal defence station an instructor not only told me

(*Continued on page* 124)

Capping all Records!

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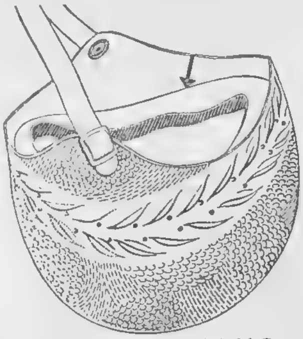

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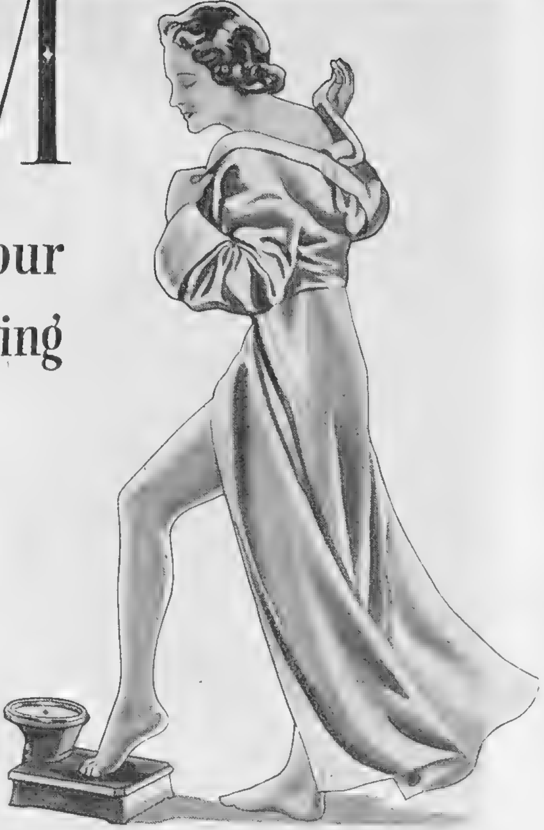

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On those occasions when your stomach does get out of order—take the remedy that is approved by specialists and hospitals—the perfectly balanced alkalies in Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. A dose or two mixed in milk or water will effectively correct acidity, relieve the pain, soothe inflammation and restore normal digestive action.

It is quite safe to use Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, however delicate your digestion may be, for there is nothing harsh in this treatment. Its action is soothing but speedy, and thousands of stomach sufferers have testified to its success. You must be sure to get the *genuine* MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton. Powder or Tablets, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. Never sold loose. Also pocket tins of Tablets, 9d.

Men to Man John Bull's New Air Fleet

but demonstrated to me in a float-plane in action on a target that they had got bombing down to the accuracy of rifle fire. But (despite the Schneider Cup records and tradition) marine plane work is not high-speed work in the sense that land-planes interpret high speeds. You can send seaplanes out to sweep the seas, scouting for surface fleets, for navies and transports on their way to attack your strongholds and bases; and in two to four hours they can be back with the assurance that, since they have sighted no surface craft, you are safe from attack by sea for the next twelve hours anyway. A matter of the difference between sea and air speeds.

The fledgling has yet to find out from actual experience what it means to get the warning of an enemy bomber raid, and running sixty to hundred yards to his warmed-up interceptor plane in full flying kit, complete with parachute (on which he sits), soar up to 20,000 feet in six minutes.

All that comes later, with the squadrons.

Every care is taken of him that can be taken—through instruction and regulation and tuition; through science and engineering and aircraft design; through meteorological organisation (low cloud and fog are to the flying man what ice-coated roads are to the motorist), with stations interchanging weather news every fifteen minutes; and through discipline to prevent him from yielding to recklessness or the exuberance of youth.

Here is a story. The station commander and the chief flying officer were in the latter's office, going over the "family's" (the family in F.T.S. changes twice a year) flying record on the wall chart, when they heard a shout outside. Looking out of the window, they saw a plane coming down in a straight nose-dive, engine full on, out of the blue.

As they gasped, the crazy flier flattened. But when you power-dive like that, straight down, you can't pull out of it at once. There is a drag that takes you on down. The machine pulled out no more than fifty feet above a hangar. It zoomed, banked, and sat down, quite a good landing, in the aerodrome. The explanations were made in the C.O.'s office later.

The youngster had been told to go up to 15,000 feet and stay there for twenty minutes. That is part of the routine training. 15,000 feet is the limit for normal flying. Above that altitude you take to the oxygen mask. The pilot knew all that—it is elementary lecture stuff. But instead of staying at 15,000, he had gone up to 22,000.

Why?

"Well, sir, it was a lovely day, and I looked around and it was a grand sky. So I went on up."

The C.O. left that point and asked him why he took a nose-dive down. The offender said he really couldn't say, but at the time he just felt he wanted to try it.

He emerged from the C.O.'s room a greatly chastened young man. The folly of his behaviour was driven into him with barbed words. The gross selfishness of his action was indicated to him with vigour—the effect on his comrades if he had crashed, the effect on the station, the trouble he would cause all round: and the C.O. pointed out to him that he, the C.O., would necessarily have been involved, both in his feelings and officially, by a disaster which would have been caused wholly by his own irresponsibility and disobedience. Etcetera.

"I can laugh now," remarked the C.O., "but at the time I was not putting it on. You should have seen him coming down on that hangar! I don't know how the machine stood up to the pull-out. Every strut and wire in her screamed.

"That lad will go to the fighters, of course."

The M.O. spoke to me about that business later, when he was showing me his radiant heat set-up (they use it in shock cases) and explaining his high-velocity emergency organisation for crash cases.

"It's a wonder he didn't burst his ear

drums," said the M.O. "He must have had a bad headache, anyway." He went into physiological explanations. Then he cast a ray of light on what probably happened at 22,000 feet.

"The boy got light-headed. That's one of the reasons why they are warned not to go above 15,000 feet without using the oxygen mask. I haven't tried it myself. But if it makes you want to put a training bus into a power-dive straight down, it must be a grand and glorious feeling!"

On the serious side, it was not exclusively a question of that pilot's own life. He represented already a substantial expense to the taxpayer. A lot of time and trouble and interest had been spent on him. Trained and alive, he represented a valuable asset. Dead, he was a total loss. Besides, no pilot perishes without totally destroying a machine worth anything from £5,000 to £20,000.

He may simultaneously involve other lives besides his own. In a heavy bomber, the pilot—and, in war, the gunner in central cockpit and in tail turret—has four lives besides his own in his keeping. In a long-range flying boat, from five to six lives are in charge of each individual member of the crew.

Passed out to the squadron—fighter, bomber, or army co-operation—the probationer is confirmed in his appointment as an acting pilot officer (his next step is flying officer, on the way up to flight lieutenant, with squadron leader's rank to come if he makes the grade)—the fledgling exchanges 16s. 6d. a day for £333 a year, plus allowances, plus facilities to enable him to prepare for a civil career, with a gratuity of £300 at the end of his four-years' active service with the squadrons.

And with the squadrons? Experience, experience, and more experience. The more you have, the more you diminish your chances of becoming an early casualty in the next war. Two stories illustrate.

At a Flying Training School I asked the C.O.—who himself has a fine fighting and flying record extending back to 1915—what he would say was the main cause of crashes. "Lack of experience," was his reply. And in the M.O.'s room later we found the exact example.

He was a slim youth, maybe nineteen, having the dressing on his hand changed. He had made a bad landing, nosed over, damaged his hand (fatal crashes are not numerous: indeed, on a balance of risks, flying in the R.A.F. is a less dangerous pursuit than going out on roads which in our island take a toll of 7,000 killed a year and around 175,000 injured—and that casualty list does not include the innumerable crashes, skids, bumps, and what not, which do not damage anybody).

The inquiry into the accident disclosed that he had trodden on the brake instead of the rudder bar. "But I think he was dazzled by ground haze, too," the C.O. told me. "He had to land into the sunset, and that's trying."

He added: "You can call that carelessness—like a learner in a car stepping on the accelerator instead of the clutch or brake—or inefficiency, or any one of half a dozen things. But actually, it is just inexperience. What else can you call it?"

The other story came out during lunch in a fighter squadron mess. I was sitting between the station commander and a squadron commander and exchanging war reminiscences with the latter—he had left the trenches for the R.F.C., as it was then; I, about the same time, for the Tanks. He had a fine war record. How had he survived? Luck—*and experience.*

From that aerodrome on the outskirts of London a young lieutenant named Robinson went up in a single-seater fighter, and shot down a Zeppelin. A spectacular feat—nothing more. An eighteen-year old schoolboy, with six months' training before taking the air, could have done the job.

Lieutenant Robinson got the V.C. He was promoted and given command of a flight of Bristol fighters in France.

"I was up with my boys doing a spot of work," said the

(*Continued on page* 126)

Baby's nappies . .

even constant changes cannot *relieve*

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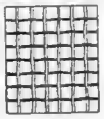

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station commander, a "veteran" in the early forties. "We had a dog-fight with the Hun, downed one or two of 'em, and came down to refill. We saw a covey of Bristol fighters sitting up there.

"We went up again and had another scrap, and the Bristols were still cruising around there, doing nothing as far as we could see. It puzzled me.

"Soon after we got down again I had a call from our local headquarters. They wanted to know if we had seen any Bristol fighters around. I said we had, but they seemed to have an inexperienced leader—they didn't seem to know what to do. A little later I got a call from someone higher up still, asking about those Bristol fighters.

"Well, that was Robinson up there. As we came down the second time, I saw some white puffs that looked to me like cloud. When I flew over to have a look I saw that it was fog coming up.

"You know what happened. Robinson evidently let the fog catch him. He landed his whole crowd behind the enemy lines. They were all taken prisoners."

The Germans did not forget that the prisoner had downed one of their Zeps. Released just after the Armistice, Robinson died a few days after his homecoming.

It was at this R.A.F. station that I came across two young pilots who, practising a dog fight, had collided, making head-on passes at one another, and "bailed out." It was their debut as parachute jumpers. They landed unharmed.

They don't give every pilot a parachute dive now. It is not necessary. If a pilot has to bail out, he is all right so long as he goes through the motions he has been taught on ground. The fact that he once had a practice dive does not help him.

"Theoretically, it might give him more confidence," remarked the station commander at a Flying Training School, "but a man isn't going to sit in a crashing machine just because he can't make up his mind to jump and trust to the parachute!" He added that there is always the risk of a broken ankle or a bruising, in a parachute drop, even under practice conditions.

But when they do give a fledgling a parachute jump now, they help him by an ingenious new method—reminiscent of the string-tied-to-the-aching-tooth trick. They take the novice up on a platform fixed to one wing of the plane. He stands, holding on to a stay.

At 4,000 feet the pilot signals. The jumper reaches down to where the parachute cord end nestles on his thigh, and pulls. The parachute, which has been dangling behind, a square cushion attached by cords to the pilot's shoulder and thigh harness, opens. It flies out, catches the wind, bellies; and simply pulls you off the wing into space.

That way, you don't have to make up your mind to jump. The parachute does it all for you.

End

(Copyright in the U.S.A. and Canada)

N.A.A.F.I.

(Continued from page 43)

was taking a bottle of beer to her sweetheart on the battlefield when she came across his dead body.

Mrs. Christian Ross, as she now became known, was the greatest success as a sutleress. She sold pigs and chickens and occasionally sheep. Yet, no awkward questions were asked because she always had a good meal ready for a General and his staff.

Mrs. Ross's greatest success was among her rival sutlers. She commanded their respect, not so much perhaps because of her efficiency, but because she had a very fine range of language. She became known among the troops as "Kit" Ross, and it was said that after Marlborough there was no one better known in the British Army. She lies buried in the churchyard of St. Margaret's in

Westminster. She was taken to her grave and accorded military honours.

When the troops came home from the wars, there were no barracks, or very few, for them to go to. The army of the eighteenth century used to be billetted in inns, and the innkeeper was forced to provide each soldier with food, firewood and a candle; the State paid. There was nothing for the sutler to do.

The old soldier, and I am writing now of the very old soldier, the early nineteenth century soldier, was forced to drink when he went overseas for one very good, or very bad, reason: he had nothing but a very monotonous diet of salt food. Besides, hard liquor was very easy to obtain and was very cheap indeed. Bad food, much liquor and bad sanitary conditions wrought havoc among the troops sent overseas. A hundred years ago, a battalion sent to the West Indies did not last more than two years; at the end of that time there was not an officer or a man left of the original draft.

THE Government cared little or nothing about the lot of the soldiers' families. When a regiment went overseas the wives used to draw lots to be allowed to accompany their men; each company was allowed six wives when it went on foreign service.

Little by little, and perhaps I should accentuate the fact that it was very little, the soldiers' lot improved, from the canteen point of view. In the middle of the nineteenth century the English soldier on home service was receiving a ration of one pound of bread and three-quarters of a pound of meat daily, but he had to pay sixpence a day for this. Each company was allowed two coppers, one for the potatoes and one for the meat, but the meat was always beef and it was always boiled, simply because there was no other way of cooking it. The soldier of the middle of the nineteenth century had two meals a day; he had breakfast at half-past seven and he had his second meal at twelve-thirty, so that for almost nineteen hours he did not have anything to eat. Naturally enough, he looked for something to fill in the empty hours, and the something was invariably drink.

The coming of the war in South Africa, that is to say in 1899, brought a change for the better. The canteen began to sell groceries as well as drink. Nevertheless, the canteens were just as I have described them in the first part of this article: they were sordid places, no comfort of any kind. Then came the World War, and a great change for the better.

In 1915 the Expeditionary Force Canteen was created. It began in Havre. During the four years of war the E.F.C. became a sort of universal provider for the Army on the Western Front. The little canteen at Havre, with its one second-hand car which was used for transport, blossomed into no fewer than five hundred and seventy-seven branches in France and Belgium. The canteens sold everything, from buttons to a bottle of champagne, and from a packet of pins to the full equipment of an officer.

According to Mr. John Fortescue who compiled a work on the canteens in the British Army, there were in 1918 two hundred and forty-nine lorries and vans, one hundred and fifty-one motor cars, forty-two motor cycles and fourteen trailers acting as transport for the E.F.C.

Not only did the E.F.C. look after the inner man, it also provided entertainment for the soldier when he came down from the line. A cinema department was created, and soon it was providing two hundred and forty films a week. Behind the lines there were several movable films shown, giving the showings of films wherever and whenever possible. Later, the good work was continued on other fronts. When part of the British Army went to Italy the E.F.C. followed and provided rest camps, ice factories, mineral water factories and canteens. The Italian troops benefited just as much as the British soldiers did.

In investigating the antecendents of N.A.A.F.I., I find (Continued on page 128)

There's glamour and romance
in the happy union of refreshing
Eau de Cologne and thrilling,
lasting 'Tosca' perfume.

By Appointment to The Prince of Wales 1930-1936

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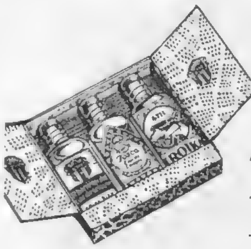

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NEW ZEALAND

Look for this brand stamped on the joints. It's your guarantee of genuine New Zealand

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THE BEST IN THE WORLD!

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that the E.F.C. also appeared at Salonica, where it did remarkable work; it went into Mesopotamia and supplied the Indian troops as well as the British, and even when the war was over, we find a sub-section operating in Northern Russia and actually within the Arctic Circle.

Having won the war, the soldiers came home, but despite the efficiency and the excellent service of the E.F.C. overseas, there was nothing for the army at home. That is how N.A.A.F.I. came into existence. It had been the dream of the founders of the Canteen and Mess Co-operative Society. That society was the father of N.A.A.F.I. In simple language, this is how the Navy, Army and Air Force Institute works: it is in times of peace, absolutely independent of all official control. Every man, every sailor, every airman, every officer in the three services, is a participator in the benefit of N.A.A.F.I. He and he alone is a shareholder. There are no others.

N.A.A.F.I. consists in the first place of a council which is composed of four serving officers for each of the three services. Then there is a board of management, which is composed of three civilian businessmen with a representative of each of the services. There is a general manager. Broadly speaking, the aim of the N.A.A.F.I. is to give all its members in the services the possibility of purchasing anything they require at prices which can compete most favourably with the prices of the chain stores. However, there are several other advantages. The revenue obtained from the sales to all officers and men is returned to the Navy, Army and Air Force in the form of rebates every month. The standard rate is eight per cent, but to this is added a rebate which varies considerably because it depends on the trading results of each year.

Recently I had the occasion of investigating the activities of the N.A.A.F.I. At home, in Great Britain, in Scotland and in Northern Ireland, it is fine, absolutely fine. Men come off the barrack square, and instead of going into a dirty room with sawdust and spittoons, they have club-rooms as comfortable as one could find anywhere in the world, and there is not a penny of profit going into private pockets. All the profits go back again into the three services; into sports clubs and into anything and everything that makes the life of the soldier in the new army better and happier. Yet, it was not at home that I was so much impressed as I was during a recent visit to Egypt and the Middle East. There I saw how the lot of the soldier in the new army of to-day had been changed for the better. I would like to write something of what I saw, and to try and tell those outside of army circles how life out East has changed, since the days of Kipling's soldiers.

The general idea is, and I am now writing entirely about the Middle East, that wherever the Army or the Air Force, there goes N.A.A.F.I. to make life pleasant. Supposing a squadron of the Air Force suddenly finds itself planked down somewhere in the desert. Once upon a time there would be nothing to do, nothing but boredom to look forward to, absolutely no comfort of any kind, and the food would be something without any variety. Now all that has changed.

N.A.A.F.I. provides, and I am talking now just of out-of-the-way places, a comfortable club-room, nice easy chairs, tables, a clean room in which men can lounge and relax. There are newspapers and pictorials. Of course, there is a bar where during certain hours, drink may be obtained, and all day long when the institute is open, soft drinks may be obtained and everything at reasonable prices.

In Egypt itself, whether it is Cairo or Alexandria or in the Canal Zone, there is something, not only for the officers and men, but also for the wives of the officers and men. I would like you to come with me on just a little tour and see what N.A.A.F.I. is doing for our friends and relatives in the new army.

I was driving through some officers' quarters just outside Cairo, and I happened to look up and I saw a greengrocer's cart going round. I rubbed my eyes and blinked.

For a moment, I thought myself back home again; I might have been in Shorncliffe, or I might have been, say, in Chatham. Here was a grocer's cart, with fresh vegetables and everything clean and nice as could be. It was, of course, sent out by the N.A.A.F.I. Just part of ordinary routine. Then I went to visit an institute. I happened to drop in at a sergeants' institute about ten-thirty one morning. There were forty little girls having a dancing lesson.

Then I went on my way and I came across Continental-looking cafés, much better than anything one finds provided for civilians in Egypt. Here were light green tables with parasols; deep caned-seated chairs, with cushions. At another place I came across a flood-lit, open-air dance hall. Then I struck a very fine open-air swimming bath. All these things are provided by N.A.A.F.I.

Naturally, all these fine things do not create themselves. The man who is responsible for the N.A.A.F.I. in the Middle East is Major Tatlow. I knew him some years ago when he was a civilian. He entered the war at the beginning and he stayed in the army and developed a fine organising sense. Perhaps something left over from his civilian training, I really do not know, but I do know how his personality has impressed itself all over the N.A.A.F.I. in the Middle East. He likes to serve, and it is really pleasant to see how his subordinates react to him.

The N.A.A.F.I. has brought out from England two or three lady assistants to give what is called a "feminine touch" to the work that N.A.A.F.I. is doing. They see that meals are daintily served; these ladies provide a variety in menus; they arrange dances, and they see that the ices are all in order.

I HAPPENED to go into a bakery which is naturally part of N.A.A.F.I., and there I saw a nice tray of very enticing looking cakes just about to be sent out ot the house of an officer's wife who was giving a bridge party that afternoon. Then I went into the post office that the N.A.A.F.I. run. If one buys stamps from them for letters home, one pays just a little less than one does in the ordinary post office. It makes the ordinary civilian just a little bit jealous, I think.

I went into shops beautifully stocked with sports accessories; the regiment can obtain its trophies, and the officers can obtain their cricket bats and their golf clubs. The men can obtain just everything they want. They are on equal terms with the officers, when it comes to N.A.A.F.I.

In the Cairo district alone there are no fewer than thirty institutes and shops and various stores for the benefit of the Army and the Air Force, and, of course, for the Navy too if it happens to come that way.

In the Canal Zone there are nine institutes, and in Palestine there are twenty-two institutes and shops, including a restaurant-hotel. In Khartoum there are seven institutes and in Iraq there are thirteen, including a cinema. At Kenya there is one institute for the Air Force, and at Aden there are six N.A.A.F.I.s for such varied people as the R.A.F., Armoured Car sections, Wireless sections, Royal Artillery, Air headquarters, Royal Engineers and Supply sections.

Of course, behind all the institutes and the cafés, and the dance halls, and the swimming baths, and the canteens, there is a vast organisation which deals with details. I saw a soda-water factory, for instance, which would do credit to any small English town. I saw huge bakeries, and I do not know, or rather I do not remember, how many store-houses I saw. Train loads of foodstuffs come up straight from the quays to the platforms erected outside the store-houses. The system of checking in and checking out is something that would appeal to the brain behind any large English departmental store. And, that is really what the N.A.A.F.I. is, but whereas the great stores work for profit, "Naafi" works for service; it works to serve the Army and the Navy and the Air Force, to make things better than they were; to make men happy, and also when it says men, it means too, those who follow on: the wives and the children, for "Naafi" does not forget them. END

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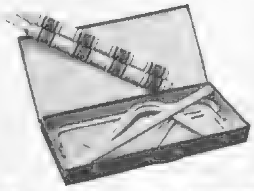

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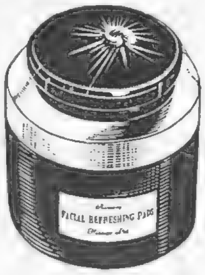

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ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE Camelia de luxe VANDERISED TOWELS
6D. & 1/6 per packet
C.V. 19

Recipes from France and Italy

(*Continued from page 71*)

hours, so your oven must be really slow.

Soupe au Poisson (Provence)

One pound of fish.
Leeks, carrots, onions, potatoes, tomatoes.
Olive-oil, butter, salt, pepper.
Parsley, garlic, saffron, thyme, bay-leaf.

Any kind of the cheapest fish will do, even a bit of conger eel can be used.

Clean the fish and cut it up roughly, peel two potatoes, one clove of garlic, leeks, carrots, onions and cut up with one or two tomatoes.

Melt a small piece of butter in a large saucepan, add a tablespoonful of olive-oil, and when this is hot, put in the vegetables and cook them for two or three minutes, stirring or shaking the pan.

Add the fish and cook in the same way and put in the seasoning of salt, pepper and a pinch of saffron powder. Put in a little bunch of a sprig of parsley, of thyme and a bay-leaf, and add boiling water, allowing a third more for evaporation.

Simmer for thirty to forty minutes, in fact until well flavoured. Now strain the soup into the tureen and put in a few pieces of potato, also a few flakes of fish.

You can also serve the soup as a *consommé*, in which case pass it through a muslin after straining, or as a *crème de poisson*, in which case you bind the *consommé* with the yolks of two eggs diluted in a little milk or cream. After this it must not boil.

Make some neat little rounds of toast slightly larger than a half-crown piece, butter and sprinkle with grated cheese. Add a tiny blob of butter on each and brown quickly under the grill. Hand these croûtons hot, with the soup.

Pimento Sauce (Toulon)

Three pimentos (sweet peppers),
Three tomatoes.
A clove of garlic, two bay-leaves, salt, pepper.
Two or three gherkins, vinegar, bacon fat.
A little stock, cayenne pepper.

If you cannot get fresh sweet peppers (they are now in season and more easily obtained in England than they used to be) use tinned ones.

If fresh, cut them open and remove all the seeds and inside pith, in either case chop them finely, also the tomatoes which you have skinned and de-pipped. Melt a little bacon fat in a saucepan, add the tomatoes, peppers and vinegar. Let this simmer for five minutes, squashing the things well, then add the garlic, finely chopped.

Put in a tablespoonful of stock, the bay-leaves, a dash of cayenne pepper and the gherkins, finely chopped. Simmer for ten minutes, moistening with stock if necessary. Remove the bay-leaves and the sauce is ready.

Excellent with boiled or fried fish or with grilled meat.

Compote de Pêches (Monte Carlo)

One or two peaches for each person.
Sugar, Grand Marnier.

Peel the peaches, cut them in quarters and cook them in just enough water to cover them. Remove, drain and keep in the refrigerator. Add the sugar to the liquid and boil this until it thickens.

Add a little Grand Marnier and let this syrup get cold. Then pour it over the peaches.

Serve with a nice sweet biscuit, wafers, or macaroons.

Italian Gnocchi (Liguria)

Quarter of a pound of floury potatoes.
Quarter of a pound of flour.
Salt.

Boil the potatoes in their skins, peel and mash while hot and pass through a very fine sieve. To this potato

(*Continued on page* 132)

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(BATH 2/-)
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GUERLAIN

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RED TILES
Red Tile and Red Composition Floors always have a lovely rich, red gloss when polished with Cardinal. Excellent also for Front Steps, Brick and Cement Paths, etc. Will not wash off in Rain.
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Live up to life this Summer: take an eight weeks' course of

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A brand of Casein and Sodium Glycero-phosphate

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Obtainable at all chemists in 19/9 jars (8 weeks' course) and 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 tins.

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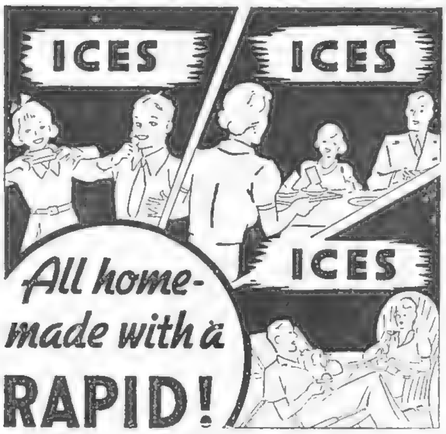

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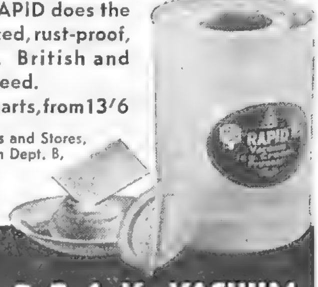

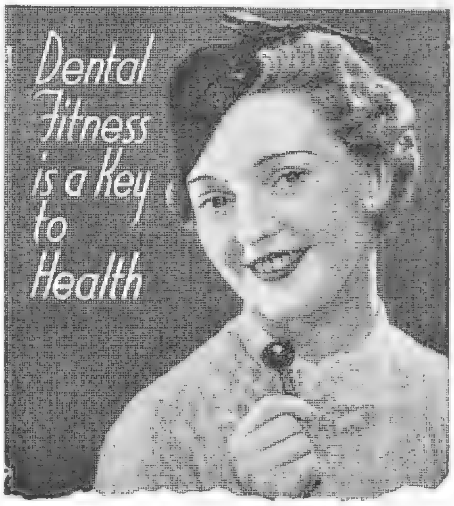
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You cannot be perfectly fit unless you have a healthy mouth. Euthymol — the antiseptic tooth paste recommended by dentists for over forty years—with a dentist's inspection every six months will give you sparkling teeth and strong, healthy gums. Try it! Price 1s. 3d. from all chemists, or send for a free 7-day sample to—
Dept. 33/111, Euthymol,
50, Beak Street,
London, W.1

Ask for **Euthymol TOOTH PASTE**

"flour" add the ordinary flour, working it thoroughly together. Flatten out the dough. Cut this in strips and then break off little pieces about an inch long.

Have ready a saucepanful of boiling salted water, throw in—I really mean throw, as the Gnocchi must start at once revolving quickly in the boiling water—and cook for about ten to fifteen minutes. You must pinch one occasionally to see if it is done.

Drain very thoroughly and serve in a stew or as a separate dish with the following:

Italian Sauce (Liguria)

Parsley, chervil.
Six walnuts.
Garlic, olive-oil, butter.
Salt, pepper, grated Parmesan cheese.

Put a small nut of butter in a warm bowl and work it to an oil, adding about the same quantity of olive-oil. Have ready the herbs, nuts and garlic first finely chopped and then pounded. Into this add the oil and butter mixture, working it as you would a mayonnaise. Season with salt and pepper.

Among the herbs there should be, when available, a little sweet basil.

Chicken Vessinaro (Italy)

One chicken (two pounds).
Olive-oil, butter, Marzala.
Onion, shallots, parsley, tomato puree.
Salt, pepper, stock.

Have the chicken prepared (but not trussed) as for roasting and carve it raw, into pieces: two wings, the leg cut in two, breast also in two. Melt a small nut of butter in a saucepan, add a tablespoonful of olive-oil and, in this, brown the pieces of chicken, turning them over.

Chop an onion and two shallots and put them in, also a teacupful of stock and about half that amount of Marzala wine. Add salt and pepper, a tablespoonful of tomato purée.

Stir well and cover the pan, letting all this simmer for about twenty to thirty minutes. Prick one of the legs towards the end of the cooking to see if it is done.

Place the pieces of chicken nicely in a hot serving dish, pour over the sauce through a strainer, sprinkle with finely chopped parsley.

Veal Chops (Italy)

Veal chops (one for each person).
Garlic, parsley, butter or olive-oil
Salt, pepper, grated cheese.
Raw egg.

Trim the veal chops, leaving no fat, and flatten them by beating well. Sprinkle both sides with salt and pepper. Chop together a clove of garlic and parsley.

Dip the chops in beaten egg, sprinkle both sides with, first, grated cheese and, second, the chopped garlic and parsley. Fry them in hot butter or olive-oil, or a mixture of both. Turn the chops, cooking them for a few minutes on each side until they are nicely browned.

END

Television Has Come To Stay

(*Continued from page 25*)

coach drove slowly by was quite the best taken that memorable day. But the light was so shockingly bad that the newsreel cameramen stationed at the same spot were packing up and calling it a day, at the precise instant that the television cameras were transmitting to Alexandra Palace a record of an historic event, which was perfectly clear in every detail. This seems to indicate that viewers, in future years, will have their vision clarified when sporting events are being transmitted, and that the ogre known as bad visibility will have ceased to matter.

The football matches at Twickenham and Wembley, televised in March and April of this year, were fine technical feats. Both matches were put out on low wave and low power by the mobile unit from the respective football grounds to Alexandra Palace—in the case of Twickenham, at a distance of about ten miles. From Alexandra Palace the relay took place on the normal wave-length, which is 6.67 metres for vision and 7.2 metres for sound. On this ultra-short wave-length it has been discovered that superb sound results, which is going to prove of inestimable advantage to the television programmes of the future.

One of the "crabs" against television for private houses, to-day, is the official statement that vision can be obtained only within a radius of approximately thirty miles from Alexandra Palace. But I know that at Brighton, and two other places nearby on the south coast, television sets have been in use for several months with complete success—which means a distance of between fifty and sixty miles from the television studios in North London.

I CANNOT help wishing that London would follow the lead of Berlin, and arrange television viewing in some of our popular-priced restaurants, so that by degrees the public may become more television-minded than they are at present. When the Germany versus Italy football game was televised from the Berlin stadium, one hundred and twenty thousand spectators watched the game itself, and over ten thousand saw it at the same time in eight great public places in the city—places where they sat round smoking, drinking lager and eating frankfurters. That additional audience of ten thousand cheered every move of the game, as the television set revealed it, at the low cost of a pint of lager or a cup of coffee.

The argument about the reduction of attendance at public functions, with the development of television, was proved to be a fallacy on that as on other occasions. Our Football Association officials, in arranging for the big Wembley match between England and Scotland to be televised, knew they were not hurting the gate. They took the wise view that not one of the enthusiasts who flock to a football match or a boxing match would stay at home, even if television were ten times better than it is to-day! Your true football or boxing fan wants to yell himself hoarse, to hurl advice at the figures struggling in the ring, to rush across the football field when the game has been won, to wear an enormous "favour" in his buttonhole—in short, to take part in the proceedings *himself*.

He would not give up all that just to sit at home with his feet on the mantelpiece, watching the performance in comfort. Never in a million years! But hundreds of thousands of ardent football and boxing enthusiasts who never stand a chance of getting near the football ground or the boxing ring are going to get the kick of their lives by watching and hearing all the fun *as it takes place*, instead of relying on a running commentary to make the thing come to life in their imagination, or waiting to read all about it several hours later.

The first transmission of still pictures—which must be regarded as the first practical step towards what we call television—took place as long ago as 1881. In 1923 two experimenters were at work: Baird in England and Jenkins in America. By 1925 their experiments led to the successful transmission of shadows and simple outlines. In 1929 our own British Broadcasting Corporation decided to give Mr. Baird facilities for making experimental transmissions through the medium-wave London station transmitter, in Oxford Street.

At a small studio in Long Acre programmes were duly performed, and replayed to the transmitter approximately two miles away. To put out these programmes thirty scanning lines were employed, and twelve and a half pictures were transmitted per second. At that time vision only was transmitted; the addition of sound came in 1930, when the new London Regional station at Brookman's Park came into use.

The thirty-line transmissions were considered of sufficient technical interest for the B.B.C. to equip a studio inside Broadcasting House itself, using Baird apparatus. There, on August 22, 1932, the first television programme was produced. Announcers working for ordinary B.B.C. programme were enlisted, to assist the new television programmes, too. They did their ordinary work; then rushed along to the television studio and did a job there. Then back again to continue the programmes of every day. On that first televised programme viewers watched a solo dancer and heard, as well as saw, a singer.

Those early programmes were far from good. The pictures on the small viewing screen flickered badly, and everything had a strangely primitive touch about it. Yet we who watched those initial efforts were really taking part in the birth of something that is destined to revolutionise entertainment all over the world.

And when one comes to think about it, films were not so hot, in their early youth, either! Let us remember what we put up with when Mary Pickford was being chased by villains, and W. S. Hart was pulling guns right and left, like the noble hero he has always been. Broadcasting, too, creaked considerably at every joint when it first became part of our daily lives. Compared with films and broadcasting, the progress made by television inside the last two years is astounding.

For nearly four years the experimental programmes from the B.B.C. went on at intervals. They did not take place regularly; quite often they were given at night, after the ordinary station had closed down for the night. When weird sounds interfered with one's radio, after midnight, those on the inside touched

(*Continued on page* 134)

"LITTLE OLD LADY"
CHIVERS LATEST JELLY RECIPE
Dainty, light and nourishing.

Easily prepared with

CHIVERS JELLIES

Here is the recipe for "Little Old Lady"

Pint packet Chivers Jelly (any flavour), Glace Cherries, Cream.

Make up Jelly to ¾-pint only. When cool (but not set) whip jelly into a stiff froth, then fill this into cups. When set turn out on plates and insert cocktail stick in centre of each jelly. Fix on this two glace cherries, one folded over the other to represent body. On top of cherries put a small portion of cream to form head. The hat (see illustration) is merely a circular piece of white paper topped with cream. If desired decorate crinoline skirts with cream or mashed jelly using an icing bag.

There's going to be a big surprise in thousands of homes this week-end when this delightful new recipe is served. Just notice how easy and inexpensive it is to make. After all there's nothing like Chivers Jellies to bring colour and sparkle to your table; and they're so light, refreshing and wholesome that it's no wonder everybody likes them, especially in warm weather. For ordinary everyday meals serve Chivers Jellies plain in individual glasses — they set quicker that way and look wonderfully attractive. But don't forget to cut out this "Little Old Lady" recipe now, you'll want to make it up for Sunday!

Remember — Chivers Jellies are flavoured with ripe fruit juices

J259

CHIVERS & SONS LTD., THE ORCHARD FACTORY, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE & MONTROSE, Scotland

MAGNESIA IS FOUND TO MAKE THE TEETH NOTICEABLY WHITER

Do you want whiter teeth? Thanks to the discovery of what 'Milk of Magnesia' does to the acid discoloration of tooth enamel, people with the dingiest teeth are making them gleaming white.

So get a dentifrice containing sufficient 'Milk of Magnesia,' and its use will immediately wash away every stain, including the deep yellow stains from tobacco. You can actually see the teeth whiten day by day, until they are a clear, natural white. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia' will do this every time. Be sure of the dentifrice you use, however; it must contain 'Milk of Magnesia.'

Plenty of people have made this discovery, because dentists have been recommending this new type of dentifrice to their patients. Not only because of its remarkable whitening action, but for acid mouth. Phillips' Dental Magnesia has been found the most effective neutralizer of the mouth acids which cause cavities and cause carefully-filled cavities to fall away from the filling. Even tartar cannot form when 'Milk of Magnesia' keeps the mouth alkaline; teeth are as clean and smooth at the gumline as on polished surfaces.

However, it's the amazing whitening properties of 'Milk of Magnesia' that won such a large portion of the populace to this new type of dentifrice. Women are particularly partial to it, because noticeably white teeth are a true beauty asset. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

MEN ARE CRUEL

YOU would get a shock if you knew the slang word men use for girls who offend with underarm perspiration odour.

A man can detect this odour immediately he comes near a girl, even though she herself doesn't notice it. The easiest and quickest way to guard against offending is to use Arrid, the new cream deodorant. Because it's a *cream*, it's easier to use; no waiting for it to dry; just smooth it in and it vanishes; can't rot dresses. No stinging either, can be used straight after shaving. Stops perspiration instantly — removes odour completely for 1 to 3 days. Ask for Arrid, the new cream deodorant. At Boots, chemists and department stores.

Arrid *6d. and 1/11 a jar*

wise fingers to their noses and remarked that "some more television experimenting was going on."

The arrival of January, 1935, brought with it the recommendation of an advisory committee attached to the television committee that Alexandra Palace was the best site, in their opinion, for the London television station. So it came to pass that the extreme right-hand wing of the palace, on its northerly heights, has been given over to television, with Mr. Gerald Cock as director of television. As you approach Alexandra Palace, and sweep up to the noble expanse of steps that fronts the long building, you see a strange, fairylike mast rising above the battlemented turret decorating the right-hand wing. Curious spikes, a trifle reminiscent of the crown worn by a fairy queen in any pantomime, trim the upper section of this mast; and at the top a red light glows like a malevolent eye. That is the mast through which television programmes go out to the waiting public.

When this spot was first chosen as the headquarters of television, Baird and the Marconi-E.M.I. Television Company were both invited to supply programmes. Two studios were available at "A.P.", and one was allotted to each company. They put out programmes on alternate weeks, each using their respective apparatus. The Baird system, with two hundred and forty lines, gave twenty-five picures per second, with sequential scanning. The Marconi-E.M.I. system, with four hundred and five lines, gave twenty-five pictures per second, with interlaced scanning giving fifty frames per second.

From October, 1936, to February, 1937 these alternate programmes were put out; and then the contract went to the Marconi-E.M.I. company, whose apparatus is the one now in use for all television programmes.

And so London's television headquarters came to life. To-day, three programmes are put out on six days of the week; and a bunch of enthusiasts, headed by enthusiastic Mr. Gerald Cock, are doing enthralling jobs, under difficult conditions, with a terrific amount of grindingly hard work behind them. But they have the satisfaction of knowing that they are pioneers, in a grand cause. It is admitted that not enough money can be allocated for television programmes at the moment; but that will improve, as things move on. At the moment, Alexandra Palace and its trusty staff are concerned with the task of turning out three programmes a day, and keeping within the amount of money that is at their disposal.

You can "view" from 11 to 12 a.m. in the morning; from 3 to 4.30 or 4.45 p.m. in the afternoon; and from 9 to 10.15 p.m. in the evening. Programme organisation falls into two sections: programme arrangement and construction, and management of productions. Cecil Madden is programme manager; D. H. Munro is production manager. Philip Dorté is in charge of outside broadcasts (the football and boxing triumphs are tall feathers in his cap).

Three announcers play an important rôle at A.P. There is one male announcer; Leslie Mitchell held this job, until he left to become a commentator for a big newsreel. His place has been taken by Mr. David Hofman. With Mr. Hofman there are two girls, known in official language as hostess announcers; their names, as the newspaper-reading public must know, are Miss Jasmine Bligh and Miss Elizabeth Cowell.

The way they came to be chosen for their posts led, via two thousand letters and photographs received by the B.B.C., to the final selection of thirty. On the chosen thirty tests started, with correct television make-up. Yes, even the announcers who work in television programmes have to be fully made-up, in accordance with the demands of those tricky television cameras. From the final thirty who were tested Miss Bligh and Miss Cowell emerged the winners, and started work as the first television hostess announcers, at a weekly salary of £8 each.

Jasmine Bligh is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Noel Bligh; she is blonde, twenty-three

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An interview with the New Health Plan expert

'Yes' said the New Health Plan expert reflectively, 'it's sad to think how many women get their precious, longed-for holiday and find it cut down by two or three days of pain, headache, nausea, embarrassment. And it's so unnecessary. Science has discovered that most period pain is unnatural and it should be possible for every woman in this country to enjoy every single day of her holiday and of the summer. That is why the makers of Lilia asked a well-known lady doctor to draw up the New Health Plan (and it's free, for the asking, to every woman). Its booklets, and diet-and-exercise chart give a completely new attitude to menstruation and show how to persuade the body back to healthy, normal, pain-free function. And of course, Lilia is absolutely essential to the New Woman who is so unhandicapped by pain that she carries on normal activities during the period. For Lilia is soft, safe, *cut to conceal itself*, incapable of chafing under the most strenuous conditions, deodorant and cool in the hottest holiday weather.' Write *now*, it's so vitally important, and start the New Health Plan *this holiday*.

SPECIAL HEALTH PLAN OFFERS

Please state whether you require offer 1, 2 or 3. In the case of 1 and 2 enclose postal order. Address your request to Miss D. Downing (Dept. S. 10), Sashena Ltd., Lilia Works, Bartholomew Road, London, N.W.5. All packages sent in plain wrapping.

1. New Health Plan Booklets, Diet and Exercise Chart, 6 assorted Lilia towels and a suspender belt 1/-.
2. Booklets and double-chart, 12 towels, one pair two-purpose 'briefs' in luxury art. silk (S.W., W. and W.X.—peach or white) and a suspender belt for 4/6d.
3. Booklets and double-chart FREE—please enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

LILIA

THE BRITISH SOLUBLE SANITARY TOWEL
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Awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene

years old, speaks French fluently, and thinks America is a grand country, having been there more than once. She likes the Zoo, and lion cubs hold no terrors for her. She knew, when she took on her television job, that she would have to be prepared for all sorts of weird happenings, such as hugging a large lion cub for the purposes of a programme, or being carried down one of London's tallest fire-escapes by an energetic fireman, during a demonstration of fire fighting at Alexandra Palace! She takes it all in her stride, and loves her unique job.

Elizabeth Cowell is a brunette, a year older than Miss Bligh; she speaks French and German, and is a keen racquets and tennis player. Mercifully, both these girls and Mr. Hofman are quick studiers; unlike the ordinary B.B.C. announcers they have to memorise every word they say. Which is quite a task, so they tell me.

Arriving at Alexandra Palace, for the purpose of watching a television programme being transmitted, proceedings begin with a long, long trek, past a string of conservatories, a skating rink, a concert hall, dozens of chilly looking statues and busts, some on perched pedestals, some lying in abandoned attitudes on the hard wooden floor. Then comes a high door in a wall; and passing through that door one steps from yesterday straight into to-morrow, as the entrance hall to television's headquarters comes in sight.

It is a little like Portland Place, on a smaller scale. Men in uniform, an imposing desk, messengers, a lot of strip lighting and gleaming chromium. Everything very slick and businesslike, with a general feeling of tenseness and excitement in the air. A lift leads to the office upstairs; a long corridor on the ground floor runs between the two stages, which adjoin each other, and a string of dressing rooms, make-up room, and other rooms devoted to the technical side of television, each with a small round clear-glassed porthole in the centre of the door.

On the left of the corridor, where the stages are, hangs a large sign with the word SILENCE in clear scarlet letters. Red lights keep flashing from other signs; they indicate that a programme is on the air. Men in overalls (white and yellow) hurry from one stage to the other; actors and actresses, most of them very nervous, congregate outside the sliding doors that lead to the stages, waiting their turn to go inside and televise.

Finding myself on one stage, I could not help making a mental comparison between this television stage, and a set in any film studio. The same familiar "mike," dangling at the end of the same old "boom." The same cameramen crouching behind their cameras; the same crew ready to drag the cameras to any required position, for a trucking shot. But the men who pull television cameras wear earphones and a mouthpiece. The same feeling of bustle and excitement. The same glaring lights, and the same heat. Yet there is all the difference in the world, in reality, between making a talking film, and putting out a television programme.

Here's one marked difference—and, to my mind, one of the most interesting points connected with a television broadcast. As I went on the stage Joan Carr was at the piano at the far end, singing and playing. Directly facing me, across the floor that represents the stage, was a moving picture sunk deep inside a sentry-box of black velvet. A crowd stood round that small moving picture—it is eight by ten inches in size—and when I was close enough I could see Joan Carr playing her piano, and hear her singing. By turning my head away from the moving photograph inside the black velvet sentry-box I could see Joan Carr in person, not twenty yards away.

Thus, as each television programme goes on its way, a few feet from the stage where the performance takes place the whole thing is revealed, not as a play-back but as it is actually being sent out to viewers, wherever they may be. Up in the control room, with a big glass window giving a clear view of the stage, a number of busy men sit hard at work; they are (*Continued on page* 137)

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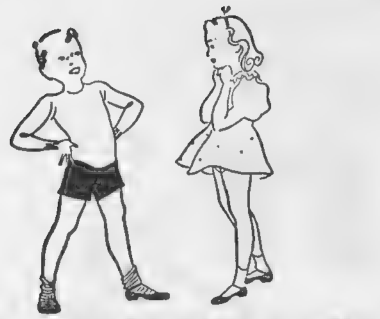

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of ....

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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

JULY, 1938

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Page

A

Academic Stockings .. 124
Allenburys Food .. 136
Alvis .. 80
Arch-Rite Shoes .. 110
Ardath Cigarettes .. 77
Arden, Elizabeth .. 83
Atkinsons Eau de Cologne .. 5
Arrid Cream .. 134

B

Baber, Charles, H. .. 6
Barnardo's, Dr... .. 120
Batchelor's English Canned Peas .. 127
Bentley Motors Ltd. .. 78
B. & N. Line Royal Mail, Ltd. .. 6
Booth's Gin .. 105
Boots "Number 7" Beauty Preparations .. 93
Bread .. 124

C

Camelia "Vanderised" .. 130
Cardinal Polish .. 130
Cerebos Salt .. 121
Chivers Jellies .. 133
Clark's Dyeworks, Ltd. .. 135
Condrup, Ltd. .. 132
Craven "A" Cigarettes .. 73
Cuticura Ointment .. 125

E

Eau de Cologne "4711" .. 90
Eccles Motor Caravans .. 78
Eucryl Tooth Powder .. 137
Eugene, Ltd. .. 115
Euthymol Tooth Paste .. 132

F

Facktative Co. .. 118
Flavels, Sidney & Co., Ltd. 7 & 111
Flit Insecticide .. 135
Ford Motor Co., Ltd. .. 97
Forhans Dentifrice .. 108

G

Gaymer's Cyder .. 88
Gordon's Gin .. 99
Guerlain .. 130

H

Haig Whisky .. 95
Hampton & Sons, Ltd. .. Cover ii
Heinz Salad Cream .. 87
Helmar Facial Refreshers .. 130
Henlys, Ltd. .. 78
Horlicks .. 112
Hurley Machine Co. (Eng.) Ltd. .. 110

I

India Railways Bureau .. 101
Innoxa Salon .. 117

K

Kempat, Ltd. .. 131
Kestos, Ltd. .. 107
Kia-Ora .. 119
Kleinert Rubber Co. .. 114

L

Ladye Jayne Slumber Helmet .. 138
Lagonda Motors, Ltd. .. 80
Larola .. Cover ii
Lawrence, Helen .. 106
Leichner .. 137
L.M.S.-L.N.E.R. Clyde Coast .. 5
L.N.E.R. Belgium .. Cover ii
Lodge Plugs .. 79

M

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder .. 124
Main, R. & A., Ltd. .. Cover iii

Page

M

Mansion Polish .. 128
McCall's Paysandu Ox-Tongue .. 127
Meltonian Cream .. 118
Meyer & Johnson, Ltd. .. 126
Milk of Magnesia .. 104
Milk of Magnesia Tablets .. 138
Min Cream .. 132
Minty Bookcases .. 7
Minty Chairs .. 116
Mischief Perfume .. 113
Mothersill's Seasick Remedy .. 124

N

Natex Tonic Slimming Food .. 106
New Zealand Butter .. 120
New Zealand Lamb .. 128
Nuctone .. 116
Nugget Polish .. 137

O

Optrex Eye Lotion .. 84
Orkney & Shetland Steam Navigation Co., Ltd. .. 79

P

Palmolive Soap .. 122
Pepsodent Tooth Paste .. 126
P.D.S.A. .. 114
Phargene, Ltd. .. 81
Phillips' Dental Magnesia .. 134
Phosferine .. 92
Player's Cigarettes .. 89
Ponds Creams .. 1

R

Redex Proprietaries, Ltd. .. 102
Revelation Suitcase Co., Ltd. Cover iv
Robinson's Barley Water .. 91
Rose, Wm. R. .. 135
Roxy Bathing Cap .. 123
Rubinstein, Helena .. 100

S

Sanatogen .. 131
Sashena .. 134
Scholl, Dr. .. 102
School for the Blind .. 122
Schweppes .. 74
Seagers Gin .. 6
Seymour, Jane, Ltd. .. 85
Shackleton, Mrs. .. 110
Shell .. 8
S. Smith & Sons "Jackall" .. 80
"The Sketch" .. 4

T

Tattoo Lipstick .. 109
Tampax, Ltd. .. 98
Tangee Lipstick .. 86
Tek Toothbrushes .. 96
Tosca Eau de Cologne .. 127

V

Vandre Ltd. .. 104
Vapex .. 126
Vat 69 Whisky .. 103
Vauxhall Motors, Ltd. .. 2
Vi-Spring Mattresses .. 111

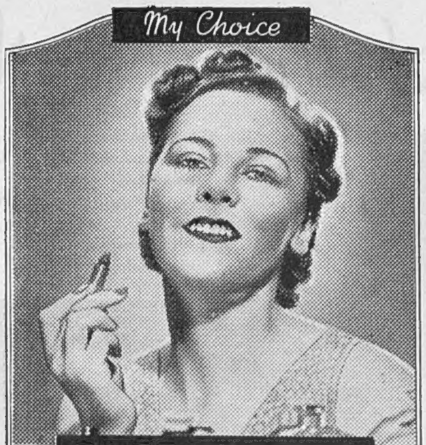
W

Wakefield Castrol .. 76
Where to Live .. 137
Wills's Gold Flake Cigarettes .. 109
Wonderstoen .. 108
Wrestawyle .. 129
Wright's Coal Tar Soap .. 94
W-5 Tablets .. 134

Y

Yardley Lavender Water .. 107

My Choice



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Television Has Come To Stay

regulating and checking all that is done on the stage below, and seeing that any faults are rectified without delay. The men who work the cameras are in communication with the control room through the earphones and mouthpieces they wear.

Jasmine Bligh was standing by the viewing panel—that's what I call it; I don't know its official name—watching Miss Carr in photographic form. In her hand she held a largish board, to which a number of slips of paper were clipped. Soon she was beckoned by a cameraman, and went over to the stage next door, to be "lined up" for her next announcement. As Joan Carr finished a voice said "Stand by, Jasmine." Then came a pause. Then "Quiet, please."

A sign lit up, showing the words: "VISION ON, SOUND ON." Then came the clear tones of Miss Bligh, as she stood facing the camera, smiling: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, we continue our programme from Alexandra Palace, showing you . . ." I watched the play that followed; a little early-morning domestic comedy, with Frank Birch disguised as the harassed mother of a truculent family. The players seemed to be strung up to a high pitch of nerves; and I am not surprised. Having talked to many stars who have done television work—George Robey, Gordon Harker, Ivor Novello, Diana Wynyard, Yvonne Arnaud, for instance—I find they all say the same thing about this new kind of acting: "We miss the knowledge that we can be prompted, if we dry up." With television there is no prompting; more than that, there is no going back!

And that is the difference between filming and television. In filming something goes wrong, someone makes a false move, someone forgets a word, and the director cries "Cut!" Back they go, to do it all over again, a dozen times if necessary. On the stage, if a player forgets a word the ever-sustaining "prompt" comes from the prompt corner, or from a fellow-player. But not in the case of television. No prompting is possible. If a player dries up he has to get himself out of the mess as best he can, or wait until somebody else dashes in, and goes on with the scene.

It is a nerve-wracking business. One of the instances of the awkwardness that may result from the impossibility of calling "Halt; let's do it again," demonstrated itself the night I was at A.P.

In the play with Frank Birch as the harassed mother, clever Alexis France, who was playing another of her terrible infants, had to demand a hard-boiled egg, in piercing tones. She was presented with her hard-boiled egg; and in the dialogue had to go on to grumble that it was too hard boiled. Yet, as she attacked the egg with her spoon, the shell cracked, and a stream of liquid yolk came out. Still grumbling about the hard-boiled egg, poor Miss France had to swallow the liquid egg, without turning a hair or pausing a second. I wondered what had happened, and why; and a few minutes later, I knew.

For I hurried to the adjoining stage to watch another play, in which Margaret Yarde, as the sister of a cabinet minister, had to offer her weary brother a sustaining drink she said she would mix for him herself. She went to the sideboard, picked up an egg, hit it smartly against a tall glass—and it refused to break. It was a hard-boiled egg! One of the property men had reversed the two eggs, giving Miss France the one intended for Miss Yarde; and vice versa. Neither of the actresses could stop or allow themselves to appear in the least disconcerted; but outside in the corridor, afterwards, Alexis France said she was nearly sick on the spot when she had to swallow several gulps of raw egg.

We saw the famous Derby on our television screens after all; and watched from Tattenham Corner to the winning post the greatest race of the year—by this time next year we shall be able to watch the whole thing, wondering how we were ever content merely to listen to a running commentary. For television has come to stay.

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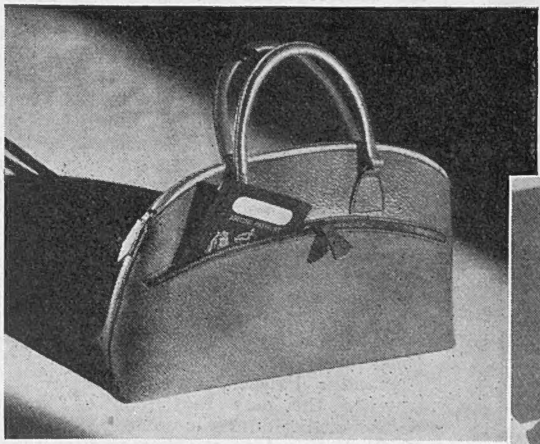

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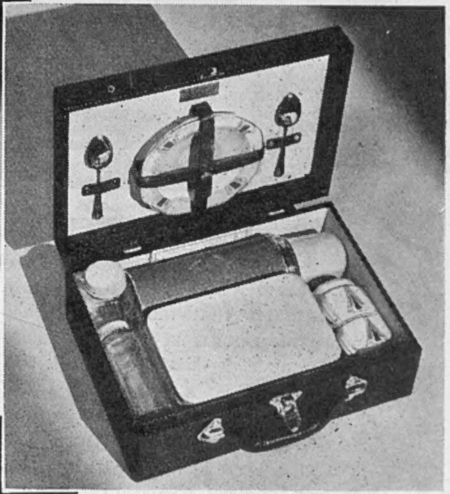
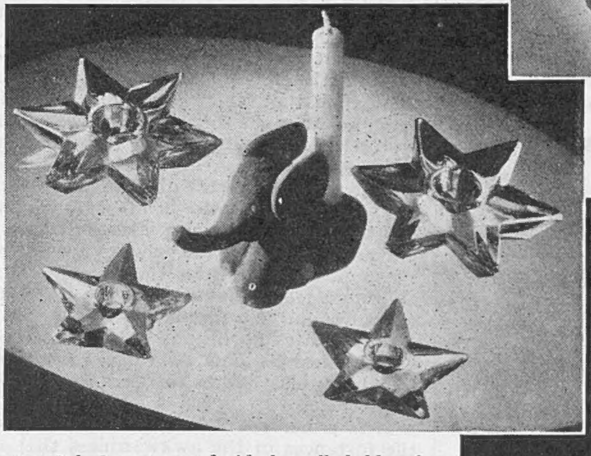
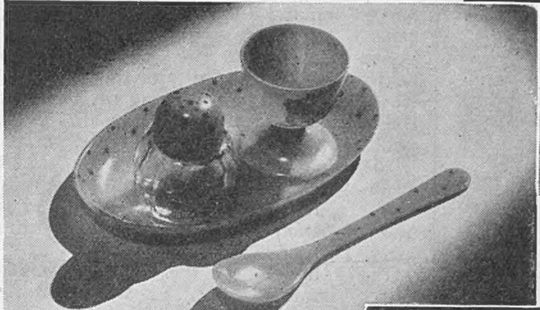


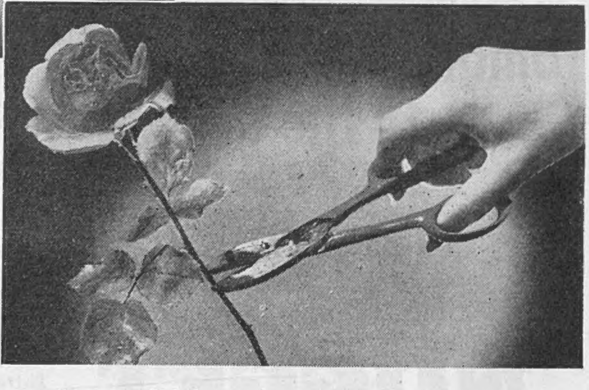


Swedish glass stars make ideal candle holders for table decoration: price 1s. 6d. for the large size, and 1s. for the small (postage 3d. and 2d.). The terra cotta coloured clay elephant is price 5s. complete with candle (postage 3d.)

Below: Chromium cake fork with a descending bar attachment which pushes off the cake. Also good for cocktail sausages. Price 1s. 6d. (postage 2d.)



Left: Individual egg-set in yellow bakelite, decorated with a chicken and little red dots. Price 2s. 6d. (postage 4d.)



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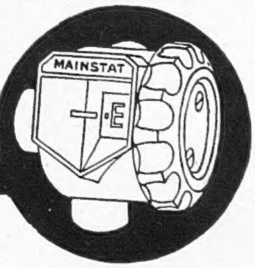

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